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ESSAYS

ON

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CONTRIBUTED TO THE 'QUARTERLY REVIEW.'

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I.—MANNERS AND USAGES OF JAPAN.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, NOVEMBER, 1834.(a)

IT is hardly necessary to remind our readers that, from the year 1657, when the Portuguese were expelled from Japan, of all the nations of Europe, the Dutch alone have been allowed access to the groupe of islands which constitute that empire. That this exclusive privilege has been ever confined within narrow limits we knew from Kæmpfer and all the older authorities. From the works now under consideration we learn that these limits have been progressively and recently narrowed, and that the trade which they still permit has so far declined under the discouragement and increasing jealousy of the natives, as to have become rather matter of curiosity and habit than of commercial profit to the Hollander. Unconnected as our own country is, and must expect long to remain, by any bond of intercourse or communion with this extensive empire and singular people, we yet think that the majority of our readers will share with us the satisfaction and interest with which we receive any information, however scanty and imperfect, on this subject, from those who are alone enabled to afford it. We say advisedly that we are likely to remain excluded from all means of investigation of our own.*

* It is worthy of remark that to English skill and courage the Dutch owe *their* first access to Japan. The Erasmus, the first Dutch ship which ever reached that coast in 1599, was piloted by William Adams. For his most curious and interesting adventures in that country, where his skill in mathematics and ship-building procured him a long but honourable detention, see *Harris's Collection of Voyages*, vol. i. p. 856. He deserves a high place in the list of the heroes of naval discovery and enterprise, and equally so among the diplomatists of commerce and civilization.

(a) 1. *Japan, voorgesteld in Schetsen over de Zeden en Gebruiken van dat Rijk; byzonder over de Ingezetenen der Stad Nagasaky.* Door G. F. Meijlan, Opperhoofd aldaar. Amsterdam. 1830.

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In one instance, indeed, in the present century, our flag has waved in the harbour of Nagasaki, as we shall hereafter state, and with what result. We are aware also that Sir Stamford Raffles, that great promoter of Oriental enterprise, had his yearnings in that direction, and that the instructions for the late expedition to the Chinese seas embraced the contingency of an attempt at intercourse with Japan. We think it, however, much more likely that the sole remaining link between Europe and Japan, the Dutch connexion, should be severed by violence or obliterated by disuse, than that either force or persuasion should devise a new one between this country or any of its dependencies and that empire; that New Holland, Borneo, or Central Africa, have a fairer chance of being diplomatized or dragooned into hospitality or submission towards us, within any period to which the speculation of mortal man can reasonably extend. The Dutch themselves, indeed, are confined to a solitary factory, and Decima, as a residence, presents means for the study of the three islands little superior to those which the Isle of Sheppey would afford to a foreigner in this country, even though he were favoured with a biennial visit from the governor of Sheerness, and allowed about as often to make an excursion to Canterbury in a sedan-chair, closely watched and attended by a body of the new police. The once annual visit of the deputies from the Dutch factory has been reduced to a quadrennial one—and it is at best a mere retreading of the route pursued by Kæmpfer, under circumstances and ceremonies precisely similar. Still the Dutch are the only Europeans permitted to inhabit that commercial prison and to perform that unvaried journey; and whether a residence in Decima, and a pilgrimage to Jeddo, elicit new facts, or produce little more than a confirmation of those on record, we feel, in either case, thankful to any of them who, like Messrs. Meylan and Fischer, will communicate their observations to the world. The two works in question are, indeed, locked up in a language which finds few students and fewer translators in this country or even on the Continent: but these are not times when we can expect Dutchmen to show complaisance to foreign nations by abandoning their own language, and we are therefore additionally pleased to see them cultivating their national literature.

Mr. Meylan, the first author on our list, has resided for many

years in the Dutch factory, where we believe he at this moment holds the situation of Opperhoofd or President. The unpretending title of 'Sketches of Japan' would become a work more desultory and less instructive than the one before us. Into a thin octavo a great deal of information has been compressed; and the writer's observations are so concise and judicious, as to prove that the art of *book-making* is one which has been brought to little perfection at Decima. The volume of Mr. Fischer is a quarto, which, by its excellence of type and paper, and the singular beauty of its illustrations—being fac-similes of drawings by native Japanese artists—is of rank to figure on the shelves of an English collector, albeit as ignorant of Dutch as many collectors are of the languages in which the volumes they arrange on their shelves are composed. Mr. Fischer has resided nine years at Decima, and in the year 1822 attended the president of the factory as secretary, on his journey to the metropolis. That he was zealous in his endeavours to profit by his opportunities for amassing information is proved by the volume before us, as well as by a splendid collection of Japanese curiosities which he succeeded in conveying to Amsterdam, and which, having lately been purchased by the King of Holland, is, we believe, like other similar possessions of that most munificent and judicious royal collector, open to the public at the Hague.

If the difficulty of learning anything about Japan excite our curiosity, what we do learn of it is no less calculated to raise our wonder, and in some respects even our envy. Situated apart from either continent, between the old world and the new, it enjoys an immunity from almost the possibility of foreign aggression. It is true that tradition, and what to the European eye seems a strong resemblance, point to the main land of China as the primitive source of its language, religion, and customs, and that the introduction of these must imply conquest, if not discovery and original occupation. But these are events lost in the night of antiquity; and it appears that from the commencement of its annals, whenever an attempt at invasion has been made, the natural difficulties of access have been a sufficient protection; the current, the shoal, and the typhoon have spared the Japanese Drakes and Effinghams all occasion for exhibiting their valour against the Tartar armadas of times within the

record of history.* A country for whose natural features Mr. Fischer finds his nearest European comparison in the Maggiores, Comos, and Luganos of northern Italy—cultivated like a garden to the summit of its hills; a climate under which the principal productions of the tropics grow side by side with those of southern Europe; a territory indented by seas, and intersected by lakes and rivers, swarming with every animal production of the water; a soil on which the radish attains the Brobdignag weight of sixty pounds, and the blossom of the plum expands to the size of an English cabbage-rose;—and all this tenanted by thirty-four millions of people, living under a despotism, and that despotism not the will of an individual, but the fiat of rigid but stedfast, severe but immutable law, which, for at least two centuries past, has kept the community as free from civil dissension as from foreign invasion:—such is the picture presented to us by the most recent visiters to the shores of these *fortunate islands.* Do they not deserve the name, and ought even we, in the pride of our hearts, to spurn the fanciful parallel which some writers have drawn between Japan and Great Britain? The comparison can, indeed, be pursued little further than respects the magnitude of insular sovereignty, the difficulties in the way of invasion from without, and a threefold geographical demarcation, extant, indeed, more distinctly in the case of the three islands of Nipon, Sicoco, and Kisnu, than in that of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Where, however, in the well-ordered empire of Japan Proper can we find the counterpart of Ireland? Where is the Japanese Connaught? Which of her sixty-eight peaceful provinces represents Tipperary? When has a Buddhist been insulted by a follower of Sinto? What voice has been raised to repeal the union between Nankaydoo and Saykadoo, or to pronounce that Tookaydoo shall no longer contain the centre of government for both?

It would be idle, however, to suppose that, upon closer observation, darker features in the condition of these islands should not present themselves; nor is it to be imagined that the state of prosperous stagnation which all accounts concur in describing

* This was the case in 1281, when the Japanese rejected the yoke of the Tartar conqueror of China, Che Tsou. He fitted out an expedition of 100,000 men from Corea, but his fleet was dashed on the island of Firando, and not a tenth part of his ships escaped destruction.

as the result of their social institutions, can be purchased except by a large sacrifice of mental freedom, and almost every prospect of further advancement. The summary which is to be gathered from these volumes of the *history* of Japan contains little that is not to be found in Kæmpfer. There are points connected with that history on which the archives of the Dutch factory might be supposed to have preserved information of some interest; but they are subjects on which, even in that case, Dutch writers may be excused (if any *suppressio veri* be excusable) for avoiding to dwell—we mean the expulsion of the Portuguese, and the bloody extermination of Christianity. Few portions of the religious history of the world would be more interesting than a faithful record of these events. In the annals of Christianity, few examples have occurred of a triumph so rapid, followed by destruction so complete. Whether the force of circumstances *compelled* the Jesuits, who were agents of that great conversion, to associate themselves with a party in the civil feuds which then distracted Japan, or whether they did so voluntarily and in pursuance of the alleged practice of that order—of which their first apostle Xavier was a joint-founder with Loyola—may be doubtful; certain it is that in an evil hour they took their part in the dispute, and perished. Japanese tradition attributes to them, as a cause and justification of their fall, their rapacity and sensuality. This we doubt: those vices are usually the attendants of long and undisputed possession, rather than of the circumstances in which these missionaries of a religion struggling into life were placed. It is likely that the hostility of their Dutch rivals may have magnified individual instances of such errors, and that the zeal of triumphant persecution may have perpetuated the imputation. It is also clear that the conduct of the Dutch, in conveying the fatal intelligence of the alleged designs of the Jesuits, was influenced rather by commercial jealousy than by any indignation at the errors of their doctrine or the vices of those who preached it. Mr. Fischer admits that the Dutch were compelled to join in the persecution against the stubborn remnant of the Christian host, who, after the expulsion of the Portuguese in 1637, took refuge in the province of Sinabara. The siege, however, being converted into a blockade, the vessel furnished by the Dutch was, as they allege, allowed to return. The Christians preferred death to surrender, and 40,000

men are said to have perished on both sides before the extermination was effected. The magnitude of the holocaust affords some measure of the depth and tenacity with which Christianity had struck its roots into a soil where it would now appear that little less than miracle can ever replant it.

From some of the Dutch accounts we gather that the Hollanders, in the ardour of their rivalry with the Portuguese, nearly overreached themselves; for the latter, when they found that Christianity was placed under ban, informed the government, to its great surprise, that the Dutch themselves were *Christians.** How the Protestant Hollanders escaped being thus forcibly absorbed into the bosom of the Romish Church and sharing the honours of martyrdom, does not exactly appear, but we suspect that some of the tales, however often contradicted, of compulsory insults to the cross, had their origin in real events of this period. It is certain that the Dutch have ever since been confined to the area of the fanlike Decima, and that an imperial order is still read to them, on the great occasions of meeting between the governor of Nagasaki and the president of the factory, enjoining them to refrain from all communication with the Portuguese—a trifling circumstance, which proves satisfactorily to our minds the happy ignorance of the Japanese as to the modern politics of Europe; or, perhaps, a still wiser resolution, to affect an utter ignorance about them. In 1673, when an English ship was sent to attempt a revival of intercourse with Japan, the first question asked was whether it was long since the English king had married a daughter of the king of Portugal. This alliance was made the pretext of the total refusal of the Japanese to permit any revival of English intercourse.

It appears that the religious opinions of Japan may be classed under two great divisions, the Sinto and Boedso, the former being the sect which has been *established* from time immemorial in the country, the latter being understood to include the numerous modes of religious belief which have been imported from other countries. Mr. Meylan divides it into the Brahminical doctrine of Xaca, and the Chinese as established by Confucius. We cannot follow Mr. Meylan through his curious sketch of the

* See Valentyn, 'Description of the Old and New East Indies,' vol. iv., article 'Japan.'

various sects into which the followers of the Boedso are again subdivided, but we quote some of his remarks on the fact of the total and entire absence of religious dissension in a country containing some dozen Established Churches, of which the one of the highest acknowledged antiquity bears but a small numerical proportion to the others, if we can judge, by the ecclesiastical statistics of Nagasaki, of those of the empire at large. Out of sixty-one temples in that city and its environs, only seven belong to the Sinto persuasion.

"Never," says Mr. Meylan, "do we hear of any religious dispute among the Japanese, much less discover that they bear each other any mutual hate on religious grounds. They esteem it, on the contrary, an act of courtesy to visit from time to time each other's gods and do them reverence. While the Koeboe sends an embassy to the Sinto temple at Tsie, to offer prayers in his name to the invisible God, he assigns, at the same time, a sum for the erection of temples to Confucius; and the spiritual emperor allows strange gods imported from Siam or China to be placed, for the convenience of those who may feel a call to worship them, in the same temples with the Japanese. If it be asked whence this tolerance originates, and by what it is maintained: I reply from this, that worshippers of all persuasions in Japan acknowledge and obey one superior, namely, the Dayrie or Spiritual Emperor. As the representative and lineal descendant of God on earth, he is himself an object of worship, and, as such, he protects equally all whose object it is to venerate the Deity, the mode of their so doing being indifferent to him. Let it not be thought that I prize this tolerance too high, nor let the cruel persecutions of the Christians in Japan be objected to me: I ask whether this toleration was not one of the causes which so far facilitated the introduction of Christianity there; but that which with me is conclusive is, that, could the preachers of the gospel in Japan have been tolerant as the Japanese; had they not abided in the fast conviction that the belief in Christ was the only true road to salvation; and had they not in that conviction mocked and despised the gods of the country; could it have been possible that the bishops chosen from the first missionaries should have receded from insisting on their right of total independence, and could they have consented to place themselves under the protection of God's representative on earth, which the Japanese acknowledge in their Dayrie; lastly, could they have forborne to meddle in affairs of politics and government, then would no persecution of Christianity, in all human probability, have taken place, and perhaps, at

this moment, the more perfect doctrine of Jesus would have triumphed over that of Confucius."—p. 79.

Whatever may be the merits of the plan thus, somewhat late indeed, suggested by our philosophical Opperhoofd, we own our surprise that the Jesuits did not hit upon it, except, perhaps, as far as abstinence from politics is concerned.

Before we quit this subject we must advert to a statement which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere than in the Sketches of Mr. Meylan. He relates that a faith usually classed among those of Brahminical origin, and which had once been nearly universal in Japan, has, from its near resemblance in its doctrines to the form of Christianity introduced by the Portuguese, been involved in one and the same ruin. Its doctrines appear to have comprised the *existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour born of a virgin*, with almost every other essential of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity. If this be a true statement and correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese emperor Mimti, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan?

The allusion in the foregoing passage to the person of the Dayrie, otherwise called the Mikaddo, the *spiritual emperor* of Japan, brings us to the consideration of its government; and it must be admitted that institutions which, for more than two centuries, have afforded some thirty-six millions of men the blessings of profound peace, accompanied by security of property and a considerable share of the other elements of worldly prosperity, are not an unworthy subject of contemplation. For imitation we cannot, indeed, propose them to European readers. Whatever may be our opinion of the existing state of things under the Reform Bill and the present administration, we cannot look forward to the establishment of Lord Durham as Koeboe at St. James's, or the installation of Dr. Maltby as Dayrie of Canterbury, enjoying the spiritual supremacy of the Protestant, Roman Catholic, Unitarian, and Jewish Churches, to be held by him and his heirs for ever. It is well known, however, that a form of government bearing a near resemblance to the result of such a proceeding as the above, is established in Japan on a

footing which seems to set at defiance all speculation as to its probable continuance. The system, indeed, is not, we are told, based on long prescription, and its apparent stability is to be ascribed solely to the success of its working and the wisdom with which its foundations were laid. From the close of the sixteenth century, when the Japanese *maire du palais* Tayko Sama separated the empire into its two lay and spiritual divisions, civil war has ceased, the pageant of government has been played on without interruption by the two principal actors and their subordinates, and the operations of the real executive have been continued with all the regularity and precision of machinery. The founder of these institutions must surely have been no ordinary legislator. The sceptre which he wielded has indeed become a bauble in the hands of his descendants, for the koeboe, or lay emperor, equally with his spiritual counterpart, wears out his life in one long dream of ideal sovereignty; and so profound and subtle is the spell of habit, custom, and etiquette which wraps them in that charmed sleep, that it is impossible to anticipate the period of its dissolution, or the process by which it can be broken.

Mr. Fischer, indeed, hazards the conjecture, that by a quarrel between the koeboe and the dayrie, and by such an event alone, can any innovation or revolution ever take place in the existing political institutions of Japan. His conjecture, however, does not extend to the nature of the contingency which could ever bring about the collision. If apprehension, indeed, imply the existence of danger, and if caution indicate that apprehension, the frailty of those institutions might well be inferred; for suspicion and distrust prevail through every link of the social chain, and the precautions against foreign aggression, so apparent in their treatment of the only nations with whom intercourse is permitted, the Dutch and Chinese, are fully equalled by those adopted against innovation or disturbance within. A system of espionnage extends itself throughout the empire, which embraces not only every public functionary, including the emperor himself, but every component part of society, down to the divisions of five families, into which—somewhat after the fashion introduced into England by our own great Saxon legislator—the population is everywhere divided. The Dayrie resides a perpetual prisoner in his palace in the city of Miako, except on the

rare occasion of a visit to the temple of Tsiwoinjo. Mr. Fischer doubts the tales in circulation of his being precluded from setting his foot to the earth, or allowing the sun to shine upon him; but that so old a sojourner and so close an observer should only *doubt* on such a subject, and not be able at once to contradict these stories, seems to us confirmation strong that such, or still closer, restrictions prevail. He is allowed, we are glad to learn, the solace—shall we call it?—of a wife and twelve concubines, and such diversion as music, poetry, and study can afford. His pipe is smoked but once, and the dishes from which he has eaten are broken, like the teacup which Dr. Johnson threw into the fire; but Mr. Fischer adds, that these articles are economically provided of the simplest manufacture, and it is reported that no great substantial expense is permitted for the support of this shadow of sovereignty. When he dies, the event is sedulously concealed till his successor is fully installed in office, and the cry is raised of "Live the Dayrie!" without even the preliminary half of the old French formula, "the Dayrie is dead." The court is formed of a long hierarchy of spiritual officials. Among these are the kwanbakf, who represents the dayrie's person and executes his functions. From this office the koeboe is excluded. To the third spiritual office in rank, or sadayzin, he—the temporal sovereign—is sometimes admitted, as was the case with the reigning koeboe in 1822, on the occasion of his having completed fifty years of sovereignty. It ranks him with the gods, and no layman, from the time of Tayko Sama, had been before so honoured.

This lay emperor is, like the dayrie, shut up in the palace of Jeddo, in itself a city equal in size to Amsterdam. On the supposition that the affairs of his subjects are beneath his notice and dignity, he is surrounded by a circle of guards and ceremonies, which effectually prevent him from employing his royal leisure in any such ignominious pursuit. All other places of residence must appear mean and unworthy in comparison with the royal palace, and he is therefore never allowed to leave it.

The real executive is in the hands of seven councillors or ministers of the first class, six of the second, and two other ministers of the nature of inquisitors, whose peculiar province it is to guard against the slightest revival of the Christian religion in the empire. This council is presided over by a prime mi-

nister, and, in case of irreconcileable difference of opinion among its members, the question is submitted to the arbitration—not of the emperor, but—of his three nearest relations, including always the heir apparent. With this council communicate the governors of the sixty-eight provinces into which Tayko Sama divided the empire, or rather the two secretaries of the said governors, to whom the real administration is confided. The nominal governments are hereditary, and are usually so burthensome and expensive to the occupant, that he takes the opportunity of committing his office to his son, the moment the latter arrives at years of discretion. It is necessary, therefore, in practice, to commit the real power to more experienced hands. The two secretaries take alternate turns of annual residence at the seat of their government and at the palace of Jeddo, their wives and families constantly remaining as hostages in the latter. While in their provinces, they are surrounded by the strictest precautions of etiquette and ceremony, are compelled to abstain from all intercourse with the other sex, and their hours of rising, eating, sleeping, going out, &c., are prescribed by rigid and invariable rule. Besides these provincial governments or counties with their lord-lieutenants and secretaries, the empire contains a certain number of royal cities under separate governors subject to similar regulations. The spies of the government are selected from every class of society, and it is said that Fouché or Savary might have studied with advantage in this vast seminary of secret intelligence. Mr. Meylan, who professes to confine his reports principally to the city of Nagasaki, and to facts which have come under his personal observation, devotes one of his most interesting sketches to the local administration of that place, which is one of the above-mentioned imperial cities. Here we find the system of espionnage pervading the minuter divisions of society, to an extent, perhaps, never paralleled in any other country of the globe.

"Not only," says Mr. Meylan, "is the head of every family answerable for his children, his servants, and the stranger within his gates, but, the city being divided into collections of five families, every member of such division is responsible for the conduct of the others, and in consequence, that which, according to European ideas, would be the height of indiscretion, becomes here the duty of every man, for every extraordinary occurrence which falls out in

an household is reported by four curious witnesses to the members of the civil administration. House arrest is usually the penalty of the irregularities thus reported, and a severe one. The doors and windows of the offender's house are closed, generally for a hundred days, his employments are suspended, salary, if any, stopped, and the friend and the barber alike forbidden entrance. Every household is held bound to produce a man capable of bearing arms; a division of five constitutes a company; twenty-five such companies are arrayed under an officer, and constitute a brigade of six or seven thousand men; and thus the force of the city, apart from the regular military, or police, can be presently mustered. Guard-houses are established in every street, in which a guard is on duty every night, and, on occasions of festivity or other cause of popular concourse, by day; each street has a rail or barrier at its issues, and can consequently be cut off from communication with the rest of the city at a moment's notice."

On the effects of this highly artificial system as to the prevention of crime, Mr. Meylan does not profess to decide, but he states that property and person are singularly secure, and that corporal punishment is rare. The latter circumstance, however, he is inclined to attribute to three causes; viz. to the severity of the law, its strict execution where guilt is proved, and the reluctance—there being no public prosecutor—of individuals to come forward as complainants in cases of a graver description.

The national character of the Japanese, as represented by our authors, is such as we might anticipate of a people largely endowed with the good things of this world, and utterly secluded from the remainder of the globe. Pride, sensuality, and ignorance are its marking features, and this people and the Chinese reverse our western adage of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, or substitute for the latter the word *ignobili*: for the profound ignorance of the rest of the world which involves these two great branches of the Tartar family appears to produce nothing but a complaisant assurance of their own superiority, and the most unmitigated contempt for the nations whose existence is darkly known to them. Over the Chinese, indeed, the Japanese possess one great advantage, in the access, which their learned men obtain and cultivate, to one language at least of modern Europe, the Dutch, which we suspect is better understood at Jeddo than in Paris; but in every other respect their communications with that nation

can only tend to exalt their national arrogance, by the contemplation of the humble and abject posture which the Dutch are satisfied to assume in their dealings with them. It is probable, also, that the information their curiosity may occasionally extract from such a source as to other nations, tends to mislead rather than instruct. This national attribute of pride is also based on the universal belief that they are directly descended from the gods. With respect to their sensuality, it appears such as might be expected from a country which affords every means of indulgence, and where religion presents no check, nor custom any impediment of disguise. Nagasaki affords, we are told, for a population of 70,000 souls, sixty temples, and seven hundred tea-houses or public brothels: but were we to apply the same relative statistical test to the Christian capitals of Holland and England—we say nothing of the more decorous but extensive profligacy of Paris—would the result be more favourable? In Japan, at least, custom admits, after a season, the female inmates of these haunts into the bosom of society, and they become, it is said, exemplary wives and mothers. From this source, also, the inhabitants of the European factory obtain a certain class of female servants, who are said to attach themselves with strict fidelity to their masters for the time being.

Our readers are probably aware that the life of the Dutch resident is otherwise one of professed celibacy, no female being allowed to arrive on board of the annual vessel. Neither are any of the Japanese, who may be hired as male servants, allowed to remain in the factory between sunset and sunrise. "How then," asks Mr. Meylan, with innocent *naïveté*, "could the Dutch resident otherwise manage to procure any domestic comfort in the long nights of winter, his tea-water, for instance, were it not for these *inmates?*" The argument is, we admit, unanswerable as to mere menial offices, but, as to the more tender services which are hinted at, we suspect that the wives left behind in Holland or Batavia would *not* concur in its cogency—nor do we suppose that Mr. Meylan would extend to those ladies a similar indulgence, even though they could affect a similar excuse.

The great feature of the social polity of Japan is the hereditary nature of all employments, avocations, and situations in life, and the consequent absence of most of those incentives of ambition which form the life-blood of European society. The

population is divided into eight classes:—1. The reigning princes or governors. 2. The nobility. 3. The priests. 4. The military. 5. The civil officers, in which class Mr. Meylan includes the polite circles, &c. 6. The traders. 7. The handicraftsmen. 8. The labourers. Among all these there is but one profession which, like the Parias of India, appears to remain under ban or stigma, viz. that of the tanners. All intercourse with these is shunned and forbidden, and the executioners are chosen exclusively from their ranks. The three first lay classes claim the honourable but somewhat cumbrous privilege of wearing two sabres; the fifth, which includes surgeons, physicians, and generally those who practise what we call a liberal profession, are obliged to content themselves with one sample of that favourite weapon. Their soldiers for the two last centuries have fortunately had little occasion to try its edge, but they, in common with the great mass of the classes who wear it, are said to be tremendously expert in its use. The manufacture of the article is also brought to a degree of excellence which Damascus itself in its best days could hardly surpass, and which Birmingham may despair to equal. This may be judged of from specimens in the museum of the Hague. If the Turk boast of being able to cut off the head of a camel with his two-handed engine, it is said that the Japanese professors can divide a fellow-creature through the middle at a blow. A favourite weapon is preserved as an heirloom for ages, and a good one on sale frequently reaches the price of a thousand florins, or little short of a hundred pounds. This weapon is regarded with a kind of superstitious reverence. It is the constant companion of every individual of the classes entitled to wear it, even from his fifth year, when the Japanese youth is solemnly invested with it. When laid aside at meals or on other domestic occasions, it is always deposited close to the person of the owner, and he is careful neither to stumble against nor step over it. Fencing, the manége, and archery, are a part of the education of the upper classes, and in the latter they excel. With respect to "other appliances of war," they are said to have acquired little knowledge or use of artillery previous to the general pacification of the empire, and little advance can have been since made in the art of the gunner, the engineer, or the tactician. Their fortified defences are hence far superior to any means of attack

which, in the event of renewed civil war, could be brought against them. The specimens of their arms which the Dutch have found means to export have been so obtained in evasion of a strict prohibitory law. The museum at the Hague contains a very fine suit of mail, with a vizor or mask of steel, the exact resemblance of the face of a Punchinello, and adorned with mustachios of bristles. We have seen another such in a museum at St. Petersburg. The barrels of their fire-arms are of equal excellence and beauty, but they are all matchlocks; their powder is very indifferent.

From our author's accounts we should rank the Japanese among the

> "Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue."

Forgiveness of an injury Mr. Meylan asserts to be unknown, or only known to be stigmatized as a weakness or a sin. Of their courage it would be hard to speak, the article not having been tested on a large scale for two centuries. Mr. Meylan states that in the armies of the infant Dutch East Indian Company were many Japanese soldiers, who did excellent service, and he believes them to be far braver than the other nations of the East. Suicide is frequent; and the duellist of Europe, however desperate, is far excelled, in our judgment, by the Japanese, who, in the presence of applauding, and frequently imitating relations and friends, rips up his own abdomen to escape dishonour. This was the conduct and fate of the governor of Nagasaki in 1808, when an English frigate found an entrance into that harbour, detained as prisoners the Dutch who boarded her, and demanded —in that ignorant and wanton violation of the religious law of the country which we regret to say so often marks the conduct of British adventurers—fresh beef as their ransom. The beef was supplied, but the governor, as soon as the Dutch under his protection were relanded, anticipated disgrace and ruin by the suicidal process above mentioned, and, as we have heard, others of his house swelled the sacrifice. We cannot too seriously inculcate upon our countrymen the folly and injustice of which they are too often guilty in endeavouring to subject the nations they happen to visit to their own very peculiar habits and practice. Mr. Meylan concludes that, in the case referred to, the governor

deemed himself too weak to attack the vessel. It is certain that he was taken by surprise, for access to the harbour for a ship without a pilot is considered next to impossible, and the Dutch annual vessel is always towed in by native boats. We have heard, however, that the English captain, warned of his danger by the Dutch whom he had thus unjustifiably detained, only escaped in time, for that within a few hours fourteen thousand armed men were mustered on the coast, and that more than a hundred junks had been collected for the purpose of being sunk in the only channel by which the frigate could regain the open sea.

Among the better features of the Japanese character, that of filial piety appears to be conspicuous. The domestic virtues of the women are also highly extolled. In virtue of one of those laws established by the stronger party, while the man is allowed concubines *ad libitum*, adultery in the female is punished with death; but it is not for chastity alone, thus terribly enforced, that the Japanese wives are praised by Mr. Fischer, but also for their patience and ability as managers in households, which the pride of the husbands, rejecting all means of livelihood but the employment to which they have succeeded by birth, frequently reduces to extreme difficulty. For the rest, the station of the female in Japan is that which is allotted to her in Europe. She presides at the feast and adorns the social meeting. The samsie or guitar is even more invariably a part of female education than the piano in England; its touch is the signal for laying aside ceremony and constraint—and tea, sakki,* and good fellowship become the order of the evening.

If we assume the perfection of the arts of tillage and manufacture as a test of civilization, Japan may at least compete with any oriental nation. Mr. Meylan places it higher than any. He extols their field cultivation, but they appear to neglect their great opportunities for horticulture, as far as the kitchen and the dessert are concerned. As florists they are conspicuous, and the beauty of the productions of the soil in this department is known to every possessor of a greenhouse and proprietor of a camelia. The singular art of producing miniature samples of the larger

* A spirit distilled from rice, the principal or only intoxicating beverage of Japan.

products of vegetation, unknown, we believe, in Europe, is practised by them to an extraordinary degree.* Mr. Meylan speaks as an eye-witness of a box offered for sale to the Dutch governor, three inches long by one wide, in which were flourishing a fir-tree, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, the latter in blossom. The price demanded was twelve hundred florins. Sharing with the Indian the religious prejudice against the slaughter of the cattle tribes, and indeed against the use of butcher's meat in general, pasturage and all its products they totally neglect; but the buffalo is used for tasks of burthen, and, when it dies a natural death, its horns and hide are applied to the purposes usual among other nations. This perhaps is the source of the degradation in which the tanners are held. They have an aversion to fat or grease, which strongly distinguishes their cookery from that of the Chinese, and we may add the Tartar family in Europe. Poultry are much cultivated; pheasants and various sorts of game afford the squires of Japan ample occupation in their pursuit. The staple of their animal food, however, is afforded by their seas and rivers; and every product of both, says Mr. Meylan, from the whale to the cockle, is turned to account, down even to the whale-bone itself, which is scraped and powdered into a ragout. This dish, as well as the raw dolphin, eaten with soy, sakki, and mustard, although Mr. Fischer speaks favourably of it, we can spare without envy to the Japanese and the gentlemen of the factory. The stork, a bird which somehow has contrived to ingratiate itself with a large portion of the human race, for its domestic habits and services and general social character, is respected here as in Holland and Calcutta.

"In a memorandum," says Mr. Meylan, "laid before the Dutch governor-general at Batavia, in 1744, is contained a calculation, from which it appears that in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the trade with Japan was an open one, the export of gold and silver was ten millions of Dutch florins per annum" (about 840,000*l.*). This export was first contracted, and in 1680 finally forbidden. The same calculation goes on to say, that in the course of sixty years the export of gold and silver must have amounted to the enormous value of from three to six hundred

* For the mode of effecting this as practised in China, the reader may consult an interesting work lately published—'Wanderings in New South Wales,' &c., by G. Bennett, vol. ii. chap. 5.

millions (from twenty-five to fifty millions sterling). If we consider that, in addition to this gold and silver, Japan produces a large quantity of copper, of which the Dutch have in some years carried off from thirty to forty thousand pekuls;* and if we add to this a large quantity of steel and iron; but above all, that all these metals are everywhere esteemed for their high degree of purity; we must conclude that the Japanese are not altogether unskilled in the arts of the miner, the smelter, and the refiner. They appear, however, to be open to the imputation of working their mines in a careless and extravagant manner, and are believed to have now reduced them to a state of great exhaustion. This circumstance is said to have been made use of by a pretended friend to the Dutch, in the councils of the koeboe, to bring about the limitation of their trade in 1790. "The cause of our friendship with the Hollanders," said he, "is trade, and the trade is supported by copper. If the one be exhausted, the other must fail. Is it not wise, then, to perpetuate our friendship by allowing only so much copper to be issued as our mines may be able for ever to afford? The mines are not like the hair of men, which being cut off groweth again, but, on the contrary, resemble his bones, which, if taken away, cannot be replaced." These arguments produced a restriction from two annual ships to one, which, however, in 1820, was mitigated, and the number of vessels and amount of copper again increased. In addition to the national manufactures, for many of which Japan has been long so famous with us, and one of which bears the name of the empire that furnishes it, the Japanese now imitate many of the finer works of European skill: telescopes, thermometers, and clocks, are manufactured at Nagasaki. One of the latter, by the description of Mr. Meylan, manufactured there as a present for the emperor, in 1827, must have rivalled those complicated productions of German chronometrical art, which usually tell us everything but the hour. It was five feet in length and three high; it exhibited a varied landscape and a golden sun; on the striking of the hour a bird clapped its wings, a mouse issued from a cave and climbed the mountain, a tortoise crept forward to point the hour on the dial. Alas! that the bird should, with oriental inattention to perspective and proportion,

* The pekul is about 133 lbs.

have been bigger than the tree on which it sat! Alas! that the mouse should have climbed in an instant the representative of a mountain many thousand feet high!

Of the art of design as practised among them Mr. Fischer observes:—

"This art appears to have developed itself, to a certain degree, in very early times. Many screens and decorated walls in their temples bear the marks of remote antiquity, although it is hardly possible to ascribe any of them, as do the Japanese, to the eleventh century.

"I have never heard of a good portrait-painter in Japan, and am of opinion that a reluctance exists among their artists to devote themselves to this branch of their profession, founded on superstitious feelings. In all such works their attention is principally directed to accuracy in the details of costume and general air; the face is never a likeness."

Their Tartar brethren of St. Petersburg, whose criticism on the noble portrait of Alexander, by Lawrence, was first directed to the great painter's delineation of his Imperial Majesty's epaulettes, crosses, and ribbons, displayed similar feelings with respect to the fine arts.

The illustrations of Mr. Fischer's book, all copied from the productions of artists at Nagasaki, would alone be sufficient to prove that their painters are enabled to give their works much of that exquisite beauty of finish which delights the Dibdins in our illuminated missals, the offspring of monkish leisure. Of their lacquered ware, which bears with us the name of the country that produces it, we need only say that the specimens which reach Europe are rarely such as would be considered of anything but very inferior quality in Japan. The royal collection at the Hague bears witness equally to the dexterity of their artisans in many various departments. We remember observing that the common chests which had been used to pack the articles for conveyance to Europe, and made of camphor-wood, were equal in the finish of their execution to the finer cabinet-work of the Gillows and Morells of London.

Theatrical entertainments are much followed, and they are far superior to those of the Chinese in respect to scenery and decorations. Their plays admit a Shakspearian mixture of the tragic and comic in the same piece, and an equally licen-

tious—as the old French school would say—violation of the unities.

"Their leaders of the orchestra," says Mr. Fischer, "if they deserve the name, are usually blind. They belong to a certain union or fraternity of blind persons, who bear the name of Fekis."

The founder of this society, tradition says, was a Prince Senmimar, who wept away his sight for the loss of a mistress. There is, however, another equally romantic version. Their theatres are much frequented, but the player's profession lies under that disrepute to which the irregularities of conduct incident to his mode of life have more or less condemned it in most countries, and from which the talents and virtues of many of its members have been insufficient among us fully to rescue it. The Japanese ladies take an advantage of the opportunities for display afforded by a side-box, which we suggest to the milliners of London and their fair customers, as worthy of introduction during the Opera season.

"The ladies," says Mr. Fischer, "who frequent the theatre, make a point of changing their dresses two or three times during the representation, in order to display the richness of their wardrobe; and are always attended by servants who carry the necessary articles of dress for the purpose."

Printed programmes of the piece under representation are always in circulation, and we doubt not that a Japanese playgoer, descending from his *norimon* at the box-entrance, for they have three tiers, is saluted with an invitation to buy a book of the play, which Mr. Mathews, if he could once hear it, would imitate with his usual ludicrous fidelity.

They are altogether a gay and social people, and their somewhat cumbrous modes of politeness and their addiction to compliment appear but to promote good fellowship. Witness this description of Mr. Fischer:—

"In the great world the young ladies find delight at their social meetings in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, birds and other animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress, all for the favourite use of giving as presents. Such employments are in use to wile away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements.

Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night, realizing the rapturous strain of the author of Lalla Rookh:—

> "Oh best of delights, as it everywhere is,
> To be near the loved one: what a rapture is his,
> Who by moonlight and music thus idly may glide
> O'er the lake of Cashmeer with that one by his side!"

Mr. Moore will be pleased to find that his music has charms even for the Batavian exiles of Decima.

"This," continues his admirer, "is an enjoyment which can only be shared under the advantages of such a climate and scenery: viz. the climate of Nice and the scenery of Lugano. Their lakes and rivers are after sunset one blaze of illumination, as it were, with the brightly coloured paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play meanwhile that game with the fingers which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy. A floating figure is also placed in a vase of water; as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain 'Anatoya, modamada,' 'He floats, he is not still,' till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party whom it sentences to drain the sakki-bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations. The female sex, at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has equally with the Turk the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society afford him, and which are prohibited to the Mussulman."

Foreign commerce being forbidden, their vessels are limited by law to such a construction as suits a coasting voyage, and necessitates them to run for one of their numerous harbours on the appearance of bad weather. The largest are described by Mr. Fischer as about one hundred Dutch feet in length, from twenty-five or thirty beam, and drawing six feet of water. Mr. Gutzlaf reports that he saw three Japanese barks lying in the harbour of Loo Choo, whose crews were anxious for communication with the strangers, which was only prevented by the mandarins of the island. It is probable that these islands and the

coasts of the inhospitable Yesso are the usual limit of their navigation. Although, however, that navigation be by law confined to their own coasts, or a few islands not far distant, voyages of discovery have occasionally taken place by express command of the emperor. It appears from Valentyn's work (vol. v. part 2, p. 20), that, in the year 1686, a junk, having sailed on such a voyage to the eastward, returned, after long absence, to Nagasaki. Its navigator would appear to have entertained a notion that he had reached the coast of New Holland, for hearing that, among the servants of the Dutch factory, there were some who had been born there, he sought for and interrogated them as to the manners and appearance of the natives. The parties could but imperfectly understand each other, but it was gathered from the Japanese captain's narration, that, after sailing for many days eastward, and finding the sea still open, he had determined to put about. A storm, however, drove him farther on his original course, till he reached a land which his description led the Dutch to conclude to have been the coast of America, between the 40th and 50th degrees of north latitude. This is the last enterprise of the kind on record. We should like to see the Memoirs of some Japanese Basil Hall, who should have discovered the mouths of the Seine and Thames, and given some account of the barbarians who inhabit those distant regions.

Corea, a country far less known to us at present than Japan, was once under the acknowledged dominion of the latter. That dominion, having fallen into abeyance during the Japanese civil wars, was reclaimed towards the end of the sixteenth century, but appears now reduced to some slight relations of commercial intercourse and feudal tribute. Tsusima, an island situated midway between the two countries, has a Japanese garrison; and it is there that the ambassadors of Corea are received, on the occasion of the accession of a new sovereign to the throne of Japan. Mr. Fischer had opportunities of seeing at Nagasaki some of the Corean barks which are occasionally driven on the southern coast of Japan. He describes the appearance of their crews, and the construction of their vessels, as indicative of a very low state of civilization. The state of this country and that of Yesso is well calculated to confirm the Japanese in the notion of their superiority over other nations. The latter island was partially subdued in the year 1443, and was then nominally

divided into provinces, but the interior has probably never been penetrated. It is tenanted by a hunting population, and, extending northwards into Kamschatkadale latitudes, is wrapt in Cimmerian barbarism. It appears to form a link of occasional communication with the Kurile islands under the dominion of Russia. It was to the principal commercial establishment on this island, Matzmai, that the Russian captain, Golovnin, was conveyed a prisoner in 1811. He was not liberated till full and formal satisfaction was obtained under the seal of the governor of Irkutzk, disavowing the proceedings of the Russian lieutenant, Chowstoff, who had committed some acts of plunder and incendiarism on the Japanese coast of Segalien. The Dutch assert that, to the strangers in general whom stress of weather or obvious accident drives upon their coast, the Japanese show every hospitality consistent with a strict surveillance during their necessary stay and the facilitation of their departure. Mr. Gutzlaf is certainly right in stating, that, though the good will of China might open a wide field of eastern commerce to Great Britain in Loo Choo, Corea, and Cochin China, their consent would be no passport to Japan. Such an approximation could in fact only increase the jealousy of the latter, and would perhaps occasion the final exclusion of the Dutch.

The works of our authors being inaccessible to the generality of English readers, we regret the more that we can give but a brief notice of their remarks on the literature and scientific progress of the Japanese. Mr. Fischer has himself done much for future knowledge in the particular of their language, in recovering the traces of a work, the produce of long labour during the period when the war with England had cut off the Dutch residents from intercourse with Europe. We allude to the Dictionary of Mr. Doeff, prepared with the permission of the Japanese government, and the assistance of ten native interpreters. This circumstance is the more remarkable, as the study of the Japanese language is generally forbidden to foreigners. A perfect copy was lost on the voyage to Europe; another exists much prized and honoured in the imperial library at Jeddo. Mr. Fischer, however, in 1822, discovered at Decima the original notes, and in 1829 had finished the work of restoration. We shall be glad to hear of its safe arrival in Europe.

Astronomy, or at least the inspection of the heavenly bodies

and their movements, is, as usual with nations residing under a clear atmosphere, much pursued. Whether they have profited by their intercourse with Dutch literature, so far as to adopt a correct system of the science, Mr. Fischer does not state, but they are familiar with our chronometers, telescopes, and other instruments of observation, and measure their mountains with the barometer. In medicine their proficiency is small, and their prejudices forbid the study of anatomy. We have, however, condescended to borrow from them the use of the moxa, and, as we believe, the practice of acu-puncturation. Education, such as it is, is extended in public schools to all classes, and in no country in the world, perhaps, is the art of writing so universally diffused. It is strange that a nation which possesses over the Chinese the inestimable advantage of an alphabet, should waste time in the study of the language of those neighbours, considering it as the learned one. They are great collectors of articles of rarity, both natural and artificial, and their dilettanti rival our own in their pursuits of coins and pictures. The governor of the province of Tamba possesses a fine collection of European coins, and, in Jeddo, Mr. Fischer saw a collection of old European engravings, which had been preserved one hundred and fifty years in the family of the proprietor. Their museums contain many specimens of factitious monsters, mermen, serpents with the feet of birds attached, &c. One of the said monsters, made up of a salmon and a monkey, was not long since exhibited as a "merman" in Piccadilly. Their taste in jewellery extends only to the metals, and their precious stones are rarely polished, or applied to the purpose of ornament or exchange.

There are at present, as Mr. Fischer informs us, but eight of his countrymen living who have personally visited the capital of this vast empire. We have already observed that the strict adherence of the Japanese government to precedent and usage, with respect to the quadrennial embassy from the Dutch factory to Jeddo, makes each visit a mere repetition of the former; and the circle of ceremony and precaution, which ever surrounds the travellers, allows to the most acute little means of adding to the observations of his predecessors. Some extracts, however, from Mr. Fischer's Narrative of his Fifty Days' Journey may not be unwelcome to our readers. We must premise that the embassy took place in the year 1822, and consisted of the Dutch president

of the factory, M. J. Cock Blomhoof, our author, who accompanied it as secretary, and Dr. Tullingh, physician to the factory. They started on the 6th of February, attended, as usual, by an *opper banjoost*, or superior Japanese officer, with three subordinates, three interpreters of different ranks, and a train of baggage-bearers, amounting to about one hundred men, and twenty horses; the latter being principally loaded with the bedding of the persons of rank, who themselves travelled in the easy and convenient litters of the country, called norimons. Additional baggage and provisions, not wanted for immediate use, were sent forward some days before, by sea, as far as Osacca on the principal island. The embassy was constantly preceded by two Japanese cooks—one to prepare the dinner at some convenient point of the day's progress, the other the supper at the resting-place for the night.

"On the 8th," says Mr. Fischer, "at Sinogi, we visited the hut of an old man, who from his youth had taken delight in beholding the passage of the Dutch. He was nearly ninety, and had seen our countrymen pass by upwards of forty times, and seemed to think himself fortunate in having lived to witness the transit of another embassy."

They reached, on the 12th, Kehura, a seaport town on the channel which separates the great island of Nipon from that on which Nagasaki is situated, and distant about 180 miles from the latter city. They crossed, on the 13th, to Simineseky, the westernmost point of Nipon; from which, after waiting till the 22nd for a favourable wind, they pursued their voyage along the coast eastward, for 117 miles, to the city of Moero, where they landed. After passing through many great and populous towns, among others Osacca, where however the press of the curious and the enforcement of etiquette prevented them from leaving their litters to make their observations on foot, as they wished, they reached, on the 7th of March, Foegimie, the last stage preceding Miako, the residence of the spiritual emperor.

"From Foegimie," says Mr. Fischer, "to Miako, a distance of two leagues, we passed through a continuous street of shops and manufactories. The magazines of earthenware, of grain, of game, and poultry, the tea-houses, sakki breweries, &c., are not to be numbered; and the animation caused by the crowd of passengers made this part of our journey most interesting. In Miako we were better

lodged than in Osacca, and received an equally interminable number of visits. Miako, sometimes called Kioto, is the seat of the Dayrie, and is computed to contain 600,000 inhabitants. The temples are beautiful, as well as the aspect of the river, which flows through the city and the fertile environs. The women of this place are accounted the handsomest of the empire; and the arts and sciences are held in the first estimation. It is the place of rendezvous for strangers from all parts of the empire, who flock to it for the purpose of pilgrimage to the temple of Tsie, or to make their provision of the manufactures of the place. It is accounted the Paradise of Japan, and specially famed for its salubrity."

The travellers appear to have been treated with respect by all whom they encountered on the road, and generally at their halting-places, with the cordial and good-humoured hospitality which attends a welcome guest. The access of numerous visiters seems to have been nowhere impeded by any jealousy on the part of the government. In some places their entertainment was of a particularly affectionate description.

"On the 20th," says Mr. Fischer, "our journey lay through a very hilly district, and the ways were steep and difficult. The traveller is more agreeably surprised to find, in this fatiguing part of his course, resting-places, from which damsels, as amiable as they are comely, run forth to offer him spring-water, tea, and other refreshments, and to compel him to a few moments of repose in their abodes. We halted on the mountain in one of these tea-houses, where the privileges common to other travellers fell to our lot; and could not but concede to our Japanese friends, that the reputation of the fair sex for beauty in this district was fully borne out. Reason enough, here as usually, to grace our fair entertainers with the souvenir of a ring, a hairpin, or other trifle. It is from this place that we obtain the first view of the renowned Fozie mountain, which raises its snow-clad summit above its fellows, and hides it in the clouds."

This mountain is elsewhere described as between 11,000 and 12,000 French feet in altitude, and as a volcano which has been for not more than a century quiescent. It is held in great affection by the Japanese, and constantly figures in the works of their artists and the pages of their poets and romance-writers: a distinction well merited by the beauty of its scenery and the fertility of its environs.

The embassy, which had left Nagasaki on the 6th of February, on the 27th of March reached Sinagawa, the Kensington or Kentish-town of the Japanese capital; which reminds the author, by the animation of its streets, and the multitude and splendour of its shops, of London.

"Long before we reached Sinagawa we advanced, through the press of a crowded population, along broad streets, which may all be considered as belonging to Jeddo; and our progress to our resting-place occupied about two hours, at a steady and rapid pace. Nagasakkya, the place appointed for our lodging, is situated close to the imperial palace, which forms the centre of the city. The diameter of the latter may be reckoned at from five to six leagues in extent."

Once arrived here, the travellers found themselves much in the situation of state-prisoners—permitted, indeed, to receive official visits, but allowed to issue from their residence only on the occasion of their audience of the emperor, and surrounded in their abode by spies in various shapes and disguises. Among these visiters were some who understood Dutch—viz. the imperial under-interpreter, several physicians, and the imperial astrologer, who rejoiced in the apposite name of Globius. These eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them for obtaining scraps of European information, and the strangers doubtless equally laboured to increase their knowledge of Japan. This intercourse with the natives, although under constant supervision and regulation on the part of the government, was so far unrestrained, that the lodging of the embassy was usually crowded with guests till a late hour of the night; and though the letter of the Japanese law forbade the female sex to enter its precincts, that ingenuity of curiosity which in England has penetrated behind the throne in the House of Peers, and insinuated itself into the ventilator of the Commons, triumphed equally at Jeddo. It sometimes happened that a single male visiter came attended by six ladies—a circumstance which Mr. Fischer states by no means tended to protract the consumption of certain stores of liqueurs and confectionery which such occasions brought into play. Presents were interchanged according to the rank of the parties. A Dutch word or two written on the fan, as a substitute for an album, satisfied many of small pretensions. The secretaries of the government of Sadsuma brought an

offering of twelve beautiful birds, fifteen rare plants, two lapdogs, two rabbits, with silks and other articles, conveyed in cages and cases which in value and beauty far exceeded their contents.

On the 6th of April the great purpose of the mission was accomplished in the formal audience—to which the head of the embassy alone is admitted—of the emperor. The president is, however, attended to the threshold of sovereignty by his two European companions. After entering the palace, and waiting for an hour in a saloon, where they were exposed to the only circumstances savouring of impertinence or insult of which Mr. Fischer has, in his entire narrative, to complain, they entered the hall of audience, which he thus describes:—

"It is very large, but simple, and without pomp of decoration. They pointed out to us, facing the entrance, an elevated spot destined for the appearance of the emperor; on its left hand, the places for the princes of the blood, and the imperial councillors, according to their rank. Although every part of the palace, seen by us, is remarkable for elaborate and beautiful construction, as well as for a general air of grandeur in comparison with other buildings, this part of it is too particularly set apart for public occasions to allow of much display of pomp and luxury. The proportions of the doors and shutters are colossal, and the Japan work, gilding, and carving, rich, yet simple. When we returned to the antechamber a heavy storm arose, which fortunately lasted but for a moment, as otherwise the audience would probably have been postponed, seeing that his imperial majesty has a great dread of thunder. At eleven o'clock the president was summoned to his audience, from which he returned in about half an hour. The whole ceremony consisted in his making his compliment in the Japanese fashion from the spot appointed, and remaining, for a few seconds, with his head bowed to the matted floor, till the words 'Capitan Hollanda' were cried aloud. A deep silence reigned, only interrupted by a gentle murmur, with which the Japanese express profound reverence. The governor of Nagasaki, and the chief interpreter, were the only persons who accompanied the president, and gave him the signal of permission to depart, which is effected, like his entrance, in an inclined posture, so that the party is aware indeed of the presence of a number of persons, but, without violating the rules of Japanese politeness, cannot look about him, or indulge his curiosity as to surrounding objects which might deserve it."

On the whole, though occasionally oppressed with visits, and

once exposed to a scientific examination from a whole faculty of royal astrologers (as was the physician of the embassy to a five hours' interrogatory from sixteen of his brother professors), Mr. Fischer speaks in the highest terms of the kindness and hospitality with which he was treated during his stay at Jeddo. Some of his friends put his risible faculties to the test by the compliment of appearing at his quarters in Dutch apparel, of ancient and various date and fashion.

We wish we could afford more of our pages to this remote and remarkable people; but for the present we must stop. We leave them to the complacent enjoyment of the conviction that they are the first of nations, and the eldest descendants of the Deity. We leave them satisfied of their absolute and universal excellence, wanting no change—"least of all, such change as we could give them,"—and tenacious of the maxim, "that the commands of their emperor are like the sweat of man's body, which, once exuded, returns not again to its source;" and we only further subjoin the well-balanced summary of their character with which Mr. Meylan closes his interesting volume:—"Cunning, polite, suspicious, reserved, sensual, impatient, haughty, superstitious, revengeful, cruel in cold blood, on the one side; on the other, just and honest, patriotic, exemplary in the relations of parent and child, firm friends, and *probably* not deficient in courage."

II.—RECOLLECTIONS OF JAPAN.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, JULY, 1836.(a)

ALTHOUGH two works upon the Japanese Empire have been recently brought under the notice of our readers, we think ourselves warranted in drawing for their use some further information on the same subject from that source which alone can supply it,—the contemporary literature of our Dutch neighbours. Reviewing Mr. Fischer's narrative, we made some allusion to his account of the Japanese and Dutch Lexicon of the writer now before us:—

"It was," says Fischer, "Mr. Doeff's chief employment in the solitary Decima, during the war in Europe, and the occupation of the Dutch colonies by the English. For several years, thus separated from the rest of the world, without the sight of a sail or the receipt of a despatch from Europe, he devoted to this undertaking his long experience, his talents, and his diligence. A combination of circumstances could alone make such a task feasible: the friendship of the natives, a knowledge of their manners and usages, and an advanced instruction in the language, all were necessary, and all were his. Above all, however, patience and assiduity were requisite, as must appear, when we consider that this work, following the Dutch and French dictionary of Halma, is illustrated by examples wherever a word of double meaning occurs, and comprises an amount of 2500 pages. The original exists in Japan; but the copy privately written out by Mr. Doeff was lost on his return to Europe, by the foundering of the ship in which he had sailed. An accident led me to discover the traces of this work in 1823, and procured me opportunity for making a copy, which, in 1829, I

(a) *Herinneringen uit Japan.* Van Hendrik Doeff, ond Opperhoofd der Nederlanders in Japan, op het Eiland Decima. Haarlem, 1835. Quarto.

(*Recollections of Japan.* By Hendrik Doeff, formerly President of the Dutch Factory at Decima.)

brought to a close—but which is less complete than the original. It is now in the library of the Royal Institution at Amsterdam."

Returning to Europe after nineteen years of arduous service in a distant region, during which he appears to have laboured in the cause of his country's political interests, as well as that of literature, under circumstances of painful difficulty, Mr. Doeff saw the results of his studies, and the curiosities collected during his exile, go down in the Admiral Evertsen, from which vessel he had scarcely time to save himself and a wife, who survived the catastrophe only four days, and carried a promised offspring to the grave. Such have been the labours and the lot of the author of the volume now before us, in which, under the title of 'Reminiscences of Japan,' he has endeavoured to repair, in some degree, the loss of submerged diaries, journals, and other materials for works of greater magnitude. We have to regret, not merely as Englishmen, but as labourers in the wide vineyard of literature, that so great a proportion of it is devoted to the subject of certain collisions with our own countrymen. It is some consolation for the scantiness of his positive additions to our knowledge of Japan, that his *opus magnum* has been saved to Europe by Mr. Fischer's exertions; for we can hardly hope that the Imperial Library of Jeddo will, in our time, become accessible to foreigners, or that its rules of admission will appear in the Report of the British Museum Committee. Could we even look forward to the time which our wise men anticipate, when the beds of existing oceans shall have effected an amicable exchange with present continents, and when fossil seventy-fours shall engage the attention of future Coles and Murchisons, we could hardly hope that even a semi-Dutch manuscript dictionary, whatever might be its propensity to descend to ocean's quietest depths, would remain legible to our posterity, and we echo Mr. Fischer's wish for an early edition of the treasure he claims to have saved.

Mr. Doeff's remarks on the constitution and practice of the Japanese government would lead us to attribute to the *Sjogfoen* (or reigning Emperor) more influence and more of personal interference in the affairs of administration than was conceded to him in the works which we formerly reviewed. He also supplies an important defect in those two works, by giving us some information as to the mode by which the members of the great

council of state are elevated to their seat in that assembly. It may be difficult to ascertain to what extent the measures and decisions of that assembly originate with, or are controlled by, the sovereign; but as in that body are concentrated all the executive powers of government, as every imperial order goes forth under their countersignature, it is important to know that they are selected by the sovereign from a particular race of the nobility, viz. the descendants of the principal supporters of the usurper Jjegos or Daifoesama, on whom the title of Gonge was conferred after his death, and from the date of whose prosperous usurpation the peace of the empire has been uninterrupted. The descendants of those who opposed the establishment of his power are, on the contrary, excluded from the council.

The hereditary principle which pervades the institutions of Japan is strongly apparent in this mode of organizing the moving power of the executive machinery. Investigation, however, usually modifies general conclusions. Mr. O'Connell has elicited the fact that the Crown of England is elective; we learn from Mr. Doeff that in Japan a parent may select a successor to office from his children, or, being childless, may adopt and invest with his own family name the scion of another house, the child of such adoption being prohibited thenceforth from addressing his real parents by that title on any public occasion. The present sovereign has afforded a curious illustration of this practice. His predecessor had the misfortune to lose his only son, in consequence of a fall from a wild Persian horse, an unlucky gift from the gentlemen of the factory. The prince now flourishing was adopted by the bereaved *Sjogfoen* during his own father's lifetime. On an occasion subsequent to his accession he addressed his parent in public by the accustomed, but forbidden title. The president of the council, Matsoe Dairi Isoe no Cami, instantly remonstrated, and in so doing was himself guilty of a violation of the rule which forbids any one to gainsay or rebuke his superior in rank. He immediately quitted the council, placed himself in arrest in his own house, and besought his associates in writing to lay the case before the emperor. The latter, by acknowledging his error, followed without hesitation the example of submission to usage thus set him by his minister, and soon released the president from his voluntary confinement.

However the powers of government may, in practice, be apportioned, from the emperor down to the humblest functionary, all are subject to that rigid code of usage and precedent which attained its final establishment under the Gonge. Two officers are resident at the Court of Jeddo, whose functions would be better expressed perhaps by the title of grand inquisitors than that of directors of police, which Mr. Doeff applies to them. They are charged to watch over and report the minutest infraction of the sacred code, even on the part of the emperor himself. Their agents are spread through the empire, and especially at the courts of the sixty-eight provincial sovereigns, who are under constant suspicion of an aspiration to independence, only attainable by revolution. The mode of operation is curious. The spy, usually of an inferior class, is despatched to his post, to remain there till he receives a signal of recall, which consists in a report of some extraordinary occurrence set in circulation by his appointed successor. Whether these posts are coveted in Japan on the principle which in our service procures candidates for forlorn hopes and judges and governors for Sierra Leone, we do not learn, but certain assassination awaits the detected spy. From the province of Satsoema, in particular, it is said that none have been known to return. The invariable impunity of these murders exhibits a singular feature of weakness in the central government and independence in the provincial, but the despotism of usage overrules both. A further and formidable check on this independence of the governors is, however, to be found in their own compulsory residence at Jeddo each alternate year, and the perpetual confinement of their wives and children, natural and legitimate, in that city. Governors suspected of undue accumulation of wealth are mulcted by an ingenious process. The Dayrie (or Spiritual Emperor) is employed to bestow on such a title of honour, accompanied by fees of installation, which speedily reduce the means of the receiver of the Japanese Garter or Guelph to proper limits. The slightest demur would, as Mr. Doeff states, be immediately overruled by the assistance of the neighbouring princes, whose mutual jealousies he considers as, after all, the main security for that general submission which for two centuries has secured the peace of so vast an empire.

Mr. Doeff spends a good many pages on the defence of his

countrymen from the old imputation, so wittily adverted to by Swift in his Laputa, of submitting to trample on the emblem of the Christian faith. The falsity of the accusation has, we believe, long been acknowledged.* We think our author less successful in relieving his countrymen from all participation in the struggle which ended in the extirpation of the last remnant of the votaries of Christianity in Japan. That the contest, indeed, was not a purely religious one he shows; but it is equally clear that the Christian remnant was engaged on the side of the revolters in the bay of Simabarra, and that the Dutch Captain Koekebakker did, in obedience, doubtless, to a very significant request from the reigning powers, fire from his vessel some four hundred and twenty-five shots on the stronghold of the revolters. To these the Zumalacarreguy of the period replied by an arrow, with a letter attached, containing the not unnatural interrogatory, whether native soldiers were not to be found to subdue him, and whether his countrymen were not ashamed to call in the assistance of strangers. Koekebakker was allowed hereupon to retire, and exempt himself from any share in the final and bloody catastrophe.

It appears, however, that the ceremony of trampling on the cross is still exacted from the Chinese who visit Japan, the Jesuits having diffused originally among the traders of that nation a large assortment of crucifixes, rosaries, &c., and with their usual zeal and ingenuity endeavoured to introduce their missionaries in Chinese vessels. Even in the Dutch ships careful search is made for all such emblems of Christianity, and books on religious subjects, which are taken possession of by the authorities, and only restored on the departure of the vessel. The important exception, however, is made of bibles and psalm-books.

Mr. Doeff describes the journey to the capital, which he has performed more than once, in his capacity of president, the only individual who is admitted for the one minute's audience to the presence of the emperor. The appointment of a Japanese treasurer or purse-bearer, for the expenses of the journey,

* Sir Stamford Raffles represents the Dutch as themselves the authors of this unfounded allegation. See his despatch to Lord Minto, included in Lady Raffles's very interesting Memoir. The three works we have noticed repel it with indignation.

rendered necessary by the extortion of the purveyors of horses, proves that the family features of the tribe of postmasters are similar over the world, wherever unmodified by competition, and that human nature is the same on the road from Nagasaki to Jeddo as on that between Calais and Paris. The following passage will afford some notion of Japanese commercial opulence, and the extent of the loss to which it is sometimes subject by fire. Speaking of his residence at Jeddo, our author says:—

"There is here an extensive dealer in silks, by name Itsigoja, who has large establishments besides in all the other great cities of the empire. Any customer who conveys his purchase to another of these cities, Nagasaki, for example, and there tires of his acquisition, may give it back and receive the price in full. The wealth of this man must be enormous, as the following will show: During my residence at Jeddo there occurred a vast fire, which consumed everything within a space three leagues in length and a mile and a half in breadth; among the rest our lodging. Itsigoja lost his entire shop, and a warehouse containing more than one hundred thousand bales of silk thread, which loss was unmitigated, for the Japanese know nothing of insurance. He nevertheless sent to our assistance forty of his servants, who stood us in great stead; and on the second day he was already actively engaged in rebuilding his premises, paying every carpenter six florins per diem."

Mr. Doeff proceeds thus to describe this conflagration:—

"On April 22, 1806, at about ten in the morning, we heard that a fire had broken out about two leagues from our lodging. We paid little attention to the intelligence, the inhabitants of Jeddo being so practised in the extinction of fires; in fine weather there is generally a fire every night, and, as this happens seldomer in rainy weather, the citizens generally wish one another joy of a wet evening. In this instance, however, the fire made rapid approaches, and towards three in the afternoon the flame, excited by a strong breeze, broke out in four places in our neighbourhood. We had, since one o'clock, employed ourselves in packing up our effects, so that we were able to take immediate flight, for the danger was pressing. On issuing into the street, we saw everything in flames; there was great danger in endeavouring to escape before the wind, and in the same direction with the fire. We therefore took a slanting direction through a street already burning, and thus succeeded, by following the flame, in gaining an open field called Hara.

It was studded over with the standards of princes whose palaces had been destroyed, and whose wives and children had fled thither for refuge. We followed their example, and marked out a spot with our Dutch flags which we had used on our journey. We had now a full view of the fire, and never have I seen anything so terrific. The terrors of this ocean of flame were enhanced by the heart-rending cries of the fugitive women and children."

This fire, after raging for twelve hours, was extinguished by rain. Fifty-seven palaces of princes were destroyed, and 1200 persons (among whom was a daughter of the Prince of Awa) either burnt or drowned. The young lady met this fate by the giving way of the Nipon Bas, a famous bridge in Jeddo, under the weight of the flying multitude. Thin walls of clay, timbers, and partitions of deal, matted floors, and roofs of shingle, sufficiently account for catastrophes which must far exceed in frequency and violence even those of New York or Constantinople. We cannot help thinking that a fire-engine would be the most appropriate present the Dutch could make to the government which sets store by their gifts.* It would certainly deserve a better reception than the wild Persian horse which broke the neck of an heir to the throne, or the elephant which was once brought to Nagasaki, but, not being transportable in a litter to Jeddo, was wisely declined by the Japanese.

The relief which such an incident afforded to the monotony of a residence at Jeddo, and this emancipation from their state of imprisonment, however brief, must have repaid the Dutch for some fright and danger, more especially as their new temporary residence afforded them a more extended prospect than that from the usual abode of the mission. They seem to have received much attention and kindness from the authorities. The Governor of Jeddo, however, took alarm at the opportunities for observation, though not extending to intercourse, which their position afforded them. From an outbuilding attached to their residence they could see and be seen by the multitude which, equally curious with themselves, was speedily attracted to the spot, and the governor sent orders through an interpreter to prohibit any further exhibition of their persons.

* On looking into Abel's account of Lord Amherst's Embassy to China, we find that two of these machines were among the presents offered by the British government to the Chinese sovereign on that occasion.

Here Mr. Doeff's knowledge of the Japanese code stood him in good stead. The governor had outstepped his province. The Dutch party were in all respects under the orders, not of the Governor of Jeddo, but of him of Nagasaki, who attends the mission to the capital, and during its entire progress, residence, and return, has the exclusive control of its motions. The laws of Japanese etiquette are as impartial as they are strict. Doeff's appeal to usage was as effectual as if preferred by a native. The prohibition was instantly pronounced invalid, and their friend of Nagasaki, pleased with their assertion of his right and dignity, not only continued to them the enjoyment of their interesting prospect, but caused an eminence which impeded it to be levelled for their convenience.

Our author's description of his audience of the emperor contains no new particulars. The days which intervened between his reception at court and the departure of the mission were made fatiguing by the visits of the curious, and the inquiries of the *savans* of Jeddo, especially the physicians and astronomers, who during this limited interval of three or four days have access to the strangers. The burthen of the former naturally fell on the physician of the embassy, and, as the questions had been carefully prepared in anticipation, his task was not a light one. Mr. Doeff's situation, however, was more embarrassing, for, albeit no astronomer, he had the choice of confessing his ignorance, or of inventing answers to the questions of men able to calculate eclipses, and who possess and use a translation of Lalande's Astronomy. That eminent man, when from his observatory in the ancient Hôtel de Cluny at Paris he "outwatched the Bear," little thought that his labours would enable his brother sages of Japan to perplex an unfortunate Dutchman. The knowledge of this extension of celebrity would not have been ungrateful to the man who pronounced himself a "*toile cirée pour les injures et une éponge pour la louange.*" These visits generally lasted from two till nightfall, and were relieved by an active circulation of liqueurs and comfits. Mr. Doeff speaks with much affection and regard of the chief astronomer, Takahaso Sampei, whose friendship he had subsequent occasion to cultivate, and on whom he bestowed at his earnest request the name of *Globius*, as mentioned in our review of Mr. Fischer's work. This person was held in such estimation by the govern-

ment for other qualifications besides those of science, that he was sent as commissioner to Matzmai in the affair of Golownin. The first physician of the emperor received in like manner from our author the name of Johannes Botanicus, under which appellation he held for some time a correspondence with the learned Mynheer Reinwardt, then resident at Batavia. This man's grandfather had held an intercourse of the same nature with Thunberg. It is not unpleasing to trace these links, however slender, in the intercourse of human intellect, which connects nations so distant, and communicates some of the advantages of European cultivation to those who repel with contempt from their coasts the material products of our industry and the dangerous benefits of our commerce. Mr. Doeff positively contradicts the assertion of Golownin, that a Dutchman of the name of Laxman had been encouraged or permitted to establish himself at Jeddo. In his three visits to the capital Mr. Doeff never heard mention of such a name or occurrence, and the whole tenor of Japanese policy, in our judgment, sufficiently proves the negative in the case of an alleged infraction of law and usage so gross and palpable.

On his return from Jeddo, in 1806, Mr. Doeff, suffering under a cholic, underwent the operation of acupuncturation described by Kæmpfer and others as commonly practised in Japan. The pain was trifling; but a slight and temporary alleviation of the malady, how far attributable to imagination it might be perhaps hard to decide, was the only result.

The remaining portion of Mr. Doeff's volume is almost exclusively a narrative of events which took place at Nagasaki during his residence as president of the factory. Those who peruse it will be little surprised at the strong tone of hostility to England which pervades its pages. There is one passage in particular, of the conduct of our countrymen, of which we, on every ground, lament the tragical consequences, and specially on that ground which we suspect has supplied a topic of consolation to Mr. Doeff,—to wit, that those results have tended to place at further distance than ever the prospect of opening an intercourse between our Indian dependencies and Japan. We believe that, from the period of 1814, when Sir Stamford Raffles made an attempt of this nature on which Mr. Doeff throws some curious lights, no actual experiment has been revived in that quarter.

We know, however, that with that able and excellent man, whose spirit of enterprise and talent for execution we should be the last to depreciate, the project was a favourite one; his authority is high; and the report on the coasting voyage of the Amherst printed for the House of Commons in 1833 leads us to suppose that his plan has again been contemplated. We think it a hopeless and dangerous one; and as the ground of this conclusion is borrowed from works which in their present shape and language are little likely to engage attention in England, we have no scruple in briefly laying the principal facts before our readers.

The views of Sir Stamford Raffles, and those who have shared them, with regard to Japan, have been founded on circumstances not unworthy, we admit, of due consideration. Our accounts of that nation have been gathered exclusively from the Dutch, whose interest it might be supposed would lead them to magnify every difficulty and to interpose every obstacle in the way of a nation long their enemy and ever their rival in the eastern seas. Various circumstances, and especially the recent voyage of the Amherst, have satisfied certain persons that *something* in the way of smuggling, bullying, and bribing may be effected on the coasts of an empire which in many respects bears great affinity to that of Japan. The failure of the Russian attempt under Resanoff might be accounted for by the sanguine on the supposition that the neighbourhood of the Kurile Islands and Kamschatka, in this instance, had induced a peculiar jealousy on the part of the Japanese. We are satisfied, however, that these considerations are overruled by others which, however founded on partial testimony, are borne out by all the probabilities of the case, and by every actual occurrence which has come to our knowledge.

That the English should rank next at least to the Portuguese, and equally with the Russians, among the least favoured nations in the Japanese code of restriction, or rather exclusion, is but too probable. The rumour of our vast Eastern power, and Dutch descriptions of the mode in which we had extended and exercised it, would justify superabundant caution. The Dutch, during the war in which their subjection to France involved them with this country, were compelled to prosecute their usual intercourse in American hired vessels. It might at first appear that an incident which accustomed the Japanese to the sound of the

English language, and some acquaintance with English customs, would be favourable to intercourse with the mother country. The Dutch, however, would have risked the continuance of their privileges by the expedient, if they had not succeeded in making the Japanese comprehend the distinction between the English proper, and the *English* (as they are called in China) *of the second chop-stick.* Once impressed with the distinction between King Jefferson and King George, they made no difficulty in admitting American vessels and crews under the Dutch flag and the usual regulations. An American, however, attempting to trade on his own account in 1807 was instantly repulsed. The failure of the Russian enterprise in 1804 is well known.

In 1808 occurred, in the harbour of Nagasaki, that act on the part of an English frigate to which we adverted in our former article, and of which we must now state our conviction that, if the project of opening a British intercourse with Japan had ever been feasible, this incident alone would have blasted it, perhaps for centuries to come. We also greatly fear, with reference to the future, that, should any English crew fall into the hands of the Japanese, they would find themselves, as Englishmen, exempted from the benefit of that code of mercy and hospitality in which these sturdy rebutters of intrusion embrace the visiters whom shipwreck or starvation drives upon their coast, and which has not yet we believe been violated, even where that plea of necessity was doubtful. Mr. Doeff, bringing under the notice of his readers, perhaps under his own, only those circumstances of the case which national prejudice and commercial hostility would select, endeavours to stamp with the impression of deliberate criminality an act, on the part of a British officer, which we consider as a casual accident of naval service, creditable to that officer's zeal and courage, and involving no real impeachment of his humanity or discretion, though it led to consequences which humanity must deplore, and which calm discretion, assisted by an acquaintance with Japanese usages, might perhaps have obviated.

It was in the October of 1808 that an European vessel under Dutch colours appeared off the coast. The usual Dutch trader was expected; and when the governor of Nagasaki requested Mr. Doeff, then president, to send as usual two of his subordinates with the banjoosts (the accustomed Japanese officers) on board,

he complied without suspicion. The Dutchmen preceding the Japanese were met by a boat from the vessel. A petty officer of the latter desired them in their own language to come into their boat, and, the Dutchmen requesting time to wait for the Japanese officer who was following, the strangers boarded them with drawn cutlasses, and forced them on board an English frigate, the Phaëton. The Japanese rowed back, and communicated the strange occurrence which he had witnessed to the authorities. Mr. Doeff thus describes the effect of the intelligence:—

"In the town everything was in frightful embarrassment and confusion. The governor especially was in a state of indescribable wrath, which fell in the first instance on the two upper banjoosts because they had returned without our countrymen, and without having learnt, on their own knowledge, to what nation the ship belonged. Before I could ask him a question, he said to me with fury in his countenance—'Be quiet, Mr. President; I shall take care that your people are restored.' The interpreters also assured me of his determination in this particular, even at the cost of breaking through some law or usage. I saw everything was preparing for defence, and even for attack, if necessary. The governor now learnt to his consternation that at the imperial guard-house (situated between the Papenberg island and Nagasaki, and at which one thousand men are by regulation stationed) only sixty or seventy were forthcoming, and the commanders absent. The governor shuddered at the intelligence, for he foresaw his inevitable lot—the knife. Towards twelve came a letter written on board by my assistant, Schimel, whose writing I recognised, with these words only—'A ship is arrived from Bengal. The captain's name is Pellew; he asks for water and provisions.'"

The president was consulted as to compliance with this request, which he declined to sanction. "It was midnight," he pursues, "before I heard again from the governor. His first secretary then visited me, and informed me that he had orders to rescue the Hollanders. On my questioning him as to the mode, he replied, 'Your countrymen have been seized by treachery; I shall therefore go alone, obtain admission on board by every demonstration of friendship; seek an interview with the captain, and, on his refusal to deliver his prisoners, stab him first, and then myself.'" The president naturally dissuaded him from an enterprise hopeless in itself, and dangerous to those he proposed to

liberate. The governor, adopting the same view, was obliged to interfere to prevent the attempt.

The plan now adopted was to detain the ship till all the vessels and forces of the neighbouring princes should be collected for attack, and the night passed away in military preparation which, as Mr. Doeff says, bore some marks of a want of practice of two centuries' duration. In the afternoon of the following day, Gozeman, one of the *détenus*, was landed. His report was that he had been treated with gross insult, and threatened with death if it should turn out that he had violated truth in denying the presence of Dutch vessels in the harbour. The English captain, however, having verified his statement by personal inspection in his own boat, ultimately sent him on shore with the following epistle:—

"I have ordered my own boat to set Gozeman on shore, to procure me water and provisions; if he does not return with such before evening, I will sail in to-morrow early and burn the Japanese and Chinese vessels in the harbour."

Doeff states that a threat was added, that, unless Gozeman should return on board in the evening, with the provisions, the other Dutch prisoner, Schimel, should be hanged without mercy. We have very strong doubts as to the accuracy of these statements, but none at all that the Japanese were made to believe that such threats had been uttered. The governor was unwilling to allow of Gozeman's return to the vessel; but was persuaded by the president, who considered that measure the only means of securing the safety of both. He did return on board with the provisions, and shortly afterwards the Japanese authorities were enraptured by the appearance of both the *détenus*, which to some of themselves, alas not to all! was a release from the choice between honourable suicide and the lasting infamy of public execution. The Dutchmen admitted that, after the arrival of the provisions, they had been treated with every civility by the English captain.

It was now the object of the governor to execute, if possible, to the letter, that passage of his commission which enjoins him to detain, till the pleasure of the *Provincial* Government be known, any vessel which commits any act of violence or illegality on the coast. The president was again consulted:—

"I considered," he said, "the Japanese as not strong enough to detain by force a frigate well armed and prepared, and told them so plainly; but I advised them to detain the vessel by other means, long enough to permit a number of vessels laden with stones to be sunk in the narrowest part of the passage, between the Papenberg and the Caballes. In the course of the next day these might be got ready, and the scheme might be executed in the night following. The Japanese harbour-master, present at the discussion, demonstrated the feasibility of the scheme, and received orders to make all the preparations. I warned the governor that the east wind, which had blown for some hours, was fair for the Englishman's escape; but it was expected that he would wait for a further supply of fresh water, which had been promised him.

"About daylight arrived the Prince of Omura, at the head of his troops, and proposed to the governor to endeavour, with three hundred boats, each manned with three rowers, and filled with straw and reeds, to burn the frigate. The men were to escape by swimming. He offered to lead the enterprise in person. During this consultation the frigate weighed, and sailed out of the harbour with a fresh breeze."

Thus far we have pursued the Dutchman's narrative; and did it end here, some of our readers, and specially those who, like ourselves, take pleasure in the mirthful pages of Marryatt, Chamier, and Glasscock, might think that little harm was done. A frightened Dutchman, and an outwitted governor in petticoats, might be considered as excellent dramatis personæ for a marine farce; and we might smile at the credulity of the men who really believed that an English officer would execute on their persons a threat, for the performance of which he would himself have been liable to capital punishment at home. The consequences, however, were such as undoubtedly the captain of the Phaëton could not have anticipated, and such as he, or any British officer, would deplore. Within half an hour of the Phaëton's departure the governor had redeemed himself from impending disgrace, and his family from an inheritance of infamy, by the terrible expedient which Japanese custom dictates on such occasions. The officers of the neglected post, to the number we believe of six or seven, followed his example, and at once stabbed themselves in the abdomen. These men were under the orders, not of the governor of Nagasaki, but of the governor of the province of Fizen, then resident at Jeddo; and that high functionary

expiated the delinquency of his subordinates by an imprisonment of one hundred days.

Before we dismiss this subject it may be well to advert to the circumstances under which the British flag appeared in these unfrequented seas. That we were at war with Holland, then a dependency of France, it is hardly necessary to mention. Captain Pellew of the Phaëton (the second Lord Exmouth) was ordered by Admiral Drury, commander of our fleets in the Eastern seas, to cruise off the Japanese islands, for the purpose of intercepting the Dutch traders to Nagasaki.

Whether a nation which, like Japan, refuses all intercourse with the rest of the world may claim all those privileges of neutrality for its harbours, which other civilized nations have sanctioned for their mutual convenience, is a point of international law which we are not aware has been formally mooted or decided. We have reason at least to believe that Captain Pellew's instructions contained no direction on this head, nor any information as to the peculiar usages of the people with whom his mission might bring him into contact. With reference to the Dutch, that mission was of course couched in the usual formula—take, burn, or destroy. After cruising in vain for a month in those tempestuous seas, the captain, thinking that the Dutch traders had probably reached the harbour, determined to look for them there. The skill and boldness with which this was accomplished is evident from the Dutch accounts, which also throw light on its hazard and difficulty.

We are enabled, on good authority, to state our belief that the Dutch have misrepresented the conduct of the English captain, in those passages which impute to him hostile demeanour or expressions with regard to the Japanese, with whom no actual collision or intercourse took place. On the same authority we can further state that the captain, failing to discover the enemy he looked for, desired the Dutch factors who boarded him, and whom he claimed the right to consider as prisoners of war, to represent his vessel to the Japanese as an English Indiaman. The consequences of a more accurate designation must therefore rest, lamentable as they were, with those who communicated it to the native authorities.

Our readers, however, may make what allowance they please for Dutch misrepresentation or exaggeration of the occurrence

in its details, and we suspect our author's narrative is not free from either; the facts stated of its consequences have never been denied or doubted, and are alluded to as notorious in the passage of Sir Stamford Raffles' Memoirs which contains a brief and imperfect account of his own subsequent proceedings in the same quarter—to which we shall have occasion presently to advert. The prelude was certainly inauspicious. If Messrs. Meylan and Fischer had told us that the Japanese were the most forgiving and forgetful nation of their acquaintance, we, who know how seldom those qualities belong to nations professing a religion which enjoins them, might doubt the veracity of these authors. They do tell us that vindictiveness is a striking feature of their character; and that the forgiveness of an injury is considered as a specimen of disgraceful pusillanimity.

From this period up to 1810, in the spring of which year Mr. Doeff made one of his journeys to the capital, as president of the factory, the intercourse between Batavia and Nagasaki was punctual. It was now destined to a total interruption of more than three years, the consequence of maritime war, and our occupation of the Dutch East Indian possessions:—

"No one," says Mr. Doeff, "but a resident of this period at the factory can form a conception of our state of mind. Separated from all intercourse, close prisoners in a spot which ships scarcely ever pass, much less touch at, knowing nothing, guessing nothing of events in the remainder of the globe; uncertain whether for the next ten or twenty years, or to the end of our lives, a ship of our country would ever greet our sight; living under the constant inspection of a suspicious nation which, treating us it is true with kindness, and allowing us to want for nothing which they could supply, could yet never consider us as countrymen: this was a sad lot, and sadder prospect."

In 1811 the capture and detention of Golownin occurred, and the Japanese authorities paid Mr. Doeff the compliment of calling for his opinion on the circumstances of that transaction. He seems to have done his best to recommend merciful counsels, and to smooth the way for the release of the Russian.

"Our hope," he continues, "was now fixed on the year 1812, but, alas! it passed away without relief, and without intelligence either from Europe or Batavia! All our provision from Java was by this time consumed; butter we had not seen since 1807 (for the ship, the

Gœde Frouw, had brought us none in 1809). To the honour of the Japanese, I must acknowledge that they did everything in their power to supply our particular deficiencies. . . . . The police agent or inspector, Sige Dennozen, among others, gave himself much trouble to distil gin for us, for which purpose I supplied him with a still-kettle and a tin worm which I chanced to possess. He had tolerable success, but could not remove the resinous flavour of the juniper; the corn spirit, however, which he also managed to distil, was produced in perfection. As we had been deprived of wine since 1807, with the exception of a small quantity brought by the Gœde Frouw, he likewise endeavoured to press it for us from the wild grape of the country, but with less success. He obtained, indeed, a red and fermented liquid, but it was not wine. I, for my own part, endeavoured to make beer. With the help of the domestic dictionaries of Chanel and Buys, I got so far as to produce a whitish liquor, with something of the flavour of the white beer (mol) of Haerlem, but which would not keep above four days; seeing that I could not make it work sufficiently, nor had I any hope of imparting to it its due bitter, so as to remain longer drinkable."

We sympathise with this unaffected narrative of a Hollander's distresses, his hopes and his resources, and we are cheered by the picture of Japanese good nature, while we lament over the pitchy flavour of the Schiedam of Nagasaki and the perishable excellence of Doeff's Entire; but further privations and embarrassments equally national remain:—

"Our greatest deficiency was in the articles of shoes and winter clothing; we procured Japanese slippers of straw, and covered the instep with undressed leather, and thus draggled along the street. Long breeches made we with an old carpet which I had by me. Thus we provided for our wants as well as we could contrive. There was no distinction among us. Every one who had saved anything threw it into the common stock, and we thus lived under a literal community of goods."

With the spring of 1813 began the fourth year of their separation from the world, and great was their delight in July to witness the approach of two vessels bearing the Dutch flag, and hoisting a private signal agreed upon in 1809. A letter was brought on shore, announcing the arrival of Mr. W. Waardenaar, formerly president of the factory, as commissary, and Mr. Cassa appointed to replace Mr. Doeff as president, with three assistants or clerks on board the second vessel. No suspicion

crossed the mind of our author: he had himself exceeded by many years the usual period of service; the reinforcement of clerks was greatly required. Mr. Waardenaar was an old acquaintance, friend, and protector. An officer and clerk of the factory were sent on board; the former returned, saying that he had recognised Waardenaar and the captain, Voorman, but that appearances were strange on board the vessel, and Waardenaar had informed him that he could only deliver the papers with which he was charged to Mr. Doeff in person. It was remarked by the Japanese that all the officers on board spoke English, and they thence considered the vessels as hired Americans. To remove all suspicion, Mr. Doeff went on board. He was received with evident embarrassment by Waardenaar, who handed him a letter, which Doeff declined to open till he should return to his residence, whither he was accompanied by Waardenaar and his clerk. The letter, there being opened, presented to the eyes of the astonished president an announcement of the mission of the two vessels, and the appointment of Waardenaar as Commissary in Japan, with supreme command over the factory, signed "Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of Java and its dependencies." In reply to the question, "Who is Raffles?" Mr. Doeff was informed that Java was in possession of the English, Holland incorporated with France; and that Waardenaar, together with an Englishman, Mr. Ainslie, were appointed by the British Government as Commissioners in Japan. Doeff's reply was prompt; he refused all compliance with the orders set forth in the letter, as coming from the government of a colony in possession of the enemy. Waardenaar tried every expedient to shake this resolution; he appealed to the capitulation of Java, of which, however, he could produce no copy, and which, as Mr. Doeff says, would at all events have been unavailing to convince him that Japan was to be considered a dependency of Java.

This bold stroke of Sir Stamford Raffles may be considered by many as a favourable specimen of that spirit of enterprise which distinguished his proceedings to the last; but, making every allowance for the partiality of the account of the transaction now before us, we cannot but think that his zeal in this instance overstepped his discretion. Success could only be gained by entire acquiescence and collusion on the part of Mr. Doeff, and

the lives of the two ships' companies were placed in the hands of that functionary, who by a word could have given them over as Englishmen and enemies to the vengeance of a recently insulted nation. This course he appears at first to have contemplated; for after coolly acquainting his former friend with the circumstances of the situation in which he had placed himself, and his own determination to resist the appointment of any nominee of England to the chair of the factory, he called in the five chief native interpreters, and, acquainting them with the facts, demanded their instant communication of them to the authorities. They at once foresaw the terrific consequences of such an announcement, and, whether from mere humanity, or apprehending that the circumstance of the ships having entered the harbour, though by deceptive means, yet unopposed, might include themselves or some of their countrymen in the catastrophe, they paused for consideration. Waardenaar was known and respected in Japan; the ships bore the Dutch flag; no suspicion that the English had a Dutch agent in their service had yet reached the authorities. All these circumstances they pointed out to the president, and prevailed on him to keep the secret and retain his independent government, formally consenting to take upon themselves the entire responsibility in case of discovery.

The further details of the arrangement, and of Mr. Doeff's measures for turning the transaction to the commercial profit of his country, may best be found in the following extracts from a document, of which Mr. Doeff inserts a copy in his work. They will also show how completely the perilous nature of their position was admitted by the parties. The act in question purports to be an agreement between H. Doeff, president, on the one side, and W. Waardenaar and D. Ainslie, chief surgeon in Batavia, on the other. The first undersigned, having communicated to the second and third his refusal to obey the instruction of the Lieutenant-Governor of Java, dated June 4, 1813 (for reasons specified), represents in consequence the dangerous circumstances in which the ships, Charlotte and Mary, with their crews, are placed, in the event of his making known to the Japanese (however indirectly) to what nation those ships belong; inasmuch as the said ships would be forthwith burned, and all on board massacred, the which he (Doeff) could in no wise do any-

thing to prevent, seeing the hate which the Japanese have conceived towards the English nation, especially since the affair of the Phaëton, &c. Then follow the conditions agreed upon, the principal being, that, in order to prevent all suspicion on the part of the Japanese, the entire cargoes of the two ships shall be delivered to Doeff, who shall treat them according to the usual practice, and account for them to Waardenaar and Ainslie; that the two latter shall undertake, on account of their government, the debt and obligations, &c., contracted by the factory from 1809 to this year inclusive, to be paid out of the produce of the lading, &c. The ships were permitted on these conditions to discharge their goods and receive their return in copper under the usual regulations. The secrecy of the interpreters was sufficiently secured by a regard to their own safety; and Mr. Doeff's retention of his functions, and the departure of the English agents from their dangerous errand, were accounted for on various ingenious pretexts to the satisfaction of the Japanese.

We cannot but concede to Mr. Doeff his claim to total success in this struggle, and we must reluctantly, not merely on his statement, but on all the probabilities of the case, deny to Sir Stamford Raffles all claim and pretension to the having in this transaction smoothed the way for future intercourse. Pretensions to that effect are, in his memoirs and despatches to Lord Minto, founded on the admitted collusion of the five interpreters; and it is also suggested that, though the ships passed in the first instance for American, the fact that they were English was ascertained by the Japanese during their stay in harbour; moreover that presents of English manufacture had been complacently received at court. Mr. Doeff's reply to these allegations —viz. that the parties were too well aware of their danger to neglect any conceivable precaution against discovery; that, of the Japanese, the interpreters alone were in the secret; and that the presents mentioned as received at Jeddo were forwarded in the name of the Dutch government—appears to us conclusive. The presents, he tells us, were represented as an acknowledgment for the kindness with which the Dutch had been treated during the interruption of intercourse. Two of them, a clock and an elephant, were refused,—the former because ornamented with classical images, the elephant for the reason already mentioned. Query, Did those who sent it know the

relative positions of Nagasaki and Jeddo? Dr. Ainslie was in some danger of discovery. It was thought strange that Mr. Waardenaar should be attended by an American surgeon. Mr. Doeff reminded the Japanese of the Swedish Thunberg, and asserted that his countrymen looked rather to the skill than the birthplace of their medical attendants. At the court of Jeddo was established, at this period, in great splendour and favour, the son of that governor of Nagasaki who, in 1808, had committed suicide in consequence of an English visit. At Nagasaki itself the garrison consisted of the troops of the Prince of Fizen, who had suffered one hundred days' arrest for his imputed negligence in the same affair; and doubtless the friends and relations of the other victims of the transaction were extant there, eager for vengeance, and with no conceivable motive for mercy.

In Sir Stamford Raffles's own Memoirs, indeed, we find that not only the prince, but many of the principal Japanese, had sworn to kill every Englishman that fell in their way. We cannot but think that Mr. Doeff might have revenged the insult he suffered in 1808 by at once obeying the order of Sir Stamford Raffles, and leaving his appointed successor and the English surgeon Ainslie to explain as they might to the Japanese the authority under which they were appointed. The destruction of the factory, the execution of its officers, and the final cessation of all intercourse with Europe, would probably have been the consequence, which the prudent course adopted by Mr. Doeff appears to have averted.

Having stated the principal circumstances, and the result of Sir Stamford Raffles's expedition of 1813, we content ourselves with a mere brief allusion to the renewal of his attempt in the following year, when the Dutch agent Cassa was sent in the Charlotte to supersede Mr. Doeff. This attempt appears to have been conducted with more skill and circumspection than the former, and Mr. Cassa succeeded at one moment in bringing over two out of the five Japanese interpreters to his interest. Doeff, however, kept the vantage ground on which the affair of the Phaëton had placed him, and still refused to acknowledge the capitulation of Java as affecting the situation of the factory. With the help of his majority in the body of interpreters he overruled the minority, and attained the imperial sanction to his own continuance in office and the reshipment of his appointed

sncccssor. His difficulties were certainly greater in this instance than in the former, but his pertinacity equally triumphed. We regret to add that he attributes to Sir Stamford Raffles the infraction of some conditions which he had stipulated to his own pecuniary advantage on the former occasion. That he is mistaken in attributing to that excellent man any such unworthy mode of punishing him for adherence to his country's interests we firmly believe; but if from oversight or any other cause he has really suffered by the non-performance of such conditions, we are satisfied that even at this distant period the justice of the English Government would afford him redress. He opposed and foiled us, but he might by a word have procured the destruction of our vessels and the massacre of our countrymen.

The president bought his advantage dear. From the departure of the Charlotte another dreary interval of cessation of all intercourse ensued till the year 1817, when two vessels arrived, bearing the welcome intelligence of the restoration of Java to the Dutch, and having on board the author's friend Jan Cock Blomhoff, appointed to succeed him as president, and at the same time to convey to him the full approbation of his proceedings, and the order of the Lion of the Netherlands. Scarcely less welcome, after a nine years' abstinence, was a supply of butter, and of wine, in which they drank to the restoration of the House of Orange.

Mr. Blomhoff was destined to illustrate the tenacity with which the Japanese adhere to their regulations. His arrival, and the news of the cessation of hostilities, were hailed with great delight by the Japanese, but all his influence and exertions were vain to procure from the court of Jeddo, in favour of his wife and child, a relaxation of the rule which excludes foreign females from Decima, not indeed as such, but as coming under the larger category of all persons not expressly necessary for the purposes of the trade. "No one may land except for special reason in Japan"—is the maxim of that empire, to which the Dutch are, equally with other foreigners, compelled to submit.

On the 6th of December, 1817, Mr. Doeff handed over to his successor the guardianship of those interests which he had defended with so much pertinacity and success. The appendix to his narrative is a melancholy one. He embarked for Europe in 1819, in the ship of war the Admiral Evertsen. She proved not

sea-worthy, and from the 30th of March to the 8th of April was only kept afloat by unremitting exertion at the pumps. The Mauritius, the nearest inhabited land, was nine hundred miles distant, two companions had outsailed them, and the fate of Troubridge awaited them in the same seas. They were saved by an American brig when within sight of the uninhabited island of Diego Garcia; but as three hundred and ninety persons were to be transferred to this small vessel, none were allowed to take with them their effects, and a few shirts and some papers of small bulk were all that our author could save of his collections accumulated with cost and diligence during his long residence at Decima. The fate of his most valuable manuscript has been already mentioned. Half the party were left on the island; the other portion, including our author and his wife, sailed for the Mauritius on board the friendly and humane American. His lady died early on the passage.

It is impossible to dismiss this curious subject without adverting to the statements set forth in Sir Stamford Raffles' 'Memoirs,' and in his own despatch to Lord Minto, not only as a justification of his measures, but as involving a claim to partial success and an encouragement to future proceedings. We find in his 'Memoirs' the following passage:—

"The character of the Japanese it was evident had been subject to the misrepresentation which the jealousy of the Dutch had industriously spread over the whole of their eastern possessions. They appeared to the commissioners to be a race remarkable for frankness of manner and disposition, for intelligence, inquiry, and freedom from prejudice. They are in an advanced state of civilization, in a climate where European manufactures are almost a necessary comfort, and where long use has accustomed them to many of its luxuries."

We know not how far the Batavian colonists may have misrepresented the Japanese to the English governor, but certainly their three countrymen whose works we have brought under notice most entirely acquiesce in the description thus given by men whose authority in itself was worth little, as they had neither a knowledge of the language nor opportunity for observation. With regard, however, to the assertion that European manufactures are almost a necessary comfort to a nation which Sir Stamford Raffles rates at twenty-four, Mr. Fischer at thirty-six

millions, we must say that the Japanese have satisfied themselves with a very small allowance of such objects of necessity, and have taken very singular methods to increase the supply. The fact is, that their disposition to luxury and expense in dress, which doubtless would recommend foreign commerce if once established, is constantly checked by severe and arbitrary sumptuary laws.

"The trade," says Sir Stamford in his despatch, "was just as extensive as it suited the personal interest of the Resident to make it." We have seen that the trade was limited and rigidly defined by successive orders from Jeddo. Sir Stamford points out the advantages to be derived by both parties from British intercourse, and to us especially, as a resource in the event of any interruption in the trade with China. With respect to the article of tea, the accounts both of Mr. Fischer and Mr. Doeff would lead us to doubt whether the produce of Japan would answer as a substitute for that of China. Mr. Doeff describes the decoction in common use as villanous. Mr. Fischer considers the Japanese tea as a useful sudorific, but so inferior in flavour to the Chinese as to make its success in an European market very doubtful. Nothing, indeed, can be clearer than that an interchange of commodities with Japan would be profitable to both nations. The Japanese answer to Russian proposals of a similar nature proves, however, that such advantages can be appreciated by a nation which rejects them:—

"With regard to the trade in commodities of many kinds of which each may be in want, possible advantage appears, yet we have maturely considered, and found that, if all our useful commodities were exchanged, we might possibly find a deficiency in such of our own production, and thus it would appear as though we knew not how to govern our country. Moreover, if trade be increased, there would be more occasion for people of the lower orders to transgress the usages of our country, and thereto we therefore cannot agree. This is the imperial decision, and therefore must the navigation to Japan be no more attempted. Signed at Nagasaki—NANGO BOLUGNA (with a great red seal attached)."

We have said and quoted thus much in deference to an authority so justly respected as that of Sir Stamford Raffles; enough, we trust, to show that we do not lightly or irreverently venture to criticise the speculations of such a man. His reputation is one which can suffer no sensible diminution by an impeachment of his reasonings on a particular subject, treated by

him with that ardour in his country's service which belonged to his character. He seems to us to have failed to perceive that the very qualities of superiority, for which he gives just credit to Japan, opposed an impenetrable obstacle to his views; that meanness, ignorance, corruption, and cowardice may justify by the result the aggression they invite, but that courage and intelligence are not rashly to be insulted or tampered with; and that a spirit of independence may be proof against the trivial impulses of curiosity and the more degrading motives of gain. Neglecting these considerations, he argued that, because the Japanese, by a fortunate accident, had forborne to close an intercourse with a nation which submitted to purchase its continuance by abject submission and humiliation, they would break through the most sacred laws and usages of their empire, sanctified by antiquity, and rigidly enforced by a strong executive, to admit one by which they had been threatened and insulted, and which was only known to them by partial and malignant statements of its power and ambition, illustrated by a calamitous example. We are as anxious as Sir Stamford Raffles could be for the ubiquity of our flag and the expansion of our commerce. For ourselves, indeed, being neither governors, merchants, nor missionaries, we have no higher motive than that which actuated the Fatima of the nursery tale in sighing for a peep into the blue chamber of the eastern sea. That motive of curiosity is a strong one. But the key of British enterprise which has unlocked the treasure-chambers of the world has no power when applied to the steel-clenched postern of Japan. It has been shivered in the attempt, and there is blood on the fragments. We should be sorry to learn that the directors of Eastern enterprise, undeterred by former failures, or inspired by a few paltry successes on the maritime frontier of China and its corrupted dependencies, were about to renew experiments on Japan. Nothing, we are satisfied, can be more unwise than to argue from Chinese or Corean premises to Japanese conclusions; nothing more wanton and unprofitable than to risk, by any attempt to force an intercourse, the disruption of the last link which yet connects that singular country with the European family. Some great and sweeping revolution must disorganize her government, and obliterate her institutions, before we can approach her coasts in any other guise than that of invaders of an unoffending, we wish we could add unoffended, nation.

III.—LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALLENSTEIN.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, JANUARY, 1838.(*)

FEW of those who love to loiter in the picture-gallery of history, "amid the painted forms of other times," but have felt their march arrested and their attention charmed by two great figures in the compartment of the seventeenth century, Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein. There is in the former a simple sublimity—a diffused and holy lustre—which sets criticism at defiance, and the glory of the saint is distinguishable around the casque of the Protestant warrior. There is a gloom in the grandeur of the other,—a shadow of pride, and passion, and evil destiny,—which pains while it fascinates; yet, turning from both or either, we may wander with quickened step and unobservant eye "through rows of warriors and through ranks of kings," an host of crowned and helmeted and peruked nonentities, before we look on the like of either again.

Of the works now enumerated, those from the German press had engaged our attention before that of Colonel Mitchell had been announced for publication; and as we could hardly hope

(*) 1. *Albrechts von Wallenstein des Herzogs von Friedland und Mecklenburgh, ungedruckte, eigenhändige, vertrauliche Briefe und amtliche Schreiben aus den Jahren* 1627, *bis* 1634, *an Arnheim, Aldringer, Gallas, Piccolomini, und andere Fürsten und Feldherrn seiner Zeit: mit einer Charakteristik des Lebens und der Feldzüge Wallensteins: herausgegeben von Friedrich Förster.* Berlin, 1828.

(*Letters and Biography of Albert von Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland and Mecklenburgh. Comprising autograph and confidential letters, and official correspondence hitherto unpublished, from* 1627 *to* 1634, *addressed to Arnheim, Aldringer, Gallas, Piccolomini, and other contemporary Princes and Commanders.* Edited by F. Forster. 2 vols. 8vo.)

2. *Wallenstein als regierender Herzog und Landesherr, von Friedrich Förster. Art. I. Raumer's Historisches Taschenbuch.* 1837. Leipzig.

(*Wallenstein, as Reigning Sovereign and Landed Proprietor.* By Friedrich Forster. Published in Raumer's Historical Pocketbook for 1837. 12mo.)

3. *The Life of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell. 8vo. London. 1837.

that the former would be communicated to the English public in the shape of translation, we were subsequently the more satisfied to find that they had furnished materials for one who, as a soldier and a linguist, was well qualified for the task of Wallenstein's biography.

From the hitherto unedited documents communicated in his own volumes of 1828, collated with others before extant, Mr. Forster has undertaken to relieve the memory of Wallenstein from the heavy imputations by which the court of Vienna endeavoured to justify his assassination, and which the historian and the dramatist have joined in accumulating upon his name. The act of accusation, supported by advocates so numerous and so various, has been for two centuries unanswered before the tribunal of Europe. We cannot, however, think that the labours of either the civilian or the soldier, in their vocation of awarding tardy justice to a great and injured man, have been bestowed in vain. It seldom happens that the minuter researches of posterity tend otherwise than to detract from the lustre of popular reputations; still seldomer that we can lift a corner of the veil from the personal and private dealings of the authors of mighty achievements without displaying the littleness of the instruments used by Providence for great purposes. Wise and humble men will draw moral and religious conclusions from the exposure which they must lament; but it is not to folly alone that the martyrdom of fame is dear, and profligacy loves to see the warrior and the sage degraded to its own level of sensuality or corruption. It is something gained to the cause of virtue and the strength of good example, to find some spots of verdure between the Dans and Beershebas of modern historical geography,—to find civil and military greatness united in a character which gains by every investigation into its qualities; and such, after the perusal of the works before us, we pronounce the character of the Friedlander, whose epitaph has been hitherto written either by his assassins, or by men who should have paused before they followed implicitly in the track of his interested accusers. The satellites of a court which paid the price of his blood, on whom the task devolved of justifying his murder, were not likely to be candid in its execution; and proofs of their distortion and misrepresentation of facts abound in Mr. Forster's volumes. Still that Cæsar was ambitious, the Antony who now recites his funeral

oration cannot deny:—that he was altogether a placid subject for the exercise of court intrigues, the arts of the civilian and the Jesuit, the Spanish diplomatist, and Italian mercenary, who worried their noble prey to his end, his admirers can hardly assert. It is not wonderful that at this distance of time the question should remain unsolved as to how far ambition lured or injury goaded their victim into any positive though tardy betrayal of his trust—or into any of those schemes of undue personal advancement which have been so lavishly imputed to him. On the most specious of these accusations we have little hesitation in passing the verdict of *not proven*, while we leave others to the infamy of their own palpable falsehood.

It may be well to remark that, though Schiller, throughout his brilliant but unequal narrative, seems to admit, with little question, the series of charges against Wallenstein, the concluding passage of his fourth book is strangely inconsistent with all that precedes it. Mr. Forster quotes, in his Preface, p. xv., from Schiller, the expressions "perjured traitor and death-worthy criminal,"* which we have no doubt he somewhere uses, though we have failed to hit on the passage which contains them. After a detail of crimination which would go far to justify such expressions, it is strange to find him summing up in these words:—

"It must, after all, in justice be admitted that the pens which have handed down the history of this extraordinary man are not those of truth; that the treason of Wallenstein and his project for attaining the crown of Bohemia rest, not on acts strictly proved, but merely on probable conjectures. No document has yet been discovered which has displayed the secret springs of his conduct so as to merit the confidence of history; and among his actions, publicly known and accredited, there is none which in the main might not have proceeded from a guiltless source. Many of his most vilified proceedings prove nothing more than his earnest disposition towards a peace. Most of the others are cleared up and excused by a justifiable mistrust of the emperor, and a pardonable anxiety for the maintenance of his own importance. It is true that his conduct towards the Elector of Bavaria exhibits an unworthy spirit of revenge and an unappeasable temper; but no one of his actions justifies us in considering him as convicted of treason. If necessity and despair finally drove him to deserve the sentence passed upon

* Meineidigen Verräther und todeswürdigen Verbrecher.

him when yet innocent, this cannot suffice for the justification of that sentence: in this case Wallenstein fell not because he was a rebel, but he rebelled because he fell. It was his misfortune in life to have made an enemy of a victorious party,—in death, that this enemy survived to write his history."—*Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War. Conclusion of Fourth Book.*

The mass of the original correspondence in Mr. Forster's volumes emanates from the archives of Boitzenburgh, now in the possession of the Counts of Arnheim, lineal descendants of Hans George von Arnheim, a man whose talents both for war and diplomacy made him conspicuous even at a period so fertile in great reputations as that of the Thirty Years' War. We find him, at the commencement of 1627, serving as second in command under Wallenstein, and we trace, through a correspondence continued with little interruption to the summer of 1629, proofs of the unlimited confidence which his chief reposed in him. Arnheim's transference of his services at this period to the Saxon wrought a total change in his relations to Wallenstein, and their correspondence is only occasionally renewed in the shape of negotiation between rival commanders. This change appears, however, in no respect to have diminished the mutual esteem which had grown out of their former intimacy, and their intercourse was among the grounds of accusation subsequently preferred against Wallenstein, and, as we think, among the most unjust of them. In addition to the principal mass of correspondence, hitherto unpublished, these volumes contain much information, extracted from the archives of Vienna and other sources, which, with the comments of the editor, bear upon many principal events of the time; among others, the discrepant statements respecting the death of Gustavus, and the proceedings against Wallenstein's surviving associates. The editor's own portion of the work consists in a biographical and historical account of his hero, which, after attending him from his birth to the period when the correspondence commences, forms a commentary on the latter, and is closed by a biography of Arnheim. Colonel Mitchell has profited by a subsequent work of Mr. Forster's, a Life of Wallenstein, which we have failed to obtain; in which we learn, however, he has corrected divers errors which have obtained popularity respecting the earlier career of Wallenstein, and which had found a place in the volumes of 1828.

The smaller treatise, published in Raumer's Annual, is curiously illustrative of the man and the manners of the time, and perhaps more entertaining than the graver materials for historical disquisition contained in the larger work.

After having devoted our attention to these German publications, we were pleased to find that our conclusions on the main points at issue were in accordance with those of Colonel Mitchell. That author has endeavoured to compress into one volume a general view of the war, together with the biography which forms the attractive title to his work. His qualifications for his task are considerable. To a profession which makes his subject a congenial one he unites, we believe, an intimate acquaintance with the language, the people, and the topography of the great theatre of the achievements he records. With these appliances he has produced a book, in our judgment, of sterling merit, bearing evidence of the cultivation of that valuable and often neglected material, a soldier's leisure, and which can scarcely be perused without communicating to its reader the author's enthusiasm on behalf of his hero. The Colonel has resisted with determination all temptation to prolixity or diffuseness of extract, and has shown skill and good taste in the condensation of his materials.

It would be difficult to find in modern history, previous to the French Revolution, a parallel to the rapid elevation of "Albert Wenzel Eusebius von Waldstein, born at the castle of Hermanie in 1583." It is true that he started with the advantages of noble birth and the education of a gentleman, which the heroes of revolutionized France were able to dispense with in their progress to fieldmarshalships and thrones. In virtue, however, of the Bohemian law of inheritance, Albert's father had shared the family possessions with thirteen brothers, and in his own case the estate was further frittered down through two brothers and three sisters. Like the Soults and Murats, however, he was thrown upon times when wealth as well as fame was the reward of military exploit—to those at least who chose the stronger side in the great religious struggle which, commencing in Bohemia at the period of his adolescence, rapidly drew the rest of Germany into its bloody vortex.

We have said that Mr. Forster's most recent researches have disproved some of the popular anecdotes of Wallenstein's early

life. Among these are the stories of his turbulence at the Altdorf College—one of which has been popularized by the dramatic pen of Schiller—and the Jesuits' version of his conversion to Romanism. These being dismissed from the record, we must be content to remain in ignorance of any early peculiarities or indications of his future character, and to ascribe his departure from the faith of his Protestant parents to causes more probable than a fall from a window, which may but too easily be found in the worldly advantages likely to be derived from his adoption of a dominant religion. We know, however, that the talents destined to play so conspicuous a part in war and politics were previously matured by travel and study. He was attended in his peregrinations through France, Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands, by Paulus Virdingus, a correspondent of Kepler, who probably first directed his attention to those astrological studies which, like the wizard namesake of Sir Walter Scott, he pursued "in Padua far beyond the sea," under Argoli, a professor of reputation in that pretended science. It would perhaps be difficult to find among the great men of that day an exception to its votaries—even among those who rejected not only the evidence of revealed but of natural religion.

Wallenstein's first military service was performed under Rodolph, King of Hungary, against the Turks, in 1606. On the peace which took place in that year he returned to Bohemia, to enter on his small inheritance, and shortly to increase it by a marriage of prudence with an elderly and widowed heiress, Lucretia Nikessin von Landeck, who at her death in 1614 left him rich possessions in Moravia, and a considerable personalty. The cultivation of these resources appears for some years to have distracted his attention from the opportunities for military advancement which the troubles of the time and the fraternal feuds between the Emperor Matthias and Rodolph might have afforded him. It is not till the year 1617 that we find him again in arms, at the head of two hundred cavalry, raised by himself, for the service of the Archduke Ferdinand of Styria against the Venetians. The campaign was insignificant, but the siege of Gradisca afforded the young leader some opportunities of distinction under the eye of Ferdinand, the future Emperor, and thus laid the foundation of his relations to that Sovereign. His appointment to a military command in Olmutz, and his second

marriage to the daughter of a favourite of Ferdinand, the Count Harrach, soon followed. The religious contest in Bohemia now assumed a character which could no longer have permitted one less interested than Wallenstein in the fortunes of that country to remain a mere observer of its progress. If we may judge of Wallenstein by the whole tenor of the correspondence before us and of his conduct, no Romanist of his age was less fitted than himself to become a persecutor. No passage, indeed, of his life or writings indicates fanaticism, or even strong personal opinion on any doctrinal question, while many argue enlarged and liberal views as to matters of conscience; but it would have required the zeal of a Zisca to have emancipated him from the influence of ambition and obligation which at this period bound him to the service of the Emperor and Popery; his lot was cast with the oppressor and the bigot, and his sword thrown into the balance against his countrymen struggling for religious freedom. It is not true, indeed, that he assisted at the battle of the White Mountain, which, in 1620, sealed the fate of Protestantism and liberty in Bohemia; but he did good service on the Danube against the Hungarian allies of the revolted Bohemians; and in 1622 received from the Emperor Ferdinand the brilliant guerdon of the Dukedom of Friedland. Not less substantial, indeed, than brilliant was his reward, for the favour of the Emperor, the assistance of his father-in-law, and the means accumulated by his first marriage, enabled him to purchase, at half their value, a share of the confiscated Protestant estates, such as made his wealth more than adequate to his title, and enabled him to appear, in 1625, in the Emperor's service, and in the battle-field of Northern Germany, at the head of 60,000 men, raised by the influence of his name, and equipped and maintained by advances from his own purse!

The items of these purchases are specified in Mr. Forster's minor work. The Duke's landed possessions in 1623 are estimated by him at some twenty millions of florins in value, or about two millions sterling. The ducal territory of Friedland alone contained nine towns and fifty-seven villages and castles. To this were afterwards added the principalities of Sagan and Grossglogau, and, for a time at least, Mecklenburgh. The affairs of all these extensive possessions were administered with the utmost vigilance and accuracy of account, and the care with

which he cultivated his resources was equal to the profuse liberality with which he applied them to elevating the fabric of his own greatness.

The campaign of 1626, opening with the destruction of Mansfield's army at Dessau, was further distinguished by the expulsion of that persevering but luckless adventurer from Germany, who, followed into Hungary by Wallenstein and deserted by Bethlem Gabor, ended his singular career in a Dalmatian village. During Wallenstein's absence in his pursuit, the Protestant confederates rallied in Silesia under Bernard of Saxe Weimar, and it was not till June of the following year that Wallenstein, whose winter-quarters had been established on the Danube, mustered his forces at Prague with the immediate object of recovering Silesia. It is in January of this year, 1627, that the correspondence with Arnheim, now published, commences. The first letter of the series, dated Prague, January 17, confers a vacant regiment on that officer, and its postscript contains a pressing summons to join Wallenstein in the province about to be invaded, the reduction of which was in some six weeks completed by these commanders. In August Wallenstein crossed its frontier for the execution of his designs upon Mecklenburgh. These extended beyond its simple reduction to civil or religious submission, inasmuch as its sovereignty had been promised him in reward of his own services, and in retribution for the conduct of its reigning princes. In the promotion of this project we find Arnheim Wallenstein's principal instrument. It was the interest of Wallenstein to preserve from military ravage and exaction the territory he intended to appropriate, and his letters and orders, written with that view, show with what firmness he held the reins of discipline, in the guidance of a force raised by means which must have been unpropitious to its establishment. The dates of the letters in many instances evince the extraordinary activity of their author. In some cases the amount of eight are addressed in the same day to Arnheim alone. One out of three so addressed of the 15th November, after noticing certain irregularities, proceeds:—

"The officers and soldiers convicted of such practices are to be punished in life or limb, without any respect to rank or condition; the officers who allow such are to be suspended from their charge, placed in arrest, and reported to ourself, for we are determined to

proceed with the utmost rigour against them, that they may serve for a mirror to others, seeing that, if the insolencies practised by the soldier, under connivance of the officer, be overlooked, the country must be thereby ruined, and the army be destroyed for want of subsistence."

This is as like the logic of a Wellington, and as little like the rhetoric of the leader of an heterogeneous force hastily collected under the *prestige* of a popular name, as possible. It strikes us, however, that there is something fidgety and undignified in the rapid repetition of orders on the same subject, addressed to one so able and so trusted as Arnheim. We should be surprised to find in Colonel Gurwood's volumes any such specimens of iteration addressed to Hill or Murray.

In a letter of December 13, 1627, endorsed "*cito citissimè*," Wallenstein adverts to a project which we believe has not come under the observation of historians, viz. one for placing the Emperor on the throne of Denmark. Wallenstein's restless spirit appears to have been excited to this scheme by nothing better than vague rumours of a disposition on the part of the Danes to revolt against and expel their reigning dynasty. He directs Arnheim to intimate that, if the Emperor gains that sovereignty by force, he will establish his own laws; but if he be elected by the popular voice, on the expected vacancy, religious liberty shall be secured to his Danish subjects. (Forster, vol. i. p. 167.) This letter, dated from Brandeis, in Bohemia, is the result of immediate communication with the Emperor, who about this period celebrated at Prague the coronation of his wife as Queen of Bohemia. Wallenstein adds that Arnheim may expect brilliant recompense in the event of success, for that he had the day before spoken with the Emperor on the subject, and that Arnheim is high in the Emperor's opinion. We learn nothing of any proceedings of Arnheim in consequence, but, from a postscript to a letter of January 3, 1628, we gather that the crown which Wallenstein still proposes to place on the head of his imperial master had by some been intended for his own.

"I beg you (he writes) to see how we may practise to procure the election of our Emperor by the Danes. Parties at the court, indeed, would fain have done myself this grace, and his Majesty himself; but I have made it my compliments, for I could not have maintained myself there, but will meanwhile betake myself to the other [Mecklenburgh, doubtless], for that is safer."

In one out of nine letters, dated from Leutschin, January 6th, four of which are autographs to Arnheim, he alludes indistinctly to the same subject.

"Seeing that no answer comes from Sweden on the subject of our *liga*, I wish you to write your opinion upon it. I would for my own part willingly see a junction with them, for we might the better make ourselves masters of the remaining Danish islands, and then might I with the greater speed and security take in hand the scheme suggested by the court."—*Ibid.* p. 269.

A project which rested on the co-operation of Sweden, for such a purpose as the one in question, must have been visionary. It could at no period have entered into the policy of such heads as those of Oxenstiern and Gustavus to join in removing the barrier which the sea opposed to Austrian ambition. The anxiety which Wallenstein entertained to establish himself in command of the Baltic is constantly evinced in these letters. It was fortunate for Europe that he failed in endeavours, the success of which would have made of Stralsund the Ostend, instead of the Leyden, of the north, and might have subjected Denmark and Northern Germany to the fate of Bohemia and Hungary. In the commencement of 1628 we find Wallenstein in his Bohemian winter-quarters, but directing in the minutest detail the affairs of his army, scattered over the provinces of Holstein, Pomerania, and Mecklenburgh; the possession of which last was about this period formally ratified to him by the Emperor as the reward of his services.

There was good reason at this time to expect that the successes of Wallenstein and Tilly might be crowned by a peace advantageous to Austria. The King of Denmark, driven from Jutland and Holstein to his insular fastnesses, and alarmed lest Wallenstein should employ for their conquest the maritime resources of the Hanse Towns, evinced an earnest desire for the termination of hostilities. Wallenstein has been accused of foregoing this opportunity. His personal wishes and policy are displayed in the following letter of January 23rd:—

"I inform you that the council in Denmark is exerting itself to procure a peace, which might also be satisfactory to the Elector of Saxony. Nor would the Emperor be adverse, if anything reasonable could be expected from the enemy. The Emperor and the Ministers are eager to turn their arms hereafter against the Turk. . . . . I will

assuredly help with hand and foot towards a peace, but Mecklenburgh I must keep and abide by, for otherwise no peace do I choose to have."—*Ibid.* p. 250.

This language, which is in accordance with numerous passages in other letters, proves that Wallenstein's investiture with the outlying and exposed province of Mecklenburgh was as great a political mistake, on the part both of giver and receiver, as it was an outrage on justice and national law. It vitiated the position of Wallenstein, and interposed motives of self-protection and interest, where every consideration of his honour and permanent advantage called for independence of action. All his letters, however, show that a peace, involving the essential condition of security on this point, was his object at this moment, and that all his further ambition was directed to that legitimate field of military action, the Turkish frontier.

The following letter is indicative of Wallenstein's attention to matters of discipline, and is worthy of notice, as it relates to an individual who was afterwards his bitter and in all senses mortal enemy:—

"Prague, Jan. 22, 1628.

"Piccolomini has sent and informed me that the town where he is quartered has offered 14,000 dollars to him to relieve them by quartering in the villages. He adds that they are mutinous and rebellious against him. Now I have given him a rebuke for not having recourse to you who hold the command, for where I am I cannot know whether it is advisable to quarter on the villages or not. I now learn that he has imposed a ransom on the same town, on the score of a cornet whom they have slain, of 30,000 dollars. Now I am resolved not to ratify this, and I therefore beg you to take information on the matter, and report your opinion to me, for, if Piccolomini be wrong, then he can in nowise justify this extortion, and I am determined that he shall be punished."—*Ibid.* p. 280.

If we consider Piccolomini's rank and reputation, we shall be satisfied that the writer of this letter was no respecter of persons in matters of discipline. It may be matter of conjecture how far this particular incident may have led to Piccolomini's subsequent conduct towards his general.

Piccolomini was one of the numerous Italian adventurers who carried their talents to the market of the Thirty Years' War; and the one who reaped the greatest advantage from the speculation. At this period, indeed, he had not long quitted his native country,

and the services of Spain and Tuscany, for that of the Emperor; but his family connexions were of the first rank, and Wallenstein seems to have placed a confidence in his talents and courage which was fully justified in the battle of Lutzen. He was afterwards a prime agent in the assassination of Wallenstein; and after serving conspicuously through the war, down to its close at the peace of Westphalia, was then rewarded by the title of a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire.

The following extract from another letter is characteristic of the haughty spirit which continually exposed Wallenstein to the intrigues of the courtiers, whose enmity it raised and perhaps justified. The Emperor had confided to Count Schwarzenbergh the conduct of a negotiation with the Hanse Towns for a commercial and maritime league with Spain against England, France, Holland, and Sweden. Wallenstein had at first favoured this project, with the view of gaining for his purposes against Denmark the use of the maritime resources of those towns. As soon, however, as he ascertained that the Dane was really desirous of peace, and so alarmed as to offer to relinquish all opposition to his own establishment in Mecklenburgh, on condition that the projected league should be abandoned, Wallenstein coolly insisted with the Emperor on Schwarzenbergh's immediate recall. He writes to Arnheim from Hogitz, May 2, 1628:—

"I send you in confidence an extract from despatches of the court, on the negotiation commenced by Schwarzenbergh with the Hanse Towns. Now he is a man, by reason of his violence, not to be endured. I therefore give you to understand for your information that I have caused the Emperor to be told that, if they do not choose to recall him, I will not join the army so long as he remains where he is. I am of opinion that he will shortly be recalled."—*Ibid.* p. 333.

Wallenstein's earlier notices of his future antagonist Gustavus are usually couched in terms of contempt, which frequently indicate in those who use them anything but real indifference to their object. The following, besides affording an amusing illustration of Wallenstein's devotion to his favourite science, exhibits, perhaps, some indication of a presentiment of the course of that luminary which was destined to surpass the splendours of his own star:—

"Gitskin, May 21, 1628.

"I thank you for having sent me the notice of the King of Sweden's birthday. Now I have further need to know the place of his birth, for it is necessary on account of the *elevatio poli*. I pray you to forward this as soon as may be. I should further be glad that you would cause the scheme to be erected (*thema erigiren*) by the Doctor Herlicius, not that so much stress is to be laid on this, but it is my wish that various hands should be employed in this part. He need not give any conclusions, but only the figuration."—*Ibid.* p. 338.

If Wallenstein's calculations, political or astrological, had not taught him by this time to respect the power and dread the designs of Gustavus, the transactions of the siege of Stralsund in this year were destined to enlighten him.

Wallenstein's correspondence with Arnheim in these volumes amounts almost to a diary of the events of that noble passage in the history of modern Europe. Its details are beyond our limits, and we can do no more than refer the reader to Mr. Forster's pages. The defence of Stralsund must ever be conspicuous among the instances in which valour has borrowed aid from science in rebuking the pride of military superiority, and in damming those torrents of conquest which have occasionally threatened to submerge the liberties of nations. Holland extinguished the torch of the Inquisition in the flooded ditches of Alkmaer and Leyden. The mud wall of Acre, in our time, opposed the first check to the progress of Napoleon. If Europe acknowledges with gratitude the services of Gustavus, and traces to his exploits the foundation of that great adjustment of her conflicting interests and balanced powers, the peace of Westphalia, she owes much also to those burghers who held in their stubborn grasp the keys of that pass by which Gustavus entered on the theatre of his brief but immortal career.

Wallenstein's boast, that he would gain Stralsund though it were fastened by chains to heaven, is well known. A failure, such as that which in this instance rebuked his blasphemous vaunt, is usually more galling than defeat in the field at the hands of a competent antagonist. Wallenstein's correspondence of this period gives indications of some mysterious project of vengeance on the Swede for his ill-timed interference. In letters 246, 247, 248, the following passages occur:—

"To-day the Scotchman has been with me. He hopes that his purpose will be brought to bear.. As he should shortly be in Sweden, he must start soon, before the winter sets in."

In the next (Gripswalde, Sept. 6, 1628), speaking of a communication from Stralsund, he proceeds:—

"With the Swede I will enter into no negotiation, for his proceedings are all framed for deceit. I beg you, therefore, to send hither that person shortly, for it is time he should start before the winter arrives. Whenever you can secure him, I pray you only to send him to me, that I may set forth to him what you will have agreed upon with him. He tells me further that many officers in the Swedish service are eager to quit it. See who they are, and tell me your opinion. I will accommodate things to it as you shall suggest."

In the next letter (Fransburg, Sept. 15, 1628) he says:—

"The merchant has been with me, to whom I have paid over directly the 5000 dollars, and promised that if the work come to an issue I will add 15,000 dollars to the 15,000 already promised, and thus he will have to receive 30,000 in the case of success."

As in the very next letter, of the 25th, he complains that he hardly knows how to raise the sum of 1000 dollars, we cannot but ascribe a suspicious degree of importance to the mysterious service on which he proposes to lavish thirty times that amount. From one passage in the second letter cited we should imagine that his scheme was confined to the exciting mutiny and desertion in the Swedish army, and was not directed, as some have suspected, at the life of Gustavus. We might have little scruple in attributing such a design to the Emperor, or such agents as Piccolomini, but Wallenstein's character forbids us to entertain the suspicion.

In Mr. Forster's second volume, which opens with the year 1629, we find Wallenstein holding his court at Gustrow, the capital of his newly-acquired Mecklenburgh. Two letters from Kepler, of February 10 and 24, betoken the occupations of his leisure. They are curious, as showing the lamentable waste of time which he who, with Napier of Merchiston, his contemporary and correspondent, prepared the route of Newton and La Place, condescended, like the illustrious inventor of the logarithms, to lavish on problems worthy of Moore and Partridge. It

may be questioned whether Kepler shared, or merely indulged, the delusions of the sovereigns and others who degraded his genius to the elevation of figures and the casting of horoscopes. That he had substantial reasons for his condescension appears from a passage in this correspondence, which shows that Wallenstein's influence at Vienna was exerted with effect in procuring him the settlement of a demand on the Austrian exchequer for 15,000 florins.

The usurper of Mecklenburgh was exposed to the enmity of two dangerous neighbours, Denmark and Sweden. The peace of Lubeck, of which he dictated the conditions, signed on the 12th of May, 1629, secured him for the present against the former. His policy was therefore directed to the finding occupation beyond the German frontier for Sweden, all accommodation with that power being checked *in limine* by the determination of Gustavus to retain Stralsund. For this purpose Wallenstein determined to despatch a strong contingent under Arnheim to the assistance of the Polish King against Gustavus. Arnheim, lately elevated to the rank of an Austrian Field-Marshal (which, as Colonel Mitchell remarks, has little analogy to a Field-Marshalship of the present day, being far inferior, and more like a Major-Generalship), shared the reluctance of his troops to exchange the field of Germany, ever a favourite with the soldier, for the Sclavonic barbarism of Polish quarters. The King of Poland was suspected of aversion to his intended auxiliaries; but Wallenstein's energetic will spurned at such obstacles, and overcame for a while the mutual repulsion of all these conflicting particles. The King of Poland was treated as a refractory patient. Wallenstein writes, April 14, 1629:—

"I understand that the Pole is making a truce with Sweden: it were well that you moved forward all the sooner into Prussia. I beg you to lose no time."—*Forster*, vol. ii. p. 37.

This injunction is repeated and enforced in a letter of the next day. These measures, however, only delayed the termination of these distant hostilities. The corps of Arnheim, after performing some good service, met with the treatment which proffered aid usually receives. Indiscipline followed neglect and maltreatment. Arnheim abandoned his command in July, on the score of ill health; and Sigismund, pressed by a victorious opponent, accepted

conditions of peace which enabled Gustavus to turn his undivided attention to Germany.

In Germany itself the storm had meanwhile been gathering which was to shake Wallenstein in his new elevation. The system of profusion in reward and punishment, by which he had maintained discipline in the face of an enemy, failed him during the cessation of hostilities. On the march and in quarters the excesses of his troops had become scandalous, and afforded ground for the intrigues of an host of enemies. The Protestant party were to a man hostile to the great advocate of the Edict of Restitution promulgated by the Emperor. Richelieu threw the weight of French policy at this juncture into the scale against Wallenstein; and his arch-enemy in Germany, the Elector of Bavaria, was unceasing in his hostility. It was under such threatening circumstances that the Diet of Ratisbon, in June 1630, brought to a focus all these intrigues for the removal of Wallenstein from his alleged dictatorship. He soon became aware that the few statesmen, such as Count Harrach, the Bishop of Vienna, and others, who supported him at the Court, were no match for the host of his adversaries. The Bohemian Chancellor, Slawata, writes to warn him of a report that Tilly had received orders for his arrest, and even his assassination. He replies, July 20 (*ibid.* p. 67), after thanking him for his good intentions:—

"I must, however, wonder that you can occupy yourself with such childish things. My master the Emperor is a just and grateful master, who rewards faithful service in a different fashion from that which you describe. Tilly is also a cavalier, who understands how to lead the boute-feux in couples, but not to assassinate."

Though Wallenstein received with this contemptuous dignity such intimations as these, he did not venture to play the dangerous game of personally confronting his enemies at the Diet. It appears that Ferdinand, in all his actions a coward, adopted with the utmost fear and hesitation the measure of removing Wallenstein from his command; and it is probable that his craven fear would have induced his consent to a measure for the assassination of one whose presence would have so embarrassed his councils. The great man's cousin, Maximilian von Wallenstein, remaining at Ratisbon, kept him acquainted with the transactions of the Diet. It was at Memmingen, in Bavaria, that Wallenstein, thus prepared for the event, received the Count of

Werdenberg and the Baron of Questenberg, charged by the Emperor to announce it with all possible delicacy and precaution. The injunction was superfluous. Whether deceiving himself, or, as is more probable, for the purpose of imposing on their credulity, Wallenstein coolly showed them a sheet of astrological calculations, from which he professed to have derived a foreknowledge of the purport of their mission, received its intimation without a murmur or remonstrance, and dismissed the one envoy with a present of a splendid tent of Neapolitan manufacture, and the other with two coaches and six.

Schiller's description of Wallenstein's stately retirement at Prague is well known to the German reader, and his details of its magnificence are not overcharged. That eloquent writer omits, however, in his description of Wallenstein's courtly magnificence, to trace the direction of his active mind to other peaceful pursuits than those of mere ostentation. Mr. Forster has supplied this omission, and some extracts from his work towards the close of this article will show what these pursuits were, and make it credible that they might have supplied the place, even to Wallenstein's ardent and indefatigable spirit, of the mad schemes of undue advancement and projects of frantic treason which have been imputed to him. We do not find, indeed, that, like the vast majority of petty German sovereigns, he entertained any passion for the chase, or sacrificed to it the welfare of his subjects. We find no mention of forest laws in his correspondence with his agents. Debauchery of any kind had apparently no charms for him. His wife enjoys on the record that distinction which Pericles, as Thucydides tells us, pronounced "an excellent thing in woman," for little is said of her, but that little argues that they lived in the strictest affection; and his enemies have favoured us with no scandalous chronicle of amours or intrigues. It will be seen that the pursuits of his privacy were planting, architecture, agriculture, the encouragement of trade, of manufacture, of education, religion, the happiness of his people in this world and the next. The satellites of Ferdinand might well be unable to credit that such occupations could be a substitute for the excitement of the field and the pursuits of vulgar ambition. In other respects we are glad to find that Colonel Mitchell concurs with us in thinking that Schiller at this period of his history is to be read with caution and distrust.

"In this ostentatious retirement," says Schiller, "Wallenstein awaited quietly, but not inactively, the hour of glory and the day destined to vengeance. Seni, an Italian astrologer, had read in the stars that the brilliant career of Friedland was not yet ended; and it was easy to foresee, without the aid of astrology, that an adversary like Gustavus Adolphus would soon render the services of a general like Wallenstein indispensable. Not one of all his lofty projects had been abandoned; the ingratitude of the Emperor had, on the contrary, released him from a galling and oppressive curb. The dazzling brilliancy of his retirement announced the full altitude of his ambitious projects; and, liberal as a monarch, he seemed to look upon his coveted possessions as already within his grasp, and fully at his disposal."—*Thirty Years' War*, b. ii. p. 994.

Colonel Mitchell says:—

"In none of Wallenstein's letters, in no document which historians have yet produced, is there the slightest indication to show that he entertained the sentiments of hatred towards the Emperor, or ever formed those projects of vengeance, which have been so universally, and, being without proof, so unjustly, ascribed to him. Even Schiller, instead of taking, as a great man should have done, the part of a great man who had been condemned without being convicted, joined the unworthy cry against Wallenstein. The historian of the Thirty Years' War, not satisfied with representing him as a 'mad, extravagant, and bloodthirsty tyrant,' describes him also as brooding, in his retirement, over dark and dangerous plans of treason, the existence of which have never yet been established by the slightest shadow of evidence; while we shall see the suspected traitor giving Ferdinand the best advice that could possibly have been followed.

"Wallenstein was proud, haughty, and ambitious; he had been injured and treated with ingratitude, and it is unfortunately too congenial to ordinary human nature to suppose that hatred and plans of revenge would spring up in such a heart in return for such treatment. There are so few men capable of rising above the feelings of resentment occasioned by wounds inflicted on their self-love, so few really able to burst asunder the chains by which the meaner passions of our nature drag us down to earth, that we hasten to condemn as guilty all those who come within the range of suspicion. We are slow to believe that there are minds capable of rising altogether above injuries, though we cannot deny the existence of such noble pride. If, in the present case, for instance, we reason only from what we know, and put merely a liberal, not even a partial, construction on what appears obscure, we shall be forced

to confess that the man of whom we are speaking, the accused, condemned, and butchered Wallenstein, whose name and memory have, for two centuries, been loaded with reproach and obloquy, possessed such a mind, and that he was above harbouring even anger in return for the ingratitude with which he had been treated. He got no credit indeed for such disinterestedness; and from the moment of his dismissal designs hostile to the Emperor and to the house of Austria were universally ascribed to him."—*Mitchell*, p. 144.

The Colonel might have added to this passage, in which we entirely concur, a curious instance of Schiller's inaccuracy in a more trifling matter. In the days of Marlborough and of periwigs, controversies never to be solved might have arisen as to the colour of an hero's hair. Wallenstein's was unquestionably black, yet Schiller describes it as red. He was in one personal respect less fortunate than our own hero, whose constitution and habits have carried him unscathed through all the vicissitudes of climate and exertion from India to Westminster, and who now, in pursuit not of Frenchmen, but foxes,

> " scours the plain
> Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain."

Wallenstein had been long a sufferer under gout. Marshal Saxe reviewed, from the same cause, the lines of Fontenaye in his chariot. When Wallenstein rallied his reeling brigades at Lutzen, he had with difficulty exchanged his coach for the saddle. Like Coligny he was suffering from the same disease when his murderers supplied its only effectual cure. He was, nevertheless, temperate in his habits. That he had substituted beer for wine, and was curious in the choice of that beverage, we learn from a familiar passage in the Arnheim correspondence, in which he employs that officer as his purveyor.

Though we gladly agree in Colonel Mitchell's estimate of Wallenstein's elevation above the mean passion and resentment attributed to him, we can hardly conclude him insensible to some feeling of moody triumph, as he watched the growing difficulties of the empire, and heard of each successive advance of its Lutheran invader. A letter of Pappenheim, addressed to him from the lines before Magdeburgh, indicates that Wallenstein took care to keep himself well informed of the operations of his successor in command, Tilly. The following passages from a letter of the same correspondent, written shortly after

the defeat suffered by Tilly at Breitenfeld, are interesting, as showing Pappenheim's views with regard to Wallenstein's position. (Sept. 29, 1631. *Forster*, ii. p. 108.)

"From my last your Excellency will have learned the unhappy defeat we have suffered, and in truth we have little of good to relate since your Excellency's retirement. God alter it. He has on this occasion wonderfully and unnaturally protected me; for I was the last in the field whether of soldiers or officers. . . . . I hope I have both in the field and afterwards done what a good soldier could, and I shall, God willing, while a vein can stir in me, exhibit no other behaviour towards the Emperor. The burthen is hard, it is true, for me, in this confusion, to bear alone, for his Excellency (Tilly) is ill, Schömberg and Erwitt lost, and I have no one but Furstenbergh to rely on for aid. For an effectual remedy to all this, I see no other but that your Excellency, for the service of God and religion, for the aid of the Emperor and our country at large, should undertake this war."

We must here remark on the modesty of Pappenheim's allusion to his own share in this memorable conflict, in which, merely stating that he was last in the field, he omits all mention of the fact, supplied in Tilly's official despatch, that he had stretched upon it with his single sword fourteen of the enemy.

This signal defeat laid bare Bohemia to the Saxon allies of Gustavus, now commanded by Arnheim. The fertile corner of that province, the high-water mark from which the tide of Napoleon's fortunes ebbed in 1814, was speedily invaded and occupied. Maradas, the commandant of Prague, destitute of resources for the defence of that capital, after vain applications to Vienna, betook himself for advice and orders to Wallenstein. Wallenstein coolly replied that he had neither orders to give, nor authority to exercise, and, breaking up his own princely establishment, departed for his possessions in Moravia, whither his wife had preceded him. In a few days, as if to illustrate the versatility of the military profession in this age of Dalgettys, the dragoons of Arnheim were mounting a guard of honour before the deserted palace of his late commander and correspondent.

Mr. Forster here devotes a chapter to the subject of that systematic falsification of Wallenstein's history, which he alleges to have commenced on the part of his accusers from about this period. Their main charges connected with this time are com-

prised in the Annales Ferdinandicæ of Wallenstein's cotemporary, the privy-councillor Khevenhüller; and his account rests almost exclusively on the evidence furnished by a Bohemian adventurer, Scheschina Raschin. It is upon his testimony that Khevenhüller accuses Wallenstein of a long-continued and traitorous correspondence with Gustavus. The discussion of the question far exceeds our limits; but we think it clear that no well-constituted court of historical justice would give an atom's weight to the testimony of the miserable pamphleteer in question. It would appear, however, that on no other or better authority a writer so able as Schmidt* follows blindly in the track of the cotemporary accusers, and repeats the calumny which charges Wallenstein with undertaking, on certain specified conditions, to besiege the Emperor in Vienna. Schmidt, when he wrote, was director of the archives in that city, but has failed to produce from them an item of matter confirmatory of the charge which he has thus repeated. While therefore he misleads the cursory reader to their implicit belief, he assuredly affords the critic and investigator much ground for the utter incredulity which Mr. Forster entertains as to Wallenstein's treason so far as this period is concerned. Schiller, Becker, and the Conversations Lexicon, are equally blamed by Mr. Forster, for popularizing, on the same defective grounds, the tale of Wallenstein's early, systematic, and continuous treason. That Wallenstein should have been a subject of constant and unremitting suspicion during his retirement at Prague was an inevitable consequence of the position in which his own ambition and his enemies had placed him. A letter of Tilly's affords a specimen of the imputations to which he was exposed.—(February 21, 1631, *ibid.* p. 149.) This letter was written to accompany some French newspapers, containing allegations of Wallenstein's correspondence with Sweden, and the tone of friendly and sincere good-will in which it is written does honour to the terrible hero who drove three kings out of the field, and between whom and Wallenstein no great mutual esteem existed. His answer to Tilly is civil:—his comment to Questenberg less so:—

"I am not," he says, "in the least offended with the Emperor. Heaven preserve me from such projects ever entering my brain! I

* Schmidt's 'History of Germany,' vol. v. chap. 6.

conjecture that this springs from another quarter, and it has been put into the hands of Tilly. For *piensa. il ladron que todos son de su condition.*"

This quotation of a Spanish proverb probably marks the quarter to which Wallenstein attributed the origin of these calumnies. It was that to which the first suggestion of his assassination has been with much probability traced.

Mr. Forster and Colonel Mitchell may be thought by some to give somewhat too implicit credence to Wallenstein's disclaimer of offence. It is difficult to speculate upon the degree of discrimination with which he may have apportioned his indignation between the Emperor who yielded, and the courtiers who originated, the measure of his removal. His correspondence at least supplies no proof that he belied at any moment the dignified, however haughty, demeanour with which he in the first instance submitted to the exercise of the imperial prerogative. The Emperor on his part maintained with him a correspondence on the most intimate and honourable footing, and committed to him the conduct of a delicate negotiation, having for its object the separation of Denmark from the interests of Sweden. It is remarked by Forster that Wallenstein's accusers have avoided all allusion to this negotiation—which omission he attributes very plausibly to the circumstance that it proves, inconveniently for their purpose, that Wallenstein addressed himself with zeal and fidelity to a task inimical to Swedish interests at the very moment when, according to his enemies, he was tampering with Gustavus. This *suppressio veri*, on the part of those who had access to all documentary evidence, is certainly in his favour. Again Khevenhüller asserts that Wallenstein refused at this period to visit Vienna, because the title of Duke had been refused him. So far is this from the fact, that we find the emperor's letters all superscribed to the Duke of Friedland, &c. The same title was recognised by England and Sweden. We are aware that these marks of imperial favour may be as probably attributed to the hypocrisy of fear and mistrust as to any other source more honourable to both parties.

No one has, at least, ventured to extract any ground of impeachment from the Danish negotiation. This has been attempted in the case of Wallenstein's communications with Arnheim, which, after some interruption, were now renewed

under novel circumstances. Their former correspondence had ceased without a rupture, but with some coldness, for Wallenstein complains that Arnheim had neglected to communicate to him the transference of his services to Saxony. In the early part of 1631 Arnheim had procured Wallenstein's good offices for the settlement of a large pecuniary claim on the Austrian exchequer. In a letter of Questenberg to Wallenstein of the 8th of October (No. cccxxix. p. 168) is this expression:—

"His Majesty has commanded me to contrive an overture for this purpose [*viz.* to detach Saxony from Sweden], and to write to your Excellency, should you still be in correspondence with Arnheim, to learn whether you could not, as from yourself, make an opening."

It is plain from this that the Arnheim negotiation, which has been dragged into the file of charges against Wallenstein, was begun at least at the direct command of the Emperor; and that his previous correspondence with Arnheim was anything but a secret. The *onus* lies on his accusers of proving that, in the conduct of a transaction so begun, he swerved from its legitimate object. All the documentary evidence, which cannot amount to an absolute negative, tends to show that every subsequent step was taken by him with the full knowledge and approbation of the Emperor. The style of the correspondence between the former fellow-soldiers, by a natural transition, becomes that of two high contracting parties; and we see no ground to suspect, much less a right to conclude, that under the secrecy of a personal conference, which took place equally with the Emperor's knowledge, their communications assumed in any respect the character which was subsequently imputed to them.

The hour of humiliation to Wallenstein's enemies and supplanters had now arrived,—the hour of danger and of need, when those who had cashiered the pilot were reduced to implore him with lowly suit and undignified imprecations to resume the helm which no hand but his could master and direct. The magic of his name to raise, the energies of his will to control, his talent and experience to guide, a force capable of stemming the advancing Swede, were indispensable to the existence of the empire, and Wallenstein was in a position to dictate the terms of the contract which was to secure them. The cup was sweet. He sipped it for awhile at leisure, then drank to the dregs, and those were poison. He began by spurning the proposal of a

divided command, though a king of Hungary was to share it. Command in any shape he long, indeed, rejected, and confined his undertaking to the mere levy of a force which, at the end of three months, he insisted on delivering to another. We may, perhaps, suspect his sincerity in assuming that the armed hordes who, from all Germany, and even from Poland and Lithuania, flocked around his banner, would ever serve under that of another. It is unquestionable, however, that he pushed his *nolo episcopari* to an extremity which would have deprived him of the shadow of a pretext for complaint, had the Emperor, in his difficulties, adopted the expedient of placing the king of Hungary in command. We know also that his constitution was shattered by that disease which those who have suffered by it can easily imagine to have been the sufficient cause of Charles V.'s abdication. Colonel Mitchell's views of this subject are contained in the following passage:—

"Wallenstein had fulfilled his promise: the army was formed; but the three months for which he had taken the command had expired, and he now declared his intention to retire from the scene, notwithstanding the pressing requests of the Emperor and of the imperial council. All historians, and Schiller among the rest, assert that this was a mere piece of acting, devised for the purpose of obtaining absolute and dictatorial power over this newly-raised force, which he was well aware could only be wielded and kept together by the power which had called it into existence.

"Nowhere is there any proof to bear out these statements. Wallenstein pleaded ill health and want of money as reasons for wishing to retire into private life. We know that he suffered severely from the gout. His signature, which before was a large, bold flourish, begins to dwindle down to a meagre scrawl; and the hand, which historians describe as grasping at a crown, was scarcely, at the time of the pretended conspiracy, able to hold a pen. That he was in want of money may also be conjectured: the troops had been raised principally at his own expense, and at the expense of the officers who had levied corps and regiments, for it does not appear that the Emperor contributed anything towards the armament; and, of course, the Spanish subsidy never arrived."—*Mitchell*, p. 214.

The intervention of a man of influence with Wallenstein, Eggenberg, was long exerted in vain. The Bishop of Vienna, whose mission has been suppressed by Khevenhüller, at first obtained nothing more than a promise that he would exercise the

command till he could speak with Eggenberg, who was detained on his road by the same disease which Wallenstein was enabled to plead in his own excuse.

At length, on the 15th of April, Eggenberg brought back the contract which has entailed on Wallenstein from so many quarters the reproach of rapacious and overweening ambition. Its terms were these:—Wallenstein's appointment as Generalissimo, not only in the service of the Emperor, but in that of the House of Austria, including the King of Spain; the second was a matter of punctilio, that this commission was to be drawn in *optimâ formâ*. The Emperor was neither to command nor remain with the army, but, in the event of the recovery of Bohemia, to reside at Prague with a guard of 12,000 men, under Maradas, at his orders. It is strange, as Mr. Forster remarks, that from this very stipulation Wallenstein's accusers should have argued that he had designs on the crown of Bohemia. A stipulation for the Emperor's retirement to Vienna would have been here germane to the matter. A landed estate to be secured to Wallenstein in Austria as an ordinary recompense; upon the occupation of any hostile territory, its feudal superiority to be secured to him in the Holy Roman Empire as an extraordinary recompense; the power of confiscation within the empire, *in absolutissimâ formâ*, and not to be interfered with by the Emperor, his council, or the chamber at Spire; full power in all such matters of confiscation, as also of pardon, so that neither pardon nor safe-conduct from the Emperor should have effect without the Duke's approval, except as to life, seeing that the Emperor would be too indulgent, and due means thereby be wanting of rewarding the troops; in case of any negociations for peace, the Duke's claims on Mecklenburgh to be secured in the treaty; all means and expenses to be provided for the war; all the Emperor's hereditary dominions to be open to the Duke, whether for advance or retreat. Mr. Forster conjectures that these conditions savoured of a policy such as Thucydides attributes to Nicias in his demands for the Syracusan expedition, and that they were framed for the purpose of their rejection on the part of the Emperor. This writer further justifies them on the ground that Wallenstein was not merely a general dealing with his sovereign, but a sovereign and independent prince dealing with another, superior, indeed, in rank,

but in other respects at his mercy. Such a tone of princely independence had been before assumed by William of Nassau in his dealings with the tyrant of Spain; but Wallenstein's pretensions to assume it were, we think, more questionable than those of a Prince of Orange. Be this as it may, Wallenstein was at least justified in taking good security against the Spanish confessors and other intriguers of the court. In point of policy, he may be blamed for an extravagance in his conditions dangerous to the interests they were intended to secure. In respect of plain dealing, none can impeach him. That extravagance nothing but success could justify. It placed his existence on the fall of that iron die which had won him hitherto the prize of many a game. The present stake was as noble an one as war could offer, and he set, without further hesitation, fame, fortune, and life on the hazard.

The despatches of Wallenstein, written during this campaign with Gustavus, might bear comparison with those of the Duke of Wellington for simplicity and the absence of exaggeration. At no period, indeed, of the correspondence do the natural topics of comparison between the writings of the two commanders, penned on the field and despatched on the spur of the moment, more forcibly suggest themselves. His words and actions alike indicate that he was duly sensible of the qualities of the great antagonist in whose presence he now for the first time found himself. He sought no rash encounter in the field. So far from flinging himself against the vast fabric of field-defences which Gustavus had raised around his position near Nuremburgh, he called to his own aid the art of the engineer—and no recollections of former successes could divert him from his defensive plan of operations, or lure him from his own entrenchments, which, with skill and judgment equal to that of his adversary, he had thrown up at Altenburgh. Masses of hewn rock still mark on the height of Burgstall the spot which formed the key of his position, and from the attack of which Gustavus was fain to retire with heavy loss after eleven hours' fighting. When difficulties of subsistence, foreseen by Wallenstein, finally compelled the Swede to retire from Nuremburgh, Wallenstein thus comments on his retreat in a letter to the Emperor, of September 18 (vol. ii. p. 245). After indicating his own plan of operation and pursuit, he proceeds:—

"He has made a fine retreat, and proves certainly, by this and all his other actions, that he (more 's the pity) understands his business."

Such language well expresses

> "The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

Whatever may have been the criticisms of Wallenstein's enemies at the court, it is impossible for posterity to refuse to his operations up to this period the highest credit of well-earned success. Acting in conjunction with an insincere ally, the Elector of Bavaria, and in command of raw levies, he had repulsed an enemy who had twice defeated in pitched battle his predecessor in command, Tilly, and whose march on German soil had been a succession of victories. Yet these very operations have been subjected to obloquy by Khevenhüller and his followers, who piously attribute the bloody repulse of Gustavus at Altenburgh to the interposition of Heaven, and, omitting all mention of Wallenstein in that affair, charge him with neglecting other opportunities for the destruction of his antagonist.

Two letters of this period, addressed by Wallenstein to the Austrian field-marshal Gallas, will be interesting to military readers, as illustrating his operations previous to the battle of Lutzen. The following extract exhibits his views as to the maintenance of discipline:—

"Coburg, Oct. 13.

"I pray you to hold sharp justice, and see that the least thing be no more taken from the peasant, for we must have our winter quarter there [in Saxony], and live upon it.

"P.S.—Take measures that the peasants be brought to return to their homes."—(Vol. ii. p. 267).

The following is addressed to Pappenheim on the eve of the battle. The original, in the archives of Vienna, is steeped in the blood of that officer, having been on his person when the shot struck him which deprived Wallenstein of his trustiest friend, and the military galaxy of the age of one of its brightest luminaries. This officer, born in 1599, was thus cut off in the prime of his life. He was the Murat of his day for the boldness and brilliancy of his exploits at the head of his mailed cavalry, but is said to have surpassed his commander, Tilly, in cruelty at

the storm of Magdeburgh. He expired exulting at the report, which reached him in his last moments, of the fall of Gustavus. Pappenheim had been detached for the occupation of Halle at a moment when Wallenstein did not expect the attack of Gustavus. This letter, breathing hot haste, speaks better than volumes of description the exigency of the hour, and the value of Pappenheim's presence where blows were to be exchanged:—

"Lutzen, Nov. 15, 1632.

"The enemy marches hitherwards. You must let all stand and lie, and make your way (incaminire) hither with all your people and guns, so as to be with us by to-morrow early.

"P.S.—He is already at the pass where the bad road was yesterday."

Mr. Forster, in his account of the battle, investigates the widely-conflicting statements as to the relative numbers of the parties engaged. He rates the united force of Sweden and Saxony at 27,000, of which 11,000 were cavalry: other accounts reduce it to 22,000. The estimates of the Austrian force are more conflicting. Diodati, who served under Wallenstein in the battle, gives him only 12,000 men previous to the arrival of Pappenheim, whose detachment has been estimated at the same number. The accounts which give Wallenstein 40,000 and even 50,000 men are doubtless greatly exaggerated. Gallas, who figures in some of these narratives as commanding a strong division, was unquestionably absent. Mr. Forster gives us a fac-simile of a sketch of the Austrian order of battle, curious as being drawn and coloured by Wallenstein's own hand, but conveying little certainty as to the actual position of his brigades, as it is probably a preliminary rough draft of his ideas, subject to contingencies. Some names of commanders occur twice, and it is uncertain whether this indicates changes in the plan or divisions of regiments. Wallenstein, as we have before observed, was suffering from gout. He exchanged, however, for a time his litter for the saddle, his stirrups being wadded with silk to protect his feet, from which portions of flesh had been actually removed by the knife of the surgeon.

There are some features of this great action which seem to us analogous to those of one of the most remarkable feats of arms of our own times, the battle of Salamanca. It may seem pre-

sumptuous in us to institute a comparison which has not been suggested by Colonel Mitchell, but we are pretty confident that this biographer, had he thought it worth while, might have made out a strong case of similarity, and that military readers will admit the comparison. The previous objects of the Swede and the Englishman were not indeed precisely similar. Gustavus was intent on joining the Saxon, Wellington on retiring into Portugal. Marmont, on the other hand, was pressing his opponent; Wallenstein, as it appears, had made up his mind to retire into winter-quarters without an action. It was, however, equally the policy of Gustavus and Wellington to refrain from a general onset, unless on some such contingency as that which in the case of both gave them that decided advantage which fortune may present to all, but which great men alone know how to seize. Wallenstein's detachment of Pappenheim, as affording such occasion, may be compared with that extension of Marmont to his left which enabled Wellington to turn on his former pursuers, and, in the emphatic phrase which we have heard attributed to him, to beat 40,000 French in forty minutes.* The circumstances, however, of Salamanca were more striking, and the result more complete, than those of Lutzen. The operations of the Swede, rapid as they were, were spread over a larger surface of space and time. He read his letters and marched. Wellington saw, shut his telescope, and charged. An intervening night and day made Wallenstein aware of his danger, and enabled him to bring up Pappenheim's detachment to the conflict. Thomières was slain, and his division rolled up, before Marmont was well aware of his error. Both were certainly instances of that rapid *coup d'œil* which appears to be the distinguishing feature and the test of the highest order of military talent. It is true that such exploits require a high degree of perfection in the machine which is to execute them; but such perfection is in most cases the creation

* "Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it; but instead of that, after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last pressed upon my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have either carried our Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, turning his left flank, and I never saw an army receive such a beating."—*Letter of the Earl of Wellington to Sir T. Graham, Flores de Avila, 25th July*, 1812. *Gurwood*, vol. ix. p. 310 (second edition).

of the master-spirit who uses it, and this was especially true in both the instances in question.

The loss of Gustavus, however great, was not that of the battle. His young and ardent successor in command, Bernard of Saxe Weimar, spurned the suggestion of retreat. His announcement of the fatal event to the troops resembled that which the Highland leader in 1715 addressed to the Macdonalds on the fall of their chief—"To-day is the day for revenge, to-morrow for mourning;" and well was the call answered by those yellow brigades which Diodati describes as annihilated in their ranks by the fire of Piccolomini. Pappenheim's fall, on the contrary, was fatal; the cavalry which he had flung so fiercely on the Swedish right turned and fled. The behaviour of Wallenstein's army in general bespoke the haste with which it had been collected, and justified the wisdom which had prevented him from courting a trial of strength in the field. Its resistance was partial; that of some brigades was desperate—the conduct of others was afterwards expiated on the scaffolds of Prague. The corps of Piccolomini was among the former. He had five horses shot under him, and was himself six times wounded before he left the field. It is a painful part of an historian's duty to award the meed of military renown to a base and rapacious assassin, but it cannot be refused to Piccolomini. Among those whom devotion to Wallenstein brought into the fire on this occasion was a churchman, the abbot of Fulda. We find him, in a letter dated Neumarkt, October 25th, thus proffering his services:—

"My wish is zealously and obediently to live after your Highness's wishes and commands, humbly praying your Highness, trusting me in this, to incur on behalf of my poor person no inconvenience or difficulty. I ask nothing more than to be accommodated as the meanest of your soldiers or servants."

He was accommodated with more than he desired, a soldier's grave. This eager prelate, having given his benediction to the troops, instead of considering his vocation exhausted, indulged in a caracole on the field, and, like Gustavus, fell in the fog into a body of the enemy's cavalry, who despatched him without compunction. This and many other incidents of the battle are mentioned in the report of Diodati, drawn up by the Emperor's command, and extant in the archives of Vienna. This narra-

tive, inserted in Mr. Forster's publication, and of which Colonel Mitchell has made excellent use, fully justifies the eulogy bestowed upon it by both authors, not only as an account of the action itself, but as a strategic detail of the operations which led to it. Among other particulars, it shows that the death of Gustavus was reported to Wallenstein soon after its occurrence, and that a trumpeter of Holk's corps produced one of the spurs of the fallen monarch. It would seem, however, that doubt did, as has been generally stated, exist in Wallenstein's mind for some days as to the truth of the report. He writes in the postscript of a letter of the 25th, nine days after the battle, that the death of the King is certain.

Wallenstein's well-known propensity to profusion in reward, and severity in punishment, were both displayed after this action. Officers of all ranks who had distinguished themselves received sums varying from 12,000 to 100 crowns, and regiments in like manner received pecuniary gratifications. Fearful, on the other hand, was the example made of those who had shrunk from their duty. Eleven officers and four privates were beheaded, seven hanged, and the names of forty officers, sentenced *par contumace*, affixed to the gallows at Prague. This tremendous chastisement was not the result of momentary indignation at defeat. The proceedings did not take place till the 21st January, 1633, and the execution followed on the 4th February. Wallenstein probably judged rightly, that the moral effect on the army at large would be increased by the character of deliberate and dispassionate justice with which delay invested the transaction. His severity is hardly reconcilable with the designs attributed to him. An indulgent policy would surely have been more consistent with the intention of transferring to his own person the allegiance which the soldier owed the sovereign, and of setting his own popularity against the influence of the Emperor—in the desperate game of treason which he is accused of having at this period contemplated. Be this as it may, fear and hatred were doubtless widely generated among those whose defection was necessary to the accomplishment of his alleged purposes.

For a detail of the events of the following year, the last of Wallenstein's career, down to its tragical termination, we can but refer the reader to Mr. Forster's third volume. Its perusal has

scarcely led us, through the complicated labyrinth of negotiations and intrigues to which it adverts, to any more positive conclusion than to that verdict of Not Proven which we are inclined to pass on nine-tenths of the charges adduced against Wallenstein. To effect more than this with respect to many allegations which relate to conversations, and even to whispers, is hardly within the power of mortal advocacy. Mr. Forster's defence of his client is minute and elaborate. He endeavours with much ability to show that the questionable negotiations of Wallenstein with Saxony, Sweden, and France, were all intended to deceive and overreach the enemies of Austria, and to procure a peace advantageous to that power, though on terms of liberality to the Protestants. He considers Wallenstein's opposition to the views of the Emperor, for the separation and mutilation of the force under his command, as justified by sound and unanswerable military arguments; and that his own attempted and forestalled defection sprung from the impulse of self-preservation alone. With these views he also acquits him of all blame in the matter of the famous declaration of his officers at Pilsen. He considers him as sentenced without evidence, and executed without proof of guilt. In favour of these views it undoubtedly appears that, while Richelieu panegyrizes him as a fallen and honourable foe, Oxenstiern and Bernhard congratulated themselves on the extinction of an enemy they feared, and a negotiator on whose treason to an hostile cause they to the last had not relied. There is much *naïveté* in the observations of Richelieu on his fall:—

> "Whether, however, the Emperor may have been a bad master, or Wallenstein an unfaithful servant, it is always a proof of the misery of this life, in which, if it be difficult for a master to find a servant he can entirely trust, it is still more so for a good servant totally to trust his master, inasmuch as a thousand enviers of his glory are about him, and as many enemies whom he has made such for that master's service . . . . . and that to please the latter every one disguises under the name of justice the actions of his cruelty or unjust jealousy."

This language comes naturally enough from the minister who had been marked for assassination by the royal slave he served. (See *Memoirs of Richelieu*, lib. xxv.)

It must be remembered that the fear of capital punishment

long hung over many of Wallenstein's principal adherents; that to one of them, the Count Shafgotsh, in consonance with the savage practice of the time, the torture was unsparingly applied, and that it failed to produce not only any proof, but any admission, of guilt.

Colonel Mitchell thus gives his verdict on these questions:—

"It is now evident that Wallenstein fell a victim to some dark plot, the thread of which has not yet been discovered, though its machinations are amply attested by the letters of the Italian faction, and by those of the elector of Bavaria. Maximilian, Piccolomini, Diodati, Grana, Gallasso, and others, worked skilfully on the jealous fears of the Emperor, and hurried him into measures, of which he so far repented as to declare, some years afterwards, that Wallenstein was less guilty than his enemies had represented.

"The combination of Pilsen was, no doubt, reprehensible, and would now be criminal; but it was less so at a period when the just principles of subordination were almost unknown; and the Court of Vienna, so far from looking upon the transaction as a serious offence, thought it advisable to give a false account of the proceeding, when they brought it forward as a treasonable charge. It is said, in the imperial statement, that the paper signed by the officers had been fraudulently substituted for the one which contained the resolutions actually agreed upon, and that the clause contained in the first—suppressed paper,—by which the officers bound themselves to remain faithful to the Emperor, had been purposely omitted in the second paper, to which the signatures were obtained. These imperial assertions bear falsehood on their very face: no man would think himself bound by a signature out of which he had been defrauded; nor did any of the officers tried allege in their defence that so mean a deception had been practised upon them.

"But allowing that precedent and the opinion of the times palliated, in some degree, this military combination, it must still be a question whether Wallenstein really intended to resign the command of the army when he called the officers together: whether the most ambitious of men was willing to descend from dictatorial power to the retirement of private life, at the very moment when France was tendering crowns, armies, and millions for his acceptance. History is bound to acquit the Duke of Friedland of treason; for all the power and influence of the court of Vienna failed to make out a case against him. From beyond the grave the mighty spirit of the man still overawed his enemies, and confounded their counsels: it was in vain that bribes and tortures were employed to prove him guilty; these criminal efforts only recoiled upon their authors, and laid bare

to the world the full infamy of their conduct. But the guilt of one party cannot establish the innocence of another; and strongly as this presumptive evidence tells in Wallenstein's favour, the suspicions caused by his eccentric conduct still remain. What were the plans engendered in that lofty and aspiring mind,—what the hopes cherished in that ambitious and not ignoble heart,—are questions never likely to be answered! Oxenstiern declared, even in the last years of his life, that he never could comprehend the object Wallenstein really had in view: and as the ablest and best-informed man of the time failed to unravel the secret, it will be in vain that we attempt to fathom a mystery over which the gloom of two centuries has now been gathered.

"If we too often see the best and most generous qualities of our nature crushed beneath the chilling influence of adversity, so we expect, on the other hand, to find them called forth and cherished by the genial sunshine of power and prosperity. We naturally feel disposed to combine the idea of high qualities with high station; and the want of noble and generous feeling, which in the humbler ranks of life is but an absence of virtue, augments to criminality in proportion as we ascend in the scale of society; and we can only fancy such deficiency to exist upon a throne, when the crowned occupant is composed of the meanest materials of which human nature is ever put together. Ferdinand II. was such an occupant of a throne. In the hour of danger, and when pressed by the victorious arms of the Swedes, he conferred almost dictatorial power on the man from whose aid he alone expected safety. But no sooner was the first peril over, than the imagination of the terrified sovereign magnified into treason and rebellion the exercise of the power which he had before delegated. In his base and unkingly fear—to acquit him even of envy and avarice—he condemned without a trial or hearing; and not only handed over the man who had twice saved the monarchy to the halberts of hired assassins, but rendered himself an active party to the crime by the treachery of his conduct. In order to deceive his intended victim, and to render the blow more certain, he remained in constant and confidential correspondence with Wallenstein for twenty days after the betrayed general had been outlawed as a rebel. True it is, that he afterwards caused 3000 masses to be said for the soul of the slain: and courtiers and confessors may, by such means, have silenced the feeble voice of the royal conscience. But the voice of history will not be so silenced; and the name of Ferdinand II. will be handed down to latest posterity, as the name of a sovereign in whose callous heart not even imperial sway could raise one spark of noble fire; who, while crawling in the dust before images and reliques, remained

deaf to the duties of Christianity; and repaid the greatest services ever rendered to a prince, by one of the foulest deeds of treason and of murder recorded in the dark annals of human crime."—*Life of Wallenstein*, p. 342.

If we descend from the court of Vienna to the agents of its bloody mandate, we shall be at no loss to collect the motives for that subservient zeal which converted soldiers into assassins. Those motives are sufficiently apparent in the speed with which the vultures gathered round the carcase. From Gallas and Piccolomini, down to Leslie and Butler, one spirit of active and clamorous rapacity inspired them all, and liberally were their claims acknowledged. The hand of an archbishop hung the gold chain, the gift of the Emperor, round the neck of the principal butcher, Butler; and chamberlainships, regiments, and confiscated estates, were showered on his fellow-assassins. Gallas obtained for his share the lordships of Friedland and Rechenberg. It appears that Piccolomini, who had distinguished himself by execrable insults towards the corpse of his former commander, was for a time dissatisfied with his share of the spoil; but we fear that this prime scoundrel too was finally appeased by a donation of territory.

We know not whether we have succeeded in communicating to our readers some of the interest which the perusal of these records has excited in our minds. We think we have said enough to convince them that Mr. Forster's contribution to the materials for the history of the Thirty Years' War is of considerable value. His minor work, published in Raumer's Annual for the year 1834, is scarcely of less interest to us, and will certainly be more amusing to many. In military greatness Wallenstein had rivals of his own day, and has been perhaps surpassed by champions of elder and later times. The successes which led to his "pride of place" were in great part achieved in a bad cause, and against overmatched foes. Those singular features of character, which in their combination bring out his portrait in such strong relief on the canvas of history, are perhaps more palpably to be traced in the records of his private life and domestic relations than in the annals of his campaigns. His unwearied diligence in the administration of his vast possessions; his elevation above the superstition and the intolerant bigotry of his age, of the court he served, and the Jesuits' school in which he had been trained;

his fostering care for the physical and moral welfare, the worldly prosperity, and the education of his subjects, would have made him one of the greatest men of his time if he had never fought a battle, and could have won by any other channel than that of military exploit the means of displaying these qualities and propensities. The proofs of his possession of them are copiously furnished by this unpretending tract of Mr. Forster's.

As an illustration of a remarkable character, of a singular government, and the curious position of a subject elevated to sovereign power, it is at least derived from the best of sources—the correspondence, the legal documents, and the account-books of the party it describes. Could Schiller have enjoyed the opportunity, and condescended to use it, of consulting such documents, many pages of his brilliant work might have presented an aspect not less brilliant, but more true. Not even Schiller's descriptive felicity, however, could well have afforded so lively an idea of the peculiarities of the Friedlander's genius and temperament, as some of Mr. Forster's extracts from his own hurried and confidential communications to the agents of his power. The realms of nature and of art have supplied to philosophers instances, often cited, of the various application of the same instrument to a wide range of objects. The variety of the topics embraced in Wallenstein's letters, and the strange activity of the grasp which seizes them, might almost justify us in comparing his mind to the trunk of the elephant, to which the invention of Watt has been likened in Lord Jeffrey's eloquent *éloge* of our great mechanician. The rapid repetition of his orders, the foreign words, and especially the favourite *Furia*, which he presses into his service, evince the fierce impatience with which he darted to his ends in civil affairs as in battle. We remember hearing with astonishment, long ago, from a member of the legal profession in Ireland, that he received the heads of the Dublin Police Bill from the then Irish Secretary, Sir A. Wellesley, drawn up by him when tossing off the mouth of the Mondego, with Junot waiting for him on the shore. The volumes of Gurwood have now revealed a thousand traits not less wonderful of that illustrious mind's easy versatility; but even Wellington could hardly surpass, in that respect, the Friedlander, who from the head-quarters of 60,000 men could dictate the medical treatment of his poultry-yard.

We have cited the honoured name of our own great Duke perhaps irreverently in connexion with such a topic; but there are other matters in which the comparison might be perhaps to some extent pursued. Of relative military renown we here say nothing, being disqualified by national feeling and something more for entertaining for a moment any such comparison. If Colonel Mitchell's estimate, however, of his hero's military qualities be a sound one, Wallenstein holds a rank of which few could take precedence. The correspondence of both has been brought to light nearly at the same time. That of Wallenstein will find few readers but the antiquary and biographer. Published two centuries after the death of the writer, it leaves, after all, the most interesting of the historical questions which affect his character unsolved, and throws perhaps little new light even on the military history of the time. The Duke of Wellington has been more fortunate; he has lived to read, digest, and enjoy the best record of his own achievements, one which we prophesy, less on our own, perhaps, partial authority, than on that of the wisest and most eminent of his fervent political opponents, will live when we with its author are dust—a source of wonder, and praise, and admiration to late, very late generations. There are, however, points of similarity between these publications, of otherwise unequal interest and pretensions, which naturally arise out of the resemblance between the relative positions of the two men. Either compilation is perhaps equally calculated to disabuse the popular mind of the impression that a general in command of an army is a gentleman in a helmet or cocked hat, as the case may be, mounted on a horse with two legs in the air, or standing in the neighbourhood of a 29-pounder, and directing certain movements of bodies of men, after the fashion of a review in Hyde Park. Both present a pretty faithful picture of the cares of providing food, raiment, and lodging for the said men and their horses, and roads whereon to drag the said piece of ordnance and its fellows. The volumes of Colonel Gurwood present perhaps as many instances as compilation ever showed of the kindness, the caution, the delicacy towards subordinates, which are rare in all despotisms, but rarer perhaps in none than in that shape of despotism which must in the nature of things always form the character of military command, however responsible for the exercise of its functions to a popular government, and tempered

by regulation. Nor are instances of this kindness to inferiors of all classes wanting in the correspondence, official and private, of Wallenstein. That his impatient spirit could have endured for an instant the infliction of Spanish or Portuguese co-operation we do not believe; but, taking into consideration the intoxicating circumstances of his rapid elevation to wealth and power, and contrasting him with his own contemporaries, we find on the record traces of a gentleness of disposition, of kindness, and humanity, which have long been neglected by historians, and which seem to soften down the lurid light in which his character has often been portrayed.

It has been said that in Ireland some of the best-managed estates belong to permanent absentees. Wallenstein's visits to his numerous and scattered possessions were necessarily few and far between; but we question whether any resident proprietor of his day did so much for the welfare of his feudatories and dependents. He entered on the management of his Bohemian estates at a period when a civil war of religion had wreaked its worst upon the soil. He began by checking religious persecution; he built churches, he endowed schools, he fostered manufactures and agriculture; and labours such as these were never for a moment interrupted by the duties which the command of 60,000 men in the field entailed upon him. Imperious by nature, and despotic by vocation, he was the framer of a liberal constitution, and the organizer of a system of three estates for the government of his little realm. This constitution is directed to be reduced to writing in a letter to his chancellor, dated from Znaim, in March, 1632. It was forwarded to him in his quarters after the opening of the campaign of that year.

The following extracts from Mr. Forster's work will show the zeal and liberality with which he encouraged religious and educational institutions, and the sagacity with which he penetrated the character, and controlled the conduct, of the instruments he was compelled to employ. He had established some of the Augustines at Leippa for purposes of public instruction. The brethren, abusing his munificence, claimed an alleged promise of exemption from certain contributions, which they accordingly withheld. The collector appealed to Wallenstein, who writes in answer:—

"*Ist erlogen.* It is a lie. I have promised them nothing, nor

remitted them anything; see that they pay, or stop the funds given for their buildings; for the more they get, the more they grasp."

In another letter, adverting to the same parties, he says (August 19, 1627) :—

"That the monks at Leipp have within this year applied the 2000 florins, surprises me; I do not doubt that it will turn out they have applied them but to w—s and bad company, as is their wont."

There follow some minute and business-like directions for the future control of the parties in this matter. With the Carthusians, whom he had also in two localities richly established, he was not more fortunate. Their endowment rested on the interest of money; they demanded a landed foundation, which Wallenstein repeatedly in his letters refuses. In Gitschin he founded two convents for Dominicans and Capuchins, and a Jesuits' College. Nothing escapes his attention. He writes to his principal agent, Taxis, from Segan, June 14, 1628 :—

"I have received the plan for the palace at Gitschin. Now it strikes me that, when I was last in the Carthusian house, the prior's master-mason told me that the cells for the monks were not to be more than 2½ ells in height. It occurs to me that this would be too low."

He repeats his injunctions on this subject, which seems to have much excited him, and desires, in a letter of August following, that the building may be prosecuted with *furia*. September 13th, he acknowledges receiving two plans for the improvement of the cells, says he is satisfied, and has other things to think of—but returns, nevertheless, to the subject, and gives some minute directions for bas-reliefs and paintings in the said cells—(p. 36). The Jesuits were objects of Wallenstein's special bounty, gave him more trouble in return than any of his other protégés, and were watched by him with a vigilant eye, and restrained with a strong hand when they strayed beyond the vocation he had assigned them, and attempted to convert Protestants, instead of instructing Catholics :—

"Could I (he writes to Taxis in June, 1626) be quit of the foundation I made for them for 100,000 florins, I would willingly make the bargain."

Over the schools for the young nobility, which he placed under their care, he maintained a strict and constant inspection, and

his great object appears to have been to prevent the system of instruction from degenerating into a confined and monkish form, but to organize it on a general and comprehensive scale adapted to the purposes of the higher classes. He writes from Egra, August, 1625:—

"I am resolved to place eight or more of the gentry under the Jesuits at Gitschin. See that they ride out with the riding-master once a-week, that they accustom themselves to sit an horse, that they apply diligently to arithmetic, and to some musical instrument. The organist may teach them on his organ, or you may buy them an harpsichord (clavicordium)."

His care was not confined to the moral advancement of his young nobility; it condescended to personal externals. He writes, in 1628, from the camp before Stralsund, giving directions for the dress of the students at Gitschin; and adds:—

"See that the Doctor be provided with everything which is prescribed in the foundation for the treatment of the sick, and that what goes out of the apothecaries' store be paid for. And inasmuch as they are wont, from mere want of cleanliness, to come by the itch, see that they be cleaner than before, and him that has the malady let the Doctor treat with baths, and other necessary remedies."

Wallenstein was much irritated with the ungrateful attempts of the Jesuits to gain over to their own body pupils whom he had destined for other purposes. He writes from the camp at Krempe, 1628, to Taxis:—

"I learn that the Jesuits have talked over Franz von Harrack to join their order; but his father gave him to me to make him, not a Jesuit, but a soldier. It pains me to the heart that they should make me such return of gratitude as this for so many benefits received, and should thus circumvent this unlucky youth."

He adds the most pressing directions for the immediate removal of the young student and three of his companions:—

"Lose not a minute, for I trust this to you. Whatever my wife may reply, pay it no attention, for she understands nothing of this matter, and it stands on your own responsibility. Keep it quiet, and bring it to bear without the loss of a single hour, for this is my final resolution."

From Gustrow, May, 1629, he writes to Taxis:—

"Constantine [one of the superintendents of the College] has cut

the hair of the youths so short that those who have come here looked like Jews. Give careful attention to all this yourself, and, if they will not follow my orders, advise me thereof; as, namely, that the pupils keep themselves clean, attend school early, acquire the Latin tongue, learn in the afternoon to write German and Italian, as also arithmetic, dancing, and the lute."

In spite of these causes of dissatisfaction, he did not cease to favour the Jesuits; and he took measures, which he perhaps fortunately did not live to complete, for their establishment in Mecklenburgh.

June, 1629, he writes to an agent in Bohemia, from Mecklenburgh:—

"You will see from the appendix what is the petition of the woman Raschimin. Now I have understood, as far as I have learnt as yet from my visits to Bohemia, that it was settled that widows should not be so strictly proceeded against. You will, therefore, see that she be allowed to remain on her property, till the Lord may give her better notions, and she be won to the true faith."

This injunction is a fair illustration of Wallenstein's general policy in the matter of religion—a policy so diametrically opposed to that of the Court, that its observance certainly did honour to his independence of character, as well as to his heart and understanding. Nor can it be ascribed to mere religious indifference. While he avoided all violent measures, he omitted no opportunity of endeavouring to restore what he considered as the better form of Christianity by milder proceedings. He writes to an agent at Sagan, in 1627:—

"As the time now serves, you may begin to move again for the conversion of the people to the Catholic faith."

While he declined to win favour at the Court by following the example of religious persecution, he took every measure to create an influence with the Pope. Like other sovereign princes, he maintained a paid agent at the Vatican. Artists from Italy were employed by him in the decoration of churches and chapels, as well as that of his own residences. After the battle at Dessau, he orders Taxis to write to Aldringen to have a copper-plate engraving made of the action, that a painting may be made from it for the chapel. Of his own habits with respect to religious observances there seems to be no record. Four chaplains were on the list of his attendants.

Mr. Forster observes, that out of 150 letters and orders, addressed between the years 1623 and 1632 by Wallenstein to the managers of his Bohemian property, most of them written from the camp, and autographs, there are scarcely more than two which do not advert to some topic connected with the improvement of the soil, or the advancement and welfare of its tenants, in some respect or other. The same activity which we have seen displayed in his military correspondence, amounting, in the case of Arnheim, to eight letters in a single day, distinguishes his communications with his land-bailiffs; and with the same *furia* he repeats in successive letters his orders for the planting of mulberry-trees, the establishment of breweries, mill-forges, powder-mills, and saltpetre-works. The latter items are connected with one of his principal objects, which was to give his subjects a preference, in the great market of the war which he conducted, for the fabric and supply of its articles of consumption. In his batteries at Stralsund, the bullet, the powder, and the gun, were thus furnished from his dominions, and the bread consumed in his camp had been baked in Bohemian ovens.

"You must see (he writes from Egra, August, 1625) that fabrics of all descriptions may be introduced into Gitschin, with respect to silk and woollen. In the interval, before the mulberry-trees attain their proper growth, you may import raw silk (seda cruda) from Italy. Hides must also be worked at Gitschin: in short, all arts must be introduced there, by which the town can be peopled."—(Sept. 25, 1625, p. 55.)

He writes to Taxis—

"I hear with pleasure that the Jew wishes to traffic at Gitschin. Let him, by all means."—(P. 56.)

Matters such as these have somewhat, as is very usual, escaped the notice of the historian and the commentator. The magnificence of his palaces and attendance has found more favour in their sight. Temperate in his diet and simple in his dress, in all those items of luxury and expenditure which less concerned his own person, and the enjoyment of which the rich man must share with others, his habits were indeed princely. His own garments of sober brown or ash-colour distinguished him from the brilliant throng of nobles and gentlemen who were proud to do him service as chamberlains, &c. The arts of the painter, the architect, and the gardener found in him a Medicean patron.

If Wallenstein's correspondence were not forthcoming, it would be difficult to credit the nature and extent of the minutiæ of domestic economy to which his observation descended. His letters on the subject of his breeding studs contain hints worthy the attention of the veterinary college. Cattle, swine, sheep, all are subjected to his directions for their management; and one of his letters makes special provision for the food and exercise of sick capons. Beer is a favourite topic, and his refinement upon it shows how little his intercourse with the world at large, and his acquaintance with foreign countries, had un-Germanized him. In 1630, however, he orders provision to be made at Gitschin of wine of the vintage of that year, being one of great promise, and also of that luxurious appendage to the table, still usual in Austrian Germany, and rare elsewhere, the *wermuth must*, or wormwood.

For a description of his sumptuous buildings and gardens at Prague and Gitschin, we refer the reader to Mr. Forster's pages. These works of taste and magnificence were prosecuted without remission during his absence on military service, and the artificers were guided and stimulated by the unceasing exhortations of his pen. During his short tenure of Mecklenburgh, he was making every preparation to erect at Gustrow a residence which would have vied with the other two we have mentioned—but here the Swede interposed.

In the management of the expenditure of a court and household, the magnificence of which has been celebrated by every biographer and historian of the time, a splendid profusion was combined with the most searching supervision and the strictest system of record and account. The smallest items of expenditure, with their causes, are noted; as, for example, the *drinkgeld* to the gardeners who sent for the use of the duchess "to her garderobe some fine sweet blue violets," and to the vineyard-keeper who at the vine-cutting in spring was ordered (for some medicinal purpose, we presume) to collect in bottles the juice of the white grapes, as also the ashes of the dried and burnt red ones, for the duchess. Expenses for attendance on christenings and marriages of his poorer dependents are numerous:—*e. g.* to Samuel Smitschka, forester, at his child's christening, 100 florins: to a cup for a present at the marriage of the under-cook, 150 florins. His donations on greater occasions kept pace and proportion with his domestic liberality. When Isolani brought him

into the camp before Nuremburgh two Swedish standards, he gave him a repast, 4000 dollars, and a charger. Learning in the morning that Isolani had lost the whole sum at play in the course of the night, he sent him by a page 2000 ducats more. Isolani wished to thank him: he turned the conversation from the subject to that of the reported approach of a Swedish convoy. Isolani took sudden leave, and returned in a few days with the Swedish waggons and 400 prisoners.

Even Wallenstein's possessions could not suffice to furnish so perennial and continuous a flow of pecuniary supply as his habits required; and it must be remembered, that, in addition to that private profusion, the army was frequently supported by advances from his purse. His military and private correspondence equally show that he was frequently in difficulties. These roused his imperious nature to expressions which must have counteracted the natural effects of his liberality and munificence. In January, 1632, he writes to Kunesch, the successor to Taxis, who had been dismissed for malversation—

"You have sent me the amount of 18,000 florins, but you should know that for the ensuing month I must have 36,000 florins. See that the overlookers on my estates collect this, with notice of the remaining contributions, of which some thousands are still outstanding, as also the newly-imposed land-tax, and send me the money to Znaim, unless you prefer that I should have the heads of the overlookers first, and then your own, cut off; as I see that you look through your fingers at them, and make a jest of my orders."—p. 113.

This threat, which hardly admits of a literal construction, is frequently repeated. His whole deportment for the last two years of his life is that of a man made irritable by difficulty and annoyance, and both in the army and at home he appears to have sacrificed his personal popularity precisely at the moment when its influence was essential to his existence. This harshness probably assisted the court of Vienna in stifling the voice of sorrow, of affection, or gratitude, the accents of which, had they been elicited by Wallenstein's death, might have resounded, ungratefully to the Emperor, through Europe. That voice was silent; and no hand "of all his bounty fed" took up the pen to vindicate his memory. We cannot, however, but believe that, if the terror of his bloody doom had not operated to produce this

silence, the wailing would have been general among those who were transferred to the care of his rapacious murderers. We hear nothing of manufactures encouraged by Gallas, or schools established by Piccolomini.

We have lingered on these minuter particulars because we consider them as throwing a new light on one of the most remarkable characters in modern history. If the course of his troubled destiny had allowed him to lay deeper the foundations of his power, he could hardly have failed to become the Mehemet Ali of Bohemia. The readers of Marshal Marmont's Travels, lately published, will understand this allusion. We cannot but fear that, in the case of modern Egypt, the improvements introduced by the Pacha may be as dependent on the life of their author as those of Wallenstein, and that the wheels of his factories will stop on the first derangement of the despotic engine which now gives them motion.

We can assure Colonel Mitchell that it is neither from disrespect nor ingratitude that we have been led to bestow on Mr. Forster a larger share of our attention than on himself. In our judgment he has executed with eloquence, ability, and good taste, a task for which his studies qualified him, and one congenial to an honourable mind and an honourable profession. Failing more active employment, as for the sake of Europe we hope it may, we trust that he will continue to make the most of the advantages which, as a soldier and a scholar, he possesses, and resume his researches in the history of the country and the period to which his studies and his observation have been specially directed.* There are but few passages of his work with which we are disposed to quarrel—but those we have no doubt whatever are favourites of the author, as embodying peculiar tenets of his own. The Colonel evidently ranks the bayonet with the toasting-fork as a weapon of offence. This may be a sound conclusion, but we think that a theory so likely to be disputed is ill placed where it cannot be argued. His low appreciation of Buonaparte's military talent appears to us unsound and paradoxical. That the Colonel will not abate a jot of his expressions in deference to us we are satisfied, and equally so that he is prepared to receive as a compliment the stronger vituperation which they will call

* The lives of Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, or Torstensohn, would be fit subjects for his pen.

down from French commentators. We think, however, his proposition indefensible and the sentence unjust. The time is perhaps hardly yet arrived when Napoleon's military reputation can be weighed in an impartial balance, and when a just estimate can be drawn of his performances as compared with the resources at his disposal at the various periods of his career. Great as those were, we still believe it will be found that something beyond accident placed them at his disposal, and that there was greatness in the application. The subject, however, is a wide one; and having discharged our critical functions by touching the Colonel on the two points on which he probably considers himself as least assailable, but on which others will surely assail him, we conclude with thanks for his labours and our best wishes for their success.

IV.—ART AND ARTISTS IN ENGLAND.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, JUNE, 1838.[a]

THE title of Mr. Waagen's book is perhaps calculated to excite more curiosity than will be gratified by its contents. As far as contemporary art and its professors are concerned, the author is not only gentle in criticism but sparing in remark. Whatever be the merit of modern productions, his experienced eye found metal more attractive in the ancient vein which it was his peculiar purpose to explore; and in this he has delved with a German assiduity, which probably left him little leisure to expatiate in the regions of Somerset House. Candidates for praise he sends supperless to bed; and others, who might expect and desire to find in his volumes a free dispensation of wholesome but unpalatable truths from a foreign and impartial hand, will be no less disappointed. His visit to the exhibition of 1836 is comprised, as far as painting is concerned, in four pages: and if to these we add a few observations on the deceased masters of the English school, and some scattered remarks on contemporaries, we shall have exhausted nearly all that concerns us in a national point of view, and shall look in vain for any comprehensive estimate of the state of art in this country, as compared with its progress and condition on the Continent. With the modern French school we believe, indeed, Mr. Waagen was little acquainted at the period of his visit to England, for Paris

[a] 1. *Works of Art and Artists in England.* By G. F. Waagen, Director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin. London. 3 vols. 12mo. 1838.

2. *Painting and the Fine Arts; being the Articles under those heads contributed to the Seventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.* By B. R. Haydon and William Hazlitt, Esqrs. Edin. 12mo. 1838.

3. *Report from the Select Committee on Arts, and their Connexion with Manufactures.* 1836.

4. *Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne.* Par le Comte A. Raczynski. Paris, 1836.

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had not lain on his route; but the rising school of Dusseldorf, and those of his native Berlin and of Munich, might have afforded him fertile and instructive topics of comparison.

We suspect that Mr. Waagen's reserve on such themes may, in part, be attributable to the cordiality (which he acknowledges) of his reception, at the hands both of lovers and professors of art, in this country. The severer functions of criticism are also, perhaps, in some respects, more painful in the matter of the fine arts of painting and sculpture, as practised by the living, than in the departments of science or literature. The painter or sculptor has, generally speaking, from the nature of his pursuit, a more obvious claim on forbearance than the man of letters. The publication of a volume is seldom evidence in itself of the choice of a profession, or that devotion to a particular career, which hazards on success the means of subsistence, as well as the attainment of reputation. The race of writers in these days is not, as in those of Johnson, a class apart, fed by the proceeds of dedications to noblemen, or looking for a dinner to the pot-luck of Mr. Lintot's back room. Such authors, doubtless, still there are; but a large proportion of the volumes which now issue from the press are written by men who have resources, private and professional, to fall back upon—who have something else, and frequently, as there is every reason from the result to conjecture, something better, to do. The garrets of Grub-street, such as Hogarth painted, have now, we believe, few inspired tenants. The shaded lamp sheds its light on many a MS.; the morocco chair lends its aid to meditation; and well-filled book-shelves supply those means of reference and extract which the "sub-dio" book-stall once afforded to starving industry and genius out-at-elbows. On the other hand, the *atélier* of many a pallid student in this country, and still more perhaps on the Continent, could tell, as we believe, a tale which, if disclosed at the moment, would freeze the ink on the pen of a Zoilus. It is therefore painful to endeavour to aid the less discerning to the discovery of imperfections which may damp their disposition to purchase, or to wield in matters of taste the rod which we apply without compunction where immorality calls for censure, or false reasoning for refutation.

We have been led to these passing observations by the perusal of a recent volume, entitled 'Notice of the Life and Works of

Leopold Robert,' a French artist—not one of those, indeed, who struggled and failed, but who, in the plenitude of success (we know not how far justified by his works), lately committed suicide. The brief record of his life, however, drawn up by a surviving brother, presents a touching picture of the early difficulties of a professional career. Hopeless love led to its early termination; but we learn in how many a dark hour of unrewarded toil the demon which ultimately prevailed over a strong sense of religion had suggested the sad resource to which the victim at last resorted. Whether considerations of this description, or mere economy of time, may have induced Mr. Waagen to adopt the French motto, "Glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas," in his passage over a somewhat delicate surface, he has skated so lightly as to leave few or no cracks in any modern reputation.

The observations on contemporary English art in these volumes will therefore be found entirely subordinate to their staple, which amounts to a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the principal works of ancient art which the powerful agencies of wealth and insular security have attracted to this favoured country, scattering them through many collections, instead of concentrating them, like the proceeds of French conquest, in one great and accessible repository. Viewed as such, Mr. Waagen's work, like other catalogues, is one rather of reference than continuous perusal: as such, however, we consider it as in some respects bearing out the authority with which he came among us as guardian of the Berlin collection. This distinction with us has its value, not because it emanates from a king or a minister, or that Mr. Waagen wears, as we *calculate* he does, a riband at his button-hole. We do not consider Mr. Wilkins the first architect of his day because Lord Duncannon selected him for the construction of the National Gallery; nor is our appreciation of Lord Palmerston's official qualifications at all affected by the circumstance of his having advised his own investiture with the order of the Bath; but the King of Prussia is a sovereign who has proved his taste and judgment by a wise appropriation of limited resources to objects of art in many departments; and the results of his exercise of power in this and other matters give us a rational faith in the selection of his agents. To us, also, Mr. Waagen's intimate communion with Mr. Solly is an indication in his favour; for we believe few men to be more deeply imbued with taste and learning in the

highest departments of ancient art than that very successful collector, who greeted Mr. Waagen, on his first arrival, with a good dinner and a genuine Raphael over the sideboard. Was ever professor, emerging from his first trip in a Hamburgh steamboat, domiciliated under more favourable auspices?—Lectured at by Faraday in the course of the same evening—received by Baron Bulow next morning—galleries and collections opened to him in prospect by the influence of the Duke of Cambridge—the sights and sounds of London in May brought before him into sudden contrast with the garrison dulness of Berlin;—"sure this was bliss, if happiness there be," which nothing but the first arrival of a lover of art in the Piazza del Popolo could well be supposed to surpass in intensity.

We should be sorry to ascribe any invidious limit to the number of the individuals qualified to pass a respectable opinion on the merits of a picture in the essentials of composition, colour, and design; but we suspect that the number of those whose authority is worth having on the question whether a picture be a genuine work of a great Italian master, is very limited, for the reason that its solution frequently requires that the technical knowledge of the painter and the picture-cleaner should be added to all other requisites of a critic. That these qualifications may still be insufficient, the 'Christ in the Garden' of the National Gallery affords one proof among many. M. Vidocq has, we believe, given to the French government strong confirmation of the value of the trite maxim, "Set a thief to catch a thief;" and we doubt whether any one, who has not himself dabbled in varnish, and is not initiated into the mysteries of the pallette, can fully detect either the deviations of the copyist, or those tricks of the restorer's trade which hardly an original work of excellence and long-standing has escaped. Criticism in this department is, like hanging, a mystery; and we are not disposed to deny to Mr. Waagen some of that proficiency which can only be acquired by patient study and opportunities for frequent and varied observation. We have followed his course (*haud passibus æquis*) in various directions; and, though aware of our own inadequacy to vouch for his merits, we are disposed, in many instances, to place reliance on his accuracy and judgment. In as many others, perhaps, we should feel equally disinclined to adopt his decisions. In one—that of the Orleans Raphael in the Bridgewater Gallery—we should be in-

clined to enter a caveat against Mr. Waagen's doubts, till we see, as in the case of the so-called Correggio lately mentioned, among the numerous repetitions of the subject, one with superior claims. Out of the three pictures in that collection which, in the Orleans Gallery, bore the name of Raphael, Mr. Waagen leaves one undisputed, which, as times and Raphaels go, we consider a handsome allowance. Without presuming to censure the soundness of his judgment in the matter of the two innocents whom he has slaughtered while smiling in his face, it still seems to us to depend too much on the assumption that Raphael was guilty of no human sin in his cabinet pictures, and that the preservation of one is too fresh. There is no question that the skill of Raphael's imitators has left a difficult responsibility on the purveyors of pictures to national or private collections. We are given to understand that a flourishing manufactory of Raphaels exists at this day in Florence, which finds a perennial market—we hope not among our countrymen.

Mr. Waagen prefaces his observations on the numerous collections to which he had access by an historical summary of the process of acquisition on the part of sovereigns and private individuals in this country, which, commenced by the royal patron of Holbein, was prosecuted on a more extended scale by Charles I. He notices with just commendation not only the munificence, but the refined and exalted taste, which distinguished that sovereign, and enriched his residences with so many works of Raphael, Correggio, and Titian. The troubles of the Continent, which have restored to us some of these works, dispersed by our barbarous Commonwealth, in company with many others, have nevertheless but partially repaired the havoc of that dispersion; particularly if we consider the large proportion which Charles I.'s galleries contained of the three above-mentioned giants of old time, and that some of them which Charles II. had again collected perished in the fire of Whitehall, in 1697. Of the period which intervened between our revolution and that of France, Mr. Waagen says:—

"When the taste for collecting pictures revived after the commencement of the eighteenth century, it was not encouraged either by the succeeding kings, or by the parliament, but solely by private amateurs, who at the same time introduced the custom of placing their collections for the most part at their country-seats. . . . These

collections, which were formed by the end of the eighteenth century, are however of a very different character from those of the time of Charles I. They betray a far less pure and elevated taste, and in many parts show a less profound knowledge of art. We indeed often find the names of Raphael, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, but very seldom their works. The Venetian school is better, so that there are often fine pictures by Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and the Bassanos. Still more frequent are the pictures of the Carracci and their school, of Domenichino, Guido, Guercino, Albano; but there are among them but few works of the first rank. Unhappily the pictures of the period of the decline of art in Italy are particularly numerous; for instance, by B. Castiglione, P. F. Mola, Filippo Lauri, Carlo Cignani, Andrea Sacchi, Pietro da Cortona, Carlo Maratti, Luca Giordano. In this period we observe a particular predilection for the works of certain masters. Among these are, of the Italian school, Carlo Dolce, Sasso Ferrato, Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, and Gaspar Poussin; and the pictures by the two latter are frequently the brightest gems of these galleries. Of the French school Nicholas Poussin and Bourguignon are esteemed beyond all others. Of the Flemish school, Rubens and Vandyck, and, though not in an equal degree, Rembrandt. Of all these favourite masters we see the most admirable works. Here and there are found fine sea-pieces by William Van de Velde, chosen landscapes by J. Ruysdael and Hobbema, and pretty pictures by Teniers. On the other hand, we seldom meet with a genuine Holbein, still more rarely a Jan Van Eyck, or other masters of the old Flemish and German schools. As the only collection that is an honourable exception, and has been formed in the elevated taste of Charles I., I must here mention that of Lord Cowper, at his country-seat, Panshanger, in Hertfordshire. This collection, which was formed towards the close of this century, contains chiefly pictures by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Fra Bartolomeo."—vol. i. pp. 38-40.

This summary of the leading features of our provincial collections appears to us accurate on the whole. We apprehend that our author hardly intends to adduce C. Lorraine and G. Poussin as names connected with the decline of Italian art; we should also hesitate in including A. Sacchi and P. da Cortona as such with the Carlo Maratti and Giardanos. The fresco of the Barberini palace, and a portrait in the Borghese, by the former, and the dream of St. Bruno, by the latter, in the Vatican, might almost we think plead their exemption. Nor do we conceive that the works of A. Sacchi are of very frequent occurrence

either in this country or in his own; for if Lanzi be not mistaken, he was a slow and fastidious painter. We doubt whether Bourguignon has ever been esteemed beyond his value in this country, and we hardly remember any work of his of much pretension, such for instance as his great battle-piece in the Dresden gallery. To Mr. Waagen's praise of the Panshanger collection we subscribe. It was, we believe, principally formed by the father of the late earl, but such a legacy never found a worthier inheritor than the last-mentioned nobleman. If a taste for the fine arts ever, like gout, skips a generation, such was not the case with him.

The exertions of private collectors, during the period under consideration, were perhaps nearly counterbalanced by the loss of the Houghton collection, transferred to a country where pictures are as yet little appreciated. The acquisition has hardly we believe as yet led to any attempt at imitation among a people celebrated for an imitative disposition, still less to any more generous emulative effort. These pictures will probably continue as they are, mere appendages to royal state apartments, unless they should become by an ukase capable of military rank—like the fourteen elephants recorded by Rulhieres, who, having been presented to the Czar by the Schah of Persia, were gazetted, in compliment to that potentate, as major-generals. We remember, however, to have been struck with a picture of the destruction of Pompeii, by a Russian artist, which, having we believe been refused at the Louvre, had taken refuge in the Milan exhibition. It had the merit of originality, being unlike any previous performance, either of nature or art, which ever came under our notice. As a work of imagination it offered perhaps some analogy to the magnificent creations of Mr. Martin, but with more knowledge of anatomical design. Orloffski, a deceased Russian artist, is known in Europe by a few coarse lithographs of national subjects. He was, we believe, no painter, but we have seen chalk and crayon studies by him at Petersburg, showing a genius which with due cultivation might have made him a sort of Genghis Khan among artists. Our own countryman, Dawe, was the Vandyck on whom the favours of the court of Alexander and Nicholas and its followers were showered. His studio was adorned when we saw it with five hundred kitcats of Russian generals; the accuracy of his ribbons and crosses was never ex-

ceeded in painting. Sir Joshua's Hercules, meanwhile, was secluded in a vault at the Hermitage, which we endeavoured in vain to discover and penetrate.

Mr. Waagen proceeds to notice the great influx of works of art into this country which took place in consequence of the French Revolution, and the apprehension of French conquest and plunder. This portion of history, as regards paintings, is familiar to all who take an interest here in such matters, and we forbear to dwell upon it. After noticing the various collections of drawings, miniatures, and niellos, which occupy a less ostentatious position, and attract the notice rather of the learned few than the public, Mr. Waagen proceeds—

"Compared with this great extension of taste for works of design in all the various branches, that for works of sculpture appears in England, since the revolution, only in individual instances. The taste for modern sculpture is the most prevalent, and the works of Canova, Thorwaldsen, and the English sculptors are, therefore, very numerous in England. On the other hand, hardly more than a single English private person is known to have acquired works of ancient sculpture of very great importance."—p. 63.

This is undoubtedly true, and many reasons may be assigned for the fact. The first is nearly identical with that which the French magistrate assigned out of many for not receiving Henry IV. with a royal salute—*D'abord nous n'avons ni poudre ni canons.* Specimens of ancient sculpture are not to be obtained, at least by the ordinary means of acquisition. The few objects of this class, which are not in royal or princely collections, are still guarded with much jealousy both by governments and private proprietors. One such work indeed has recently found its way from Rome to Munich, the Barberini Faun; but, though a king was the purchaser, he was obliged to smuggle his purchase over the wall of the Eternal City under the cloud of night. Few private individuals would incur the risk of smuggling on so cumbrous a scale. There is also much in our climate and habits unpropitious to sculpture. A statue gallery is more appropriately warmed by an Italian sun than a register stove; with us it seldom fails to convey to our sensations some of the attributes of the monumental caves of death in Congreve's Mourning Bride. A few great proprietors, such as the Duke of Devonshire, may succeed in the judicious disposal of such objects, and in placing

them beyond the reach of the thousand ills which marble is heir to in our atmosphere; but Chatsworth and Holkham are rather hothouse productions than natural growths of our soil, and the same habits of comfort and convenience which have restrained the encouragement of historical painting on a large scale, are, in our judgment, almost equally adverse to any wide diffusion of a taste for sculpture. Mr. Waagen, however, proceeds to specify his exception, and it is an important one:—

"But then this has been done on so grand a scale that this one may be counted for many; nay, his acquisitions may be very well laid in the balance against all those splendid treasures of pictures which we have just reviewed. This one man is Lord Elgin, and these acquisitions consist in nothing less than in the principal works which have come down to us from the brightest era of Greek sculpture, and are known to every person of education in Europe by the name of the Elgin Marbles."—pp. 63, 64.

We quote this as an impartial tribute to the individual who saved these works, not only for his country but the world, from the kilns and pestles of Turkish plaster-makers. The satire of Byron falls pointless when aimed at such service. The following are among the observations which Mr. Waagen appends to his description of the marbles:—

"The many reflections which I had before made in the study of the plaster casts of these works appeared now perfectly clear, when I had the originals before me. The peculiar excellence which distinguishes the works of the Parthenon from almost all other sculpture of antiquity arises chiefly, in my opinion, from the just balance which they hold in all respects between the earlier and later productions of art. Sculpture was in Egypt, as well as in Greece, a daughter of architecture. In Egypt the mother never released her from the strictest subordination, the greatest dependence; in Greece, on the other hand, Sculpture, after a similar very long education, which was very favourable to her growth, was at length past her nonage. Yet, notwithstanding her acquired independence and liberty, she was never entirely alienated from the mother, even to the latest period of antiquity, but in the earliest time she still clung to her with the greatest filial attachment. To this period the sculptures of the Parthenon belong. The general arrangement is still entirely determined by the architecture, and even the several groups correspond, as masses, with architectonic symmetry; but in the execution of them there is the greatest freedom, in manifold

diversities and contrasts of the attitudes, which are so easy, unconstrained, and natural, that we might believe that the architecture had been adopted as a frame to the sculptures, and not, on the contrary, the sculptures suited to the architecture. Nor was it only in the local arrangement, but also in the conception of the subject, that architecture had an influence. For in all circumstances, even in those which occasion the most lively expression of passion and of action, as, for instance, in the combats of the Greeks and Centaurs in the Metopes, these requisites are most delicately combined with a certain calm dignity and solemnity. It is in this prevalence of the element of architecture, as the predominating law in general, with the greatest freedom and animation in the single parts, that the peculiar sublimity of these monuments consists. But they derive their highest charm, like the poems of Homer, from their simplicity. As the authors of them, by the enthusiastic endeavour to treat their subjects with the greatest possible perspicuity and beauty, had attained the most profound study of nature, and an absolute command of all the means of representing their ideas, and had thereby thrown aside everything conventional in earlier art, it never occurred to them to use these advantages, except for those objects. Nothing was more remote from their minds than, as in subsequent times, to display and make a show of them for their own sake. Hence all the characters of the bodies are so perfectly adapted to the subjects; hence in all the motions such simple, natural grace. Equally rare is the refined manner in which the imitation of nature, of which the noblest models have everywhere been selected, is combined with the conditions necessary to produce the due effect in art. The execution is so detailed, that even the veins and folds of the skin are represented, by which the impression of truth to nature is produced in a very high degree. Yet all is so subordinate to the main forms, that the effect is imposing, and represses every thought of their being portraits. Thus these works are in a happy mean between the two individual forms of earlier times (for instance the statues of Egina) and the mostly too general ones of later ages. The healthy energy and life which these forms breathe have besides a particular foundation in the decided contrast of the management of the more solid and the softer parts. Where bones or sinews are seen under the skin, they are indicated with the greatest sharpness and precision; where, on the contrary, the larger muscles appear, they are kept indeed stiff and flat, but at the same time their softness and elasticity are represented in the most surprising manner."—pp. 83–86.

The British Institution, at the period of Mr. Waagen's visit, was fortunately open for one of those admirable and well-con-

ceived exhibitions of the works of old masters with which it has of late years delighted the public. By a curious mistake he represents Chantrey's bust of the late president, the late Duke of Sutherland, as an admirable likeness of the present. We mention this as the only instance of positive inaccuracy we have detected in the record of his labours.

The description of the national collection is, as might be expected, elaborate. Mr. Waagen saw it under all the disadvantages of its recent locality and condition in Pall Mall. We should be curious for his verdict on its present appearance. We are disposed to think that in what has been done in the delicate task of reparation, the urgency of which is admitted by Mr. Waagen, Mr. Seguier has not exceeded the limits of prudence. In respect of position, a closet lighted from the ceiling is certainly preferable to one lighted by an ordinary window, and this advantage has accrued from the united exertions of Mr. Wilkins and the government. The following bears upon a question of some importance, mooted before the committee of the House of Commons:—

"I was surprised, here, where there are so many genuine and fine works of Claude, to see a copy from the celebrated Mill, in the Doria Palace, given out as an original."

The entire concurrence of Mr. Solly and the more qualified acquiescence of Mr. Woodburn in his verdict, when examined before the committee of the House of Commons, are certainly formidable counterpoises to the opinion of Mr. Seguier.

With respect to the principal works in the National Gallery, Mr. Waagen's remarks are perhaps interesting on the question of the deductions to be made from their present value, on the score of injury from time and maltreatment—on their merits, apart from such considerations, most opinions are made up, and we peruse with more interest his observations on the English school, which are elicited by the few specimens of it which have found their way into the National Gallery:—

"The moral humorous department," says Mr. Waagen, "is the only one in which the English have enlarged the domain of painting in general; for, with the exception of a few pictures by Jan Steen, I know nothing similar of an earlier period. In all other branches they are more or less excelled by the other schools. Portrait-

painting is the branch which they have cultivated with the most success, and the best portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds take a high rank, even when compared with the performances of other schools. Next to this are the painters of what the French call *pièces de genre*, scenes of every-day life, and still life, and especially their animal-painters. Their landscapes are far lower in the scale, in such a comparison. But they are weakest of all in historical painting, where inventive and creative fancy is most called for. Having thus viewed the intellectual region of the art, let us briefly consider their progress in the scientific parts. Their drawing is on the whole indifferent; the forms often suffer from incorrectness, and still more by want of precision; on the other hand, most English painters have great brilliancy, fulness, and depth of colour, which make much show, and charm the eye, often, it is true, at the expense of fidelity to nature and of delicately-balanced harmony. For the mode of execution, it is a misfortune for the English school that it at once began where other schools nearly leave off. From the most scrupulous execution of the details, which seeks to bring every object as near as possible to the reality, even for close inspection, the older schools but very gradually acquired the conviction that the same effect might be produced, at a moderate distance, with fewer strokes of the pencil, and thus attained a broader handling. But the English school began at once with a very great freedom and breadth of handling, where, in the works of Hogarth and Reynolds indeed, every touch is seen in nature, and expresses something positive; but, in most of the later painters, degenerated into a flimsiness and negligence, so that but a very superficial and general image is given of every object, and many pictures have the glaring effect of scene-painting, while others are lost in misty indistinctness. As no good technical rules had been handed down to them by tradition, the English painters endeavoured to establish some for themselves, but with such ill success, that many pictures have very much changed; many are so faded that they have quite the appearance of corpses, others have turned black; the colour has broad cracks in it, nay, in some cases, it has become fluid, and then, from the excessively thick impasto, has run down in single drops."—pp. 231, 232.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is so inadequately represented in this collection, except by Lord Heathfield's portrait, that Mr. Waagen's criticisms may be omitted. His condemnation of West is as severe as might be expected from one conversant with Italian art, and we certainly prefer his judgment to that delivered before the committee by Sir M. A. Shee, which pronounces West the greatest master since the time of the Car-

raccis, a period which, as Mr. Haydon observes, includes Rubens, Vandyck, and Rembrandt! We do not add Guercino, as Mr. Haydon does, because the president, we conceive, meant to include him with the Carraccis; but we might add fairly Poussin, Murillo, and Velasquez. We have always entertained a respect for West, as one who, urged to the choice of a profession by strong natural propensity, pursued the object of his youthful affection with energy and perseverance. If the studies for his works had alone been preserved to us, we might have recognised in them the indication of talents which, in our judgment, were never exemplified in his finished pictures. The latter unfortunately remain to attest how little study, rules, and labour can effect, where an eye for colour, and grace, at least, of design, are wanting. Of all we have seen, we know but one we could have wished to see placed in the National Gallery, the 'Death of General Wolfe,' in which the subject seems to have fired the artist, and a felicitous arrangement, and truth and force of expression, make us forget or forgive the solution of brickdust in which his pencil was steeped. In justice to him we quote a passage which qualifies Mr. Waagen's severe strictures on his 'Last Supper' and 'Christ Healing the Sick.'

"'Orestes and Pylades brought before Iphigenia,' an early work of this artist, has not only something noble and simple in the composition and the forms, but is likewise painted in a tolerably clear, warm, harmonious tone."

"I am happy," says Mr. Waagen, "at being able to conclude my observations on the pictures of the English school in this gallery as worthily as I commenced them with Hogarth, for Wilkie is in his department not only the first painter of our times, but, together with Hogarth, the most spirited and original master of the whole English school. In the most essential particulars, Wilkie has the same style of art as Hogarth. With him he has great variety, refinement, and acuteness in the observation of what is characteristic in nature; and in many of his pictures the subject is strikingly dramatic. Yet in many respects he is different from him; he does not, like Hogarth, exhibit to us moral dramas in whole series of pictures, but contents himself with representing, more in the manner of a novel, one single striking scene. His turn of mind is besides very different. If I might compare Hogarth with Swift, in his biting satire, with which he contemplates mankind only on the dark side, and takes special delight in representing them in a state of the most profound cor-

ruption, of the most frightful misery, I find in Wilkie a close affinity with his celebrated countryman, Sir Walter Scott. Both have in common that genuine, refined delineation of character which extends to the minutest particulars. In the soul of both there is more love than contempt of man; both afford us the most soothing views of the quiet, genial happiness which is sometimes found in the narrow circle of domestic life, and understand how, with masterly skill, by the mixture of delicate traits of good-natured humour, to heighten the charm of such scenes; and if, as poets should be able to do both in language and colours, they show us man in his manifold weaknesses, errors, afflictions, and distresses, yet their humour is of such a kind that it never revolts our feelings. Wilkie is especially to be commended, that in such scenes as the Distress for Rent he never falls into caricature, as has often happened to Hogarth, but with all the energy of expression remains within the bounds of truth. It is affirmed that the deeply impressive and touching character of this picture caused an extraordinary sensation in England when it first appeared. Here we first learn duly to prize another feature of his pictures, namely, their genuine national character. They are in all their parts the most spirited, animated, and faithful representations of the peculiarities and modes of life of the English. In many other respects Wilkie reminds me of the great Dutch painters of common life of the seventeenth century, and likewise in the choice of many subjects, for instance, the Blind Man's Buff; but particularly by the careful and complete making out of the details, in which he is one of the rare exceptions among his countrymen. If he does not go so far in this respect as Douw and Franz Mieris, he is nearly on an equality with the more carefully executed paintings of Teniers and Jan Steen. His touch, too, often approaches the former in spirit and freedom, especially in his earlier pictures. One of them, the Blind Fiddler, is in the gallery. You know this admirable composition from the masterly engraving by Burnet. The effect of the colouring is by no means brilliant, yet the tone of the flesh is warm and clear. The colours, which, as in Hogarth, are very much broken, have a very harmonious effect, the light and shade being very soft, and carried through with great skill. From the predominance of dead colours, the whole has much the appearance of distemper. As well in the above respects as in the *naïveté* and close observation of nature, and the good-natured humour of the subject, this picture is a real masterpiece, which deserves the more admiration since we find, by the date affixed, that it was painted in 1806, when Wilkie was not more than twenty-one years of age."—pp. 239–41.

The annals of art certainly present few instances of an earlier

attainment of eminence, and this in many of the qualities of finished execution which are usually the last results of practice and study. We own that, in contemplating the later productions of this distinguished artist, we revert with a sigh to such works as the Blind Fiddler and the Highland Still—to all we may say which preceded his journey to the Continent. We know not what "cantrip sleight" was cast upon him at Rome or Madrid, but, as to us it seems, he went there one of Nature's most accomplished votaries, and returned, comparatively speaking—for genius still shines in his least successful works—an eclectic imitator of painters, especially perhaps of Rembrandt, one of the greatest of his tribe, but as dangerous a model as artist can select. With such guidance, some of his pictures, the Cotter's Saturday Night, for instance, of last year's exhibition, is little better than a study in one colour, and that colour after all as little like the rich brown of Rembrandt, as General Wolfe's smallclothes in West's picture are like the crimson vestments of a Titian cardinal. That Sir D. Wilkie was ever attracted to portrait-painting by the lucrative considerations which divert so much talent into that channel, we do not for a moment suspect. That caprice should have led him to batten on that field, we hold to be a national misfortune. Of all the portraits we have seen by him, we know but of three which we can contemplate with patience—those of Lord Tankerville and the late Lord Kelly, and the striking likeness of two sheathed swords in the small picture of the Duke of York. We speak thus freely of what we consider a misapplication of powers of the first order, because we can do so without fear of prejudice either to the fortunes or character of one whose reputation is established on great achievements. Aware, as we are, that Sir D. Wilkie has suffered much from ill health, and that the quantity of his works has probably been much restrained by that circumstance, we should have been utterly silent if we believed that the change which we lament in their quality were attributable to that or any cause beyond the artist's control. We see no signs of decay of power, but every indication of an experimental but deliberate change of system. The part we endeavour to support is rather that of Molière's old woman than of the Archbishop of Grenada's secretary.

If we venture thus to speak of Sir D. Wilkie, what can we say of him who some thirty-five years since painted the sea-piece

which hung as a companion to one of Van de Velde's best works in last year's exhibition of old masters at the British Institution? Is it possible that the painter of this picture, of the Italian landscape in Lord Yarborough's possession, which Wilson never exceeded, and of other works which might be cited, can be the perpetrator of those strange patches of chrome, ultramarine, and whiting, which Mr. Turner is wont to exhibit in these days? That these extravagancies have their admirers (purchasers we believe they have few), especially among professional men, we are well aware, and believe that none but artists can fully appreciate the difficulties which this Paganini of the pallette deals with—and overcomes, but after a fashion which makes us devoutly say, with Dr. Johnson, we wish the triumph were impossible. We are also much inclined to believe that as much labour, mental at least, is lavished on such works as on his earlier and most admirable performances; that the exertion of painting the ebullition of cotton, which Mr. Turner was pleased to call an avalanche last year, was as great as would be required for the representation of something in *rerum naturâ;* that the orange-coloured boat in a picture lately in the British Gallery, or the strange phantom of a three-decker in his Battle of Trafalgar, cost him as much trouble as the fishing-vessels in the Bridgewater Gallery. We doubt whether Sir D. Wilkie's apparently least-finished pictures do not involve as much labour and contrivance as those which made him the rival of Ostade, in every quality but that of warmth, and far superior in moral and intellectual respects to either Ostade or Jan Steen, and we can but lament over a perversion of powers, in themselves unimpaired, which every succeeding exhibition forbids us to believe is accidental or attributable to any rational cause or motive. When such are the examples set to younger men by their most distinguished elders, it is the less surprising that the mass of our artists should afford such constant instances of the struggle for effect, the search for new and eccentric paths to success, the scorn of labour and finish, which never yet led to excellence, and which annually disfigure the walls of our exhibition-rooms. There are, doubtless, names to be excepted from any such sweeping condemnation. Stanfield, Calcott, and Landseer will occur as such to every one. We tremble to enter on the invidious task of specifying further exceptions. Fielding in describing his Sophia

desires his reader to attribute to her the attractions of the lady of that reader's own affections; we wish each of ours to consider his own favourite artist as one of those whom our limits forbid us to enumerate. For the honour of America, however, we must have the elegant and thoughtful Leslie—and, for the honour of Scotland, we must name Sir Walter Scott's friend and favourite, William Allan. His Circassian Captives and his pictures of National History fully justify the poet's predilection. The grandeur and originality of Mr. Martin's conceptions, the Oriental magnificence of his architectural designs, and the magical execution of his distances, plead forgiveness for that unfortunate deficiency in anatomical design which appears whenever his figures exceed the fraction of an inch in their dimensions. We wish he could design one man as well as he does a million. Genius and profuse fertility none can deny to Maclise. We could cut fifty cabinet pictures, many of them exquisitely beautiful, out of one of his larger works, which as a whole displeases us. The Basing Hall of the younger Landseer was a passport to academical honours which public appreciation has ratified. Etty, Collins, Eastlake, require no comment. Others may adduce other favourite exceptions, and we gainsay them not. Many more artists may be cited with whom talent is in various shapes associated, but there are few indeed of whom a fair critic, imbued with no more fastidiousness than belongs to decent knowledge and rational admiration of ancient art, would pronounce that the talent had been effectually brought into action. If there be one painter of our own time who deserves praise for the example of labour united with genius, it is Mr. Landseer. In his principal department he can hardly be said to have a rival, ancient or modern: even Snyders fails in the comparison; and Rubens has not done enough in this way for us to dwell upon—though undoubtedly his Spanish Hunt, in Bath House, is a thing *per se*. To the power of expression which he shows in his pictures of the brute creation, Mr. L. adds a felicity and truth in the imitation of surface and texture which few have equalled of any school or country; but, above all, the patronage and ready sale which such qualities have secured to him have not rendered him careless, hasty, or slovenly, and every succeeding work appears to us more conscientiously elaborated than its predecessor.

Few will controvert the remark applied by Mr. Waagen to

the exhibition of Somerset House of the year 1836,—that of the higher order of historical painting it contained no specimen. With the exception perhaps of Sir D. Wilkie's John Knox, we remember but little reason for not extending this remark generally to the exhibitions within our recollection. At all events, historical painting is certainly at its lowest ebb in this country. Many reasons are assigned for the fact by those who admit and lament it. Some attribute it to the existence of an academy; others, such as Mr. Stanley, the auctioneer, an intelligent witness before the House of Commons Committee, to the want of encouragement and taste in patrons. If these were the true and only causes of the deficiency, the remedy would be obvious. Mr. Hume would demolish the academy, and charge nothing for the operation; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer may raise Michael Angelos by an annual grant. We believe the cause to be different, and not removable by either of these simples. England, in its habits, its people, its faces, its costume, is essentially unpicturesque. The eye of its inhabitant is not familiarised with forms and combinations, such as historical painting requires. We suspect there is no remedy for this. Excellent imitations of Italian masters may from time to time occur, but we do not anticipate that the time will ever arrive when the class of art, the absence of which is so much lamented, will flourish as an indigenous product of our soil. Heaven has cast our lot in a land where Michael Angelo would have been a master-builder, Raphael a fashionable portrait-painter with a sky-blue watch-ribbon at his button-hole, and Lionardo a civil engineer in great practice, annually baited before railroad committees by Messrs. Austen and Talbot. In speaking thus of historical painting and its prospects we wish to be understood as intending more especially, though not exclusively, to designate that class of works which, from dimensions as well as style and subject, are rather ornaments for the temple and the palace than the cabinet of the private individual. Strictly speaking, it is certainly not necessary that an historical subject, sacred or profane, should be treated on a scale which should make it, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, too large for admission into the latter. The cabinet works of Raphael, the three Marys at Castle Howard, Correggio's Christ in the Garden, could derive little increase of dignity and none of expression by

any expansion of their dimensions. It must, however, be remembered that the painters of such works were masters of their art upon its largest scale, and that the hands which elaborated these miniature illustrations of grace, beauty, and expression, could sweep the walls of the Vatican, the ceilings of the Farnese, and the cupolas of Parma with a more rapid pencil and a fuller brush. We suspect that the one class of works cannot exist in entire independence of the other, and that great excellence in design will seldom, if ever, be attained under circumstances, and in a condition of society, which prevent its professors from cultivating the grander course of study and practice pursued by nearly all the great masters of Italy. With the exception perhaps of Poussin, we recollect at the moment none whose claims to that character are not established on works either colossal or of the full dimensions of life. We have reason to think that the truth and importance of this theory are felt by most artists, and that there is a general desire on the part of men, conscious of talent, to work on a large scale, which is only checked by the notorious fact that in this country there is for many and obvious reasons no market for the large commodity.

Patronage on the part of individuals being practically out of the question, the next consideration is, whether, in accordance with the suggestions of Mr. Waagen and many others, it can be afforded by the public. Public encouragement to the arts has, generally speaking, been derived from two distinct sources. The first and most prevalent has been the influence of religious feeling brought into action by Catholicism. That source of encouragement and inspiration to the artist is neutralised in this country. Apart from this, as well as in concert with it, encouragement has been often supplied by the depositaries of public power. If, however, we investigate instances, we shall perhaps find that, where the advance of art can be traced to such adventitious aid, it was usually afforded by individuals in high station, whom lucky accident had invested not only with taste for the beautiful, but with tolerably uncontrolled means of gratifying it:—by kings and princes who dipped *ad libitum* in the public purse, and not by ministers overloaded with business and burthened with responsibilities, movers of estimates, and defenders of items—and still less by public assemblies, whose deliberations

on such matters were influenced by heads, hearts, and understandings of the capacity and temper of Mr. Joseph Hume. That a country so governed may be the most fortunate and flourishing on the face of the earth, far be it from us to dispute; but we venture respectfully to profess an opinion that the less its government has to say to the fine arts the better. In this point of view, therefore, as well as for the other equally powerful considerations we have mentioned, we are inclined to despair of the progress of the English school in this direction. We do not, therefore, complain of the absence of "Last Suppers," or "Battles of Constantine." We could be well content with less. What we do complain of is, that the nature we have around us is misrepresented, that we have no Ruysdael for the gloom of our skies and the deep foliage of our woods, no Cuyp for our sunshine. We complain of the want of truth and repose, of the glare of contrasted colours, the struggle for effect, the everlasting attempt of man to improve on God's works, arguing the insane vanity of the sovereign who thought he could have somewhat improved the arrangement of the solar and sidereal system.

Since the above observations were penned, adverting to the probabilities of the creation of a school of historical painting in this country, Mr. Hazlitt's clever treatise, written for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' has come under our notice. We have read no work of that author with anything approaching to the same gratification: the fact is, that he had been educated for painting as a profession, and, though his pencil is said to have been a poor one, he certainly understood the subject well theoretically. The whole tendency of the treatise is to show that the perfection attained by all the great masters arose from the study of the nature which surrounded them, and not from that imagined improvement upon nature which has been called the ideal. Hear Mr. Hazlitt on the subject of the Elgin Marbles and Raphael:—

"The great works of art at present extant, and which may be regarded as models of perfection in their several kinds, are the Greek statues, the pictures of the celebrated Italian masters, those of the Dutch and Flemish schools, to which we may add the comic productions of our own countryman Hogarth. These all stand unrivalled in the history of art; and they owe their pre-eminence and

perfection to one and the same principle, the immediate imitation of nature. This principle predominated equally in the classical forms of the antique, and in the grotesque figures of Hogarth: the perfection of art in each arose from the truth and identity of the imitation with the reality; the difference was in the subjects—there was none in the mode of imitation. Yet the advocates for the ideal system of art would persuade their disciples that the difference between Hogarth and the antique does not consist in the different forms of nature which they imitated, but in this, that the one is like and the other unlike nature. This is an error, the most detrimental perhaps of all others, both to the theory and practice of art. As, however, the prejudice is very strong and general, and supported by the highest authority, it will be necessary to go somewhat elaborately into the question, in order to produce an impression on the other side. What has given rise to the common notion of the ideal, as something quite distinct from actual nature, is probably the perfection of the Greek statues. Not seeing among ourselves anything to correspond in beauty and grandeur, either with the features or form of the limbs in these exquisite remains of antiquity, it was an obvious but a superficial conclusion that they must have been created from the idea existing in the artist's mind, and could not have been copied from anything existing in nature. The contrary, however, is the fact. The general form, both of the face and figure, which we observe in the old statues, is not an ideal abstraction, is not a fanciful invention of the sculptor, but is as completely local and national (though it happens to be more beautiful) as the figures on a Chinese screen, or a copperplate engraving of a negro chieftain in a book of travels. It will not be denied that there is a difference of physiognomy, as well as of complexion, in different races of men. The Greek form appears to have been naturally beautiful, and they had, besides, every advantage of climate, of dress, of exercise, and modes of life to improve it. The artist had also every facility afforded him in the study and knowledge of the human form; and their religious and public institutions gave him every encouragement in the prosecution of this art. All these causes contributed to the perfection of these noble productions; but we should be inclined principally to attribute the superior symmetry of form common to the Greek statues, in the first place to the superior symmetry of the models in nature, and in the second to the more constant opportunities for studying them. If we allow, also, for the superior genius of the people, we shall not be wrong; but this superiority consisted in their peculiar susceptibility to the impressions of what is beautiful and grand in nature. It may be thought an objection to what has just been said, that the antique figures of animals, &c., are as

fine, and proceed on the same principles, as their statues of gods or men. But all that follows from this seems to be, that their art had been perfected in the study of the human form, the test and proof of power and skill; and was then transferred easily to the general imitation of all other objects, according to their true characters, proportions, and appearances. As a confirmation of these remarks, the antique portraits of individuals were often superior even to the personifications of their gods. We think that no unprejudiced spectator of real taste can hesitate for a moment in preferring the head of the Antinous, for example, to that of the Apollo. And in general it may be laid down as a rule, that the most perfect of the antiques are the most simple,—those which affect the least action, or violence of passion,—which repose the most on natural beauty of form, and a certain expression of sweetness and dignity, that is, which remain most nearly in that state in which they could be copied from nature without straining the limbs or features of the individual, or racking the invention of the artist. This tendency of Greek art to repose has indeed been reproached with insipidity by those who had not a true feeling of beauty and sentiment. We, however, prefer these models of habitual grace or internal grandeur to the violent distortions of suffering in the Laocoon, or even to the supercilious air of the Apollo. The Niobe, more than any other antique head, combines truth and beauty with deep passion. But here the passion is fixed, intense, habitual; it is not a sudden or violent gesticulation, but a settled mould of features; the grief it expresses is such as might almost turn the human countenance itself into marble.

"In general, then, we would be understood to maintain that the beauty and grandeur so much admired in the Greek statues were not a voluntary fiction of the brain of the artist, but existed substantially in the forms from which they were copied, and by which the artist was surrounded. A striking authority in support of these observations, which has in some measure been lately discovered, is to be found in the Elgin Marbles, taken from the Acropolis at Athens, and supposed to be the works of the celebrated Phidias. The process of fastidious refinement and indefinite abstraction is certainly not visible there. The figures have all the ease, the simplicity, and variety of individual nature. Even the details of the subordinate parts, the loose hanging folds in the skin, the veins under the belly, or on the sides of the horses, more or less swelled, as the animal is more or less in action, are given with scrupulous exactness. This is true nature and true art. In a word, these invaluable remains of antiquity are precisely like casts taken from life. The ideal is not the preference of that which exists only in the mind to that which exists in nature; but the preference of that which is

fine in nature to that which is less so. There is nothing fine in art but what is taken almost immediately, and as it were in the mass, from what is finer in nature. Where there have been the finest models in nature, there have been the finest works of art.

"As the Greek statues were copied from Greek forms, so Raffaelle's expressions were taken from Italian faces; and we have heard it remarked, that the women in the streets of Rome seem to have walked out of his pictures in the Vatican.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds constantly refers to Raffaelle as the highest example in modern times (at least with one exception) of the grand or ideal style; and yet he makes the essence of that style to consist in the embodying of an abstract or general idea, formed in the mind of the artist by rejecting the peculiarities of individuals, and retaining only what is common to the species. Nothing can be more inconsistent than the style of Raffaelle with this definition. In his Cartoons, and in his groups in the Vatican, there is hardly a face or figure which is anything more than fine individual nature finely disposed and copied. The late Mr. Barry, who could not be suspected of prejudice on this side of the question, speaks thus of them:—'In Raffaelle's pictures (at the Vatican) of the Dispute of the Sacrament, and the School of Athens, one sees all the heads to be entirely copied from particular characters in nature, nearly proper for the persons and situations which he adapts them to; and he seems to me only to add and take away what may answer his purpose in little parts, features, &c.; conceiving, while he had the head before him, ideal characters and expressions, which he adapts these features and peculiarities of face to. This attention to the particulars which distinguish all the different faces, persons, and characters, the one from the other, gives his pictures quite the verity and unaffected dignity of nature, which stamp the distinguishing differences betwixt one man's face and body and another's.'"—pp. 8–13.

We may here remark, in confirmation of Hazlitt and Barry, that the head of the Joseph in the Vierge au Palmier of the Bridgewater Gallery is the likeness of Raffaelle's friend Bramante, which is reproduced in the School of Athens.

We think that there never was a theory more strongly made out by instances than that of Mr. Hazlitt; but if it be a sound one, it increases our doubt and apprehension as to the possible success of any endeavours, public or private, to raise a plant to which the soil of this country is, in our opinion, manifestly uncongenial. The government, if Mr. Hume consent, may cover

the walls of the new Houses of Parliament with subjects from our national history. Louis Philippe is giving this sort of encouragement to art at Versailles. The result, when measured by the yard or the mile, may be magnificent, but we doubt its success when measured by another standard.

With respect, however, to the humbler departments of art—humbler, but scarcely less delightful as elements of human enjoyment and adjuncts of civilisation—we can see no reason why they are what now we find them, and why they should remain so far in the rear of Holland. We use this expression advisedly; for, without any invidious specification of names, our best works, either of landscape or interior, are still far behind those of the Dutch school. They are often superior, at least equal, in qualities which depend on the fancy and imagination, in choice of subject and composition, but this very superiority makes their defects of execution the more apparent. Take one first-class picture by any one of a dozen masters we could name from the Queen's, the Bridgewater, or Sir Robert Peel's collection, place it in our exhibition, and let those who doubt or misunderstand us abide the result. The hackneyed cry of want of encouragement cannot be raised in answer to our complaint. We do not believe there ever existed a community in which the pecuniary stimulus was more largely applied than in ours to the class of works now in question. Let any one who doubts visit the British Gallery two days after its opening, and count how many pictures of any fair pretension to merit remain unsold, and let it be remembered that the modern picture is not, like the old one, the subject either of a bidding at Christie's, or of bargain and abatement. The price is fixed for ready money, and the purchaser takes it at the artist's valuation. Whether the said artist be remunerated or not, the fact remains that the price is usually one which the purchaser cannot hope to recover, should caprice or necessity induce him thereafter to part with it. We can at this moment obtain for 50*l.* a picture which cost 1000*l.* There are exceptions to this. We should have no objection, were we capitalists instead of reviewers, to purchase from Landseer and Calcott on mere speculation, at their usual prices, as fast as they could paint.* We have applied these observa-

* We think it but just to mention that the latter artist has suffered some injustice from accidental false report in the newspapers as to his demand in one

tions to the British Gallery. The rules of the Academy exhibition give no facility for the disposal of pictures. The dignity of that society prevents the amateur from obtaining a ready knowledge of the terms on which he may gratify his taste, or want of it. From experience, as well as theory, we are convinced that this delicacy stands much in the way of the artist's interest. The trouble alone of a formal application to the painter deters many an amateur—the mere inquiry raises hopes which many are loth to incur a risk of disappointing. We can look at the points and action of a horse, and bid Messrs. Anderson or Elmore take him back to his stall, without fear of offence or mortification to those eminent dealers; but then they did not make the horse. We cannot with the same indifference trot out a young artist's favourite work, and, by declining to purchase, pronounce the implied censure that the price is extravagant. In our judgment the dignity of the Academy would suffer no impeachment by allowing their exhibition-rooms to serve a purpose for which the genius of their architect seems to have contrived them, for, though none of their compartments is on the whole equal to the auction-room of Mr. Christie, they are well lighted, and a small bureau for the agent of the sales would hardly impair the beauty of their present *ensemble*.

We are not disposed to join in the crusade against the Royal Academy, thinking its efficacy for good and evil has been much exaggerated by its enemies and advocates. We object to its destruction, and have seen no measure mooted for its radical reform which we think would tend to raise or benefit the profession. A constituency of exhibitors for three years, for instance. If, indeed, the average value of their performances could be shown to amount to forty shillings! Even then, we are afraid our Reform would make the realm of art one scene of confusion. We should have banners with "A— for the Academy," "Vote for Z—," and the purlieus of Newman-street might become as uninhabitable by quiet people as some boroughs bid fair to become under the Municipal Bill. There is, however,

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instance, that of the picture of Lord F. Egerton's family. The price of it was stated at the time of its exhibition at 1500 guineas. We are not aware that any censure was ever conveyed of this presumed amount, but it is but fair to the artist to state our knowledge that the sum for which the work was undertaken and executed was 600*l*.

one privilege of the body to which we object as cordially as any member of Mr. Ewart's committee, or Mr. Martin, whose picture was spoiled by it—we mean the privilege of varnishing and retouching within the walls of the Academy. Some are for the "fair extension" of this privilege. Heaven forbid! say we. We are for its abolition, as giving encouragement to the worst practices of the English school, to haste, to carelessness, to the lust for spurious effect, and to the unfairest advantages. We have heard of such things as a canvas hung up with scarcely an indication of subject, and in some hours elaborated into a picture, with the direct view to overwhelm by its brilliancy a sober neighbour. It is well known that artists avail themselves of this licence to paint up to one another. Why cannot they paint up to nature, and finish their pictures at home? It is only fair to that high-minded and accomplished gentleman, Sir M. A. Shee, to state that we implicitly believe that part of his evidence which shews that he himself and many of his brethren are incapable of misusing this or any of the privileges to which their rank as academicians entitles them. (See Report of the Committee, p. 166, *passim.*)

We have been, perhaps, more free in the expression of our opinions on the English school than Mr. Waagen's text may be considered to justify: our right to an opinion has been purchased, at least, by many a shilling and many a toilsome ascent to the upper regions of Somerset House. Our opinions, we doubt not, are much at variance with those of the majority. We believe it to be one of the misfortunes of the English school, and of the Royal Academy, that compliments and flattery have engendered a complacent feeling of superiority over other nations in this matter, and that many of our artists live in a kind of Fools' Paradise, the atmosphere of which is little calculated to stimulate their energies or correct their errors. We have often heard it stated as an indisputable fact, that, whatever may be the general condition of modern art, the English school is, at least, pre-eminent over all others. A trifling superiority in anatomical design is, perhaps, conceded to the French; but their advantage in this respect is considered as more than compensated by our presumed excellence in colour. David is taken as the type of our neighbours; and we talk of ourselves as if Reynolds and Gainsborough were annual exhibitors. Sir

Thomas Lawrence's pre-eminence in portraiture has also much contributed to this complacent assertion of our elevation above all rivals, and we, perhaps, overlook the fact that his mantle has yet fallen on no successor. He certainly had no rival of his day; and, in one most important branch of his department—the selection and transference to canvas of the best expression of the human countenance—we doubt whether he ever was exceeded. His defects were legion, especially in his female portraits, of which the attitudes were usually distorted, vulgar, and theatrical. In all, his drawing was notoriously defective, his draperies unskilfully arranged, and his details, though frequently laboured, ill executed. Of David we are disposed to speak with as much abhorrence in his character of painter as in that of terrorist and purveyor to the guillotine. He may certainly be considered as the type of the French school of his day—of the revolution and the empire: and the influence of his execrable taste extended over Europe. We have seen, at least, notable examples of its effect in the very sanctuaries of ancient art—in Rome, Milan, Madrid. That influence was, however, obtained, as usual, by great talent and accomplished execution in the vicious style he selected. The best and worst examples of it were, perhaps, exhibited to the British public in Leicester-square two years since—the Death of Marat, wonderful for truth, and two nude figurantes from the opera, entitled Mars and Venus. In his classical style he never painted anything to be compared for merit with Le Thierre's Judgment of Brutus. We know not what has become of this picture, which Louis Philippe certainly ought to add to his collection: seen at a proper distance, and with a due arrangement of light, it had a kind of panoramic truth of effect which made the spectator feel as if he were assisting at the half-completed execution of the sons under the eye of the father. David's influence is, however, now on the wane: it still produces, we believe, a certain number of cold and hard classicalities; but the most eminent French artists no longer follow in his footsteps. Paul Delaroche, who, we are obliged to confess, has no rival in this country, is no more a painter of the French school, so called, than he is of that of Michael Angelo; in tone and execution he more nearly resembles V. de Helst or Terburgh. Horace Vernet, appropriately termed by Mr. Hazlitt the grenadier of painting, has

attained great excellence in a department which, in this country, is not likely to be cultivated with success, for we have nothing military in our habits; few of our shopmen as yet wear mustachios; a military spectacle is of rare and holiday occurrence, familiar only to the nursery-maids and other early frequenters of Hyde Park, and the attendants on royal and Speaker's levees. We have no doubt that the deputy-lieutenants, who muster at the latter, present fine individual subjects for the pencil, but not, perhaps, such as the great military monarchies of the Continent supply to their Vernets and Bellangés. No artist since Van der Meulen has delineated the movements of troops with success equal to that of Vernet, and there is a spirit and truth in his battles which none have exceeded: his horses, also, are excellent.

In marine painting we have a right to a superiority which is well maintained by Mr. Stanfield, though Gudin is not a competitor to be despised. A specimen of that artist has been lately exhibited in London, which has great merit. We are not, however, surprised that it has found no purchaser, for the subject is one of surpassing horror: and the greater the power displayed in treating themes of death, starvation, and despair, the less do we desire to put ourselves in the way of their daily contemplation. Altogether, though the French school has not yet acquired the warmth of Titian or Reynolds, we doubt whether it does not compete with our own.

Even in the humbler department of water-colour, which owes its origin and advance to our countrymen, we should advise the associates of Pall-mall East not to be too confident of retaining their pre-eminence. Few Frenchmen would think of claiming an equality with us in that agreeable branch of art; and nowhere are the works of Fielding and Cattermole, &c., more highly appreciated than in Paris. French albums and the portfolios of dealers are filled with their works; but, while acknowledging our supremacy, they have profited by our example, and especially by that of Bonnington, who closed his brief career of labour and success in France. We cannot here avoid inserting a sentence of regret for the early loss of this painter, and of another who gave more than promise of excellence, Liversege. If the French have as yet no water-colour painter of landscape or marine equal to Fielding or Dewint, they have much more

variety in their choice of subject, and their sounder education in design gives them a great advantage in figures.

With the modern school or schools of Germany, the chief of which has risen and flourishes in Dusseldorf, we are ashamed to confess no further acquaintance than is derived from numerous engravings, principally lithographic, which have lately reached this country, and from the work entitled 'L'Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne,' published by Count Raczynski. The statements contained in this treatise of the resurrection and progress of German art are so interesting, and the subject is so extensive as well as novel, that, even were we better acquainted with the productions of the painters whose names are for the first time introduced to our notice, we should be inclined rather to reserve the Count's volume for future and distinct notice than to attempt its present review. We trust, indeed, that the ignorance which prevails in this country of the works, almost of the existence, of the Dusseldorf school will shortly be removed; for, judging merely from the engraved evidence before us, we believe there is no quarter from which our artists are so likely to derive a salutary example, and a corrective of their peculiar errors. We have heard, on what we consider good authority, that the merits of the paintings of this school, in those matters which cannot be conveyed through the medium of engraving, are fully commensurate with those which we are already prepared to recognise. Without entering into a detail of names, we venture to doubt whether French or English cotemporary art has produced anything superior to the Jeremiah, or the Girls at the Fountain, of Bendeman, the two Leonoras of Sohn, or the two snow-pieces of Lessing, of which the engravings are before us.

We have reason, indeed, to believe that the aim of our Teutonic relatives is in the highest degree ambitious, and that the direction in which they are advancing is one which makes their progress matter of great interest to all observers. That they should carry into their cultivation of the fine arts the disposition to mysticism which is so congenial to their race, and has left so strong an impress on their literature, might reasonably be anticipated; and we believe that their artists not only profess, but act upon, theories which would hardly occur to the children of any other family than that which has numbered the Kants and John Pauls among its members. Some indications of this we find in a

passage of Mr. Waagen's third volume, p. 32, which acquaints us that some students have become converts to Catholicism with the mere view of the attainment of excellence in their profession—of gaining, as it were, the freedom of the corporation of Catholic illustrators of sacred story, and establishing their claim to drink at the common fount which refreshed and inspired the giants of old time, from Giotto and Van Eyck to Perugino and Raphael. The names of ten of the most distinguished artists are enumerated by Count Raczynski as having avowed this conversion in 1814. Mr. Waagen denies the necessity of such means for the attainment of the end proposed—an opinion which, out of his own country, will meet with few dissentients. If, however, we are rightly informed, this is but one of many shapes in which the eccentric enthusiasm of Germany has displayed itself in the matter of the fine arts, and the sincerity of her theorists is, in many instances, tried by a stronger test than the mere profession of a faith and doctrine. We hear of sects whose tenets inculcate sacrifices, self-denial, mortification, and control, such as of old nothing but religious fervour, or, at least, the fanaticism which inspired the students of magic and alchemy, ever produced. According to the creed of this society, the strictest moral training is necessary for him who aims at those high objects alone worthy of legitimate and lofty ambition. He must bring to the struggle for such prizes a virgin purity and undebauched vigour of mind and body; he must shun every sensual stimulus, and banish, as far as possible, the influences of earthly passion, or else, like Sir Epicure Mammon in Jonson's play, must submit to forfeit his chances of success. It is in vain that the advocates of a laxer creed would oppose to such theories the example of him in whose studio the Fornarina was domiciled. These enthusiasts are worshippers, indeed, of Raphael, but of the young pupil of Perugino, not of the painter of the Transfiguration. If it be true, as we have heard, that doctrines such as these have practical influence on the lives and habits of men in the prime of life, the fact is curious and striking; and, for our own part, we are not disposed to censure the theory till we have better means than at present we possess of estimating the results.

Count Raczynski, in his Introduction, mentions Thorwaldsen as one of four great men who have principally contributed to the opening the new æra of the arts in Germany. That country

may acknowledge him as the leader in the art of sculpture, but his influence has not been confined to its limits. In our apprehension the services he has rendered to art as the leader of his own school have been scarcely equal to those which he has performed as the rival and antidote to Canova. We shall, perhaps, startle the numerous admirers of the latter by the expression of an opinion that no influence except that of David has been in our time more dangerous than that which he exerted, and that, if the effect of it was less extensively pernicious than in the case of the painter, the escape may be mainly attributed to Thorwaldsen. In the manipulation of marble, and in the finished effect produced by the last touches of the chisel, Canova far excelled all his contemporaries. These qualities, aided by the influence of a pure and amiable private character, placed him at the head of an host of admirers; but the direction of his taste was essentially vicious. From his early work of Dædalus and Icarus, which might pass for a group of the elder Vestris and his son dressing for rehearsal, down to his Hebe, his inspiration appears to us to have been drawn at least as much from the French opera as from the Vatican or the Tribune. To this theory there are doubtless exceptions, and the principal among them, perhaps the Pietà, the last he modelled, but which he did not live to execute in marble. Against this divergence from the true standard Thorwaldsen appears to us on the other hand to have opposed the force of his Icelandic shoulders, and to have compensated by the example of a purer and grander style for any trifling inferiority in the humbler department of elaborate execution.

The long list of collections visited by Mr. Waagen proves the diligence with which he availed himself of his opportunities. We see no reason to question the general soundness and good sense of his criticisms; and his nomenclature, which, as may be expected, especially in the case of provincial collections, frequently differs from that of the catalogue, is often worthy the attention of those who wish to be correct in such matters, and are unwilling invariably to ascribe the work of the follower of any particular school to its leader. His observations on this point, and on the minuter features of pictures which affect the questions of their condition and authenticity, may have interest, in particular instances, for proprietors and visitors; beyond this, we cannot perceive that his labours have much value, or, indeed, any de-

finite purpose in which the public is concerned. His work is almost as diffuse as a catalogue, but far too incomplete to serve the ordinary purposes of one to succeeding travellers, who can surely derive little advantage from such items as these, which may be selected *ad libitum*:—

"J. Ruysdael—a rude country, thickly grown with trees, in which a brook forms a waterfall; very carefully executed."

And—

"Backhuysen—dark clouds cast their shadows over the sea, which is running very high, and is covered with several ships. Far more true than usual; very harmonious in the cool tone, and of admirable effect."

It seems to us that annotations of this description, unaccompanied by the usual appliances for identification and accurate reference, can have value for none but the author, who may find them most useful for refreshing his own memory, but has no pretence for emptying the note-book that contains them on the heads of the public. Neither do we think that Mr. Waagen has been particularly successful in directing the attention of his readers to the works of principal merit and interest in the collections he visited. For this we hardly blame him. Criticism has no method of algebraical notation by which relative value can be strictly calculated and recorded. To make amends for this deficiency, his pages, at least, have the negative and rare merit of being free from the cant of affected enthusiasm, and vapid attempts at descriptive eloquence.

Mr. Waagen's provincial excursion comprised a triangle, of which the base extended from London to Bath, and the apex was Castle Howard. In the performance of a journey of this extent, without a companion, his spirits seem to have been supported by minor aids, extrinsic to the numerous objects of curiosity which attracted him to the undertaking. Few foreigners have given so favourable a report of the appliances of the English kitchen, which often, on the contrary, fall under the severest lash of the continental tourist. Not only the turtle of Blackwall, and the grouse of Chatsworth, but the mutton-chops of the road-side inn, obtain his warm approbation; and, what we confess we have rarely been so fortunate as to meet with on this side of the Irish Channel—

"potatoes of the best kind, so boiled as to manifest all the valuable qualities with which nature has endowed them."

At Corsham House he partakes of the Sunday dinner of the courteous and excellent lady who officiates as guardian to Mr. P. Methuen's extensive collection, and is in absolute raptures with lamb, apple-tart, and custard.

"To give you an idea," says he to his friend at Berlin, "of a Sunday dinner among this class of people, I will tell you in what it consisted. First of all there was a joint of lamb admirably roasted—on which I must observe that the lambs in England do not, as with us, consist of hardly anything but skin and bone, but have, besides, plenty of tender and sound flesh and fine fat. As for vegetables, we had the best potatoes and beans. After this came an apple-pie with custard; to which a very delicate taste was imparted by the juice of some flower unknown to me. Gloucester cheese and very good ale concluded the whole."—vol. iii. pp. 8, 9.

We hate a false conclusion like an unfilled can, and are proportionally satisfied with that of Mr. Waagen. There are many reasons why the lambs of England should have plenty of sound fat. We suspect, however, though the above passage gives us reviewers a most favourable impression of Mr. Methuen's establishment, that it conveys a very inadequate idea of either a Sunday or week-day dinner among "this class of people;" and that, if the good professor had condescended to initiate himself into the mysteries of the steward's room in some of the other mansions on his route, his professorial eyes would have been further opened, and other items have been recorded in his note-book, beside which, lamb, apple-tart, and ale, would cut a most contemptible figure. "This class of people, indeed!" "Marry, come up! no more people than yourself, Mr. Waagen!"

Among the best specimens of Mr. Waagen's detailed criticism on an old subject we may mention his visit to the Cartoons at Hampton Court, where, by Lord Howe's intervention, he enjoyed the privilege of seeing these, and the other objects of art in that palace, at his leisure, instead of being goaded onward, amid an herd of bleating cockneys, by an inexorable drover. He, of course, notices the judicious arrangement by which these works, the most valuable which England possesses, enjoy the distinction of being lighted from below instead of from above, like vulgar

collections, and by which two of retired habits are allowed almost to shun observation altogether.

Mr. Waagen's national enthusiasm for music will make some passages in his volumes interesting to its lovers. We, albeit of the profane, are tempted to extract the following criticism on Rubini, arising out of that professor's performance at the Concert of Ancient Music. If the attorney-general be moved to prosecute Mr. Waagen for a libel, or worse, we are ready to share the costs and damages in case of conviction.

"I was extremely desirous to hear, for the first time, the celebrated Malibran, and the first tenor singer, Rubini. My expectations of the latter were satisfied only in part. His voice certainly has an extraordinary charm; it combines great force with melting softness; and is so highly cultivated that it most delicately marks the variations even in pianissimo. But his mode of executing Mozart's two celebrated airs, 'Il mio Tesoro' and 'Diess Bildniss ist bezaubernd schön,' in an Italian translation, could not please anybody who is familiar with the spirit of Mozart's music. Without paying the slightest attention to the sense of the words, a violent forcing of the tone was succeeded at once by a scarcely audible, murmuring pianissimo—so that the enchanting flow, the peculiar blending, of the melody, were wholly lost. It was as if one would attempt to copy a picture of Correggio by putting white close to black; whereas, the charm of such a work is, that these extremes are never close to each other, but that the whole is connected by a series of insensible gradations."

We have mentioned the gratification we have experienced from the perusal of Mr. Hazlitt's essay; we must add a similar testimony in favour of his fellow-labourer, Mr. Haydon. His treatise seems to us the result of study and observation extensive and profound. Some evidence of these qualities was necessary to give weight and authority to the freedom and decision of his style of criticism. We recommend to our readers a very ingenious theory on a passage of Pliny which has puzzled all commentators—the anecdote of the visit of Apelles to the studio of Protogenes (p. 107); and which seems to us to offer as rational a solution of the difficulty as, at this distance of time, can be supplied. His opinions on the subject of our own, and all other possible academies, are well known; and his indignation against them in this treatise occupies fewer of its pages than we should have

expected. We cannot controvert the fact that few men of eminence have been formed by academies; nor can we, at the same time, understand why or how sterling genius and talent should suffer itself to be depressed by any circumstances incident to the existence of an academy. Having under review this volume of Mr. Haydon, we should apologise for not having sooner noticed as an artist the painter of the Judgment of Solomon, of which, were we to say that it is superior to any contemporary English picture on a sacred subject, he would hardly take the assertion as a compliment. Few painters have been more unequal, and few we fear less fortunate; but his talents have been recognised by the most illustrious of his contemporaries in other departments—and the enthusiastic eulogies of Wordsworth in particular will have due weight hereafter.*

While hastening to our conclusion, the opening of the first Exhibition in Trafalgar-square interrupts us with matter for comment—which might well delay us longer than most readers would approve of. Whether it affords us any reason for modifying our observations on the two great artists against whose present system we have taken up our humble but sincere testimony, we leave to the learned to decide. If such should be disposed to think that Sir D. Wilkie's Queen in Council only corroborates our criticism, we have no fear of their drawing a contrary conclusion from the lady whom Mr. Turner is pleased to call Phryne. We have been, nevertheless, gratified by various features in the display of 1838; and especially, it affords more promise on the part of some of the younger artists than many of its predecessors.

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* The following sonnet on 'Buonaparte at St. Helena,' in Sir R. Peel's collection, is not in our copy of Wordsworth's poems, and may be new to many of our readers :—

HAYDON ! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown, in truth of lines
And charm of colours; *I* applaud those signs
Of thought that give the true *poetic* thrill—
That unincumber'd whole of blank and still—
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one man that laboured to enslave
The world, sole standing high on the bare hill—
Back turned, arms folded—the unapparent face
Tinged (we may fancy) in this dreary place,
With light reflected from the invisible sun—
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like *them:* the unguilty power pursues his way,
And before *Him* doth dawn perpetual run.

We have complained of the want of English Cuyps and Ruysdaels—meaning thereby, of accomplished and faithful imitators of the features of English landscape. If any one be likely to rebuke us for this complaint it is Mr. Lee—who indeed bids fair to become the Hobbema of his time and country. The Young Giotto of Mr. Simpson, and the Italian Inn of Mr. Cope, give us the greater pleasure, inasmuch as we were not familiar with the names of these two artists. We know not whether any bye-law of the Academy forbids that body to reject works presented for admission by its own members—if so, there are pictures, statues, and busts in this exhibition which indicate an urgent necessity for the repeal of the provision. Since, however, we have alluded at all to sculpture, we must be allowed to express our heartfelt admiration of one article in that department—the Paolo and Francesca of the younger Westmacott. The most beautiful Episode of Dante never had such an interpreter and illustrator as it has found in this most graceful and touching relievo—a work which at once places Mr. W. in the highest rank of his profession.

V.—LIFE OF BLÜCHER.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, SEPTEMBER, 1842.*

THE unjust apportionment of present and posthumous fame to military eminence has often been the subject of grave remonstrance on the part of the aspirants to civil and literary distinction. Helvetius, in his work 'Sur l'Esprit,' once famous, now little read, attempts the solution of this standing riddle in human affairs:—

"If we can in any instance imagine that we perceive a rallying point for the general esteem of mankind—if, for example, the military be considered among all nations the first of sciences—the reason is, that the great captain is in nearly all countries the man of greatest utility, at least up to the period of a convention for general peace. This peace once confirmed, a preference over the greatest captain in the world would unquestionably be given to men celebrated in science, law, literature, or the fine arts. From whence," says Helvetius, with an eye to the pervading theory of his fallacious treatise, "I conclude that the general interest is in every nation the only dispenser of its esteem!"

Unfortunately for the French sage, that which he calls esteem, which we should rather term renown, is indiscriminately enough bestowed upon the destroyers as well as the saviours of nations—upon the selfish aggressor who amuses himself with the bloody game of foreign conquest, as well as upon the patriot who resists him. Philosophers may draw distinctions in the study, but Cæsar will share the meed with Leonidas. To give a sounder solution of the evident fact—to investigate the principle on which society seems agreed to furnish the price for the combination

* *Marschall Vorwärts; oder Leben, Thaten, und Character des Fürsten Blücher von Wahlstadt.* Von Dr. Raushnick. *(Marshal Forwards; or Life, Actions, and Character of Prince Blücher von Wahlstadt.)* Leipsig, 1836.

of moral and physical qualities, essential to the composition of military eminence, would lead us beyond our limits, if not beyond our depth. So far, we fear, Helvetius is right, that till the millennium shall arrive it will be vain to struggle against the pervading tendencies in which the alleged abuse originates; and that the injured parties must still be content to look upon those whose trade it is to die, under the feelings with which a young clergyman at a county-ball beholds the lady of his affections in active flirtation with a newly-arrived pair of epaulettes—feelings which the author of 'Hamilton's Bawn' has wedded to immortal doggrel. For the moment we can offer them no consolation; for we cannot enter on the discussion of the manifold circumstances which might be enumerated as a set-off to the advantages enjoyed by the soldier during a lease of existence, of which the tenure is as uncertain as the conditions are severe. To those, however, who moan over the posthumous part of the reward, which Falstaff in his shrewder philosophy rated so low, we might suggest as matter of reflection that the number of those who are destined to enjoy it is so limited as to leave ample room for competitors of all classes, whether poets, philosophers, statesmen, or writers of novels in three volumes, or of histories in a dozen. Survey the military annals of Europe from the French Revolution: Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Russia, Belgium, have formed the vast theatre of one huge and continuous scramble for such distinction. Every species of cotemporary reward, from kingdoms down to the Guelphic order, has indeed been showered on the combatants; but how many names will outlive their owners? How many of the meteors will leave a track of light behind their rapid and explosive course? Some half-dozen of all countries. We are speaking, be it remembered, of general celebrity, not of the just estimation in which the memory of individuals may be held in their own countries, or by the scientific. Two of the mightiest, by land and sea, are our own. Russia, perhaps, may claim some duration for Suwaroff. In the case of France who but a decipherer of gazettes will trouble his head fifty years hence about any of Buonaparte's marshals? The crisis of Valmy may ensure an historical notoriety to Dumouriez; but no nurse will frighten children with his name or that of Moreau. There is something solid and unpretending about the reputation of the Archduke Charles,

which, coupled with his writings, will secure him respect from the συνετοι of times to come; but the only name connected with the great wars of our own time, which we can add without scruple to those of Buonaparte, Wellington, Nelson, and Suwaroff, as likely to be permanently one of the household words of the world, is that of a man *longo intervallo* inferior to three of the four—Blücher. If we are right in this supposition, it does not follow that in respect of military skill and genius he can justly be ranked even with several of those lieutenants of Napoleon whom we have ventured to condemn to comparative oblivion. It is rather on the moral ground of his identification with a great national movement, of which he was the ostensible leader and representative, that he seems to us one of the legitimate "heirs of Fame."

We have two lives of this commander before us, of which, however, the one seems borrowed almost verbatim from the other. We shall ground our observations on the first which came into our hands, that of Dr. Raushnick.

The Duke of Wellington received his first military education at a French college—a natural consequence of the deficiency of all appliances for that purpose in England at the period of his youth. It is rather more singular that his Grace's illustrious comrade, whose enthusiastic devotion to the cause of Prussia formed the stimulus to his exploits and the basis of his reputation, should have borne his first arms against that country—the land, not indeed of his birth, but of his adoption.

Gerhard Leberecht von Blücher was born in 1742 at Rostock, in Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, in which province his family had been established for some centuries, having given a bishop to Lubeck in the thirteenth. His father had retired from the military service of Hesse-Cassel upon a small landed inheritance. Three elder sons having been impartially, but at some expense out of scanty means, distributed among the Russian, Prussian, and Danish services, it was this gentleman's anxious desire to devote the two younger to the only other occupation to which the landed gentry of his day condescended, the cultivation of the soil. For this a simple home-education was deemed sufficient, and was all the parental resources could afford. In 1756 the Seven Years' War broke out, and to remove his sons from the temptation of military scenes, the father sent them to the care

of a relation in the Isle of Rugen. Such precautions frequently terminate like the beautiful tale of Admetus in Herodotus. The boys for a while contented themselves with such feats of activity and danger as the cliffs of Rugen and the sea could afford them. Some centuries earlier Blücher might have figured among the sea-kings in the annals of Scandinavian piracy; and, instead of emptying the cellars of Epernay, might have drunk the ale of English convents. Sweden had now joined the fray against the great Frederick, and, in an hour evil for the paternal precautions, a regiment of Swedish hussars set foot on the island. In spite of all attempts at remonstrance or prevention, young Blücher, now in his fifteenth year, joined the ranks, and soon found himself on the mainland, opposed to the Prussian forces in a contest in which little either of ardour or skill was evinced by his comrades. In 1758 he was taken prisoner in a cavalry-skirmish with the regiment of Colonel Belling, who, soon perceiving some promising indications in the stripling, treated him with kindness, and negociated for him an exchange with a prisoner who, being by birth a Prussian, had forfeited his life to military law. This transaction enabled Blücher, without impeachment of his honour, to take service in the regiment of his captor. Till it was effected, he had tenaciously resisted the offer of a subaltern's commission in the then most brilliant of continental services.

Under Belling he served through the latter part of the Seven Years' War, assisted at the murderous battle of Cunersdorff, which first brought the formidable qualities of the Russian infantry under the notice of civilised Europe, and was wounded at Freyberg. On the re-establishment of peace he was found a turbulent subject for garrison-duty, the inherent monotony of which was not relieved to him by the resources of education. His leisure was diversified, as usual in such cases, by as much sporting, drinking, gaming, and flirtation as his pay could afford, as also by frequent duelling, of which no serious result is recorded. One instance of the latter propensity, for which hot blood and the manners of his age and vocation may plead excuse, was certainly little to his credit; for he ended by calling out his patron and commander, Belling, who had now attained the rank of general. That he was not shot, or at the least cashiered, for so gross a violation of military law, must be

ascribed to the generosity of that veteran, who contented himself with transferring this turbulent and ungrateful subject to a lieutenancy under a Major Podscharli, an officer to whose military tuition Blücher's biographer ascribes the happiest results.

In 1770 Poland was invaded by the troops of Frederick, and Blücher found himself again commanded by Belling, who never ceased to befriend him. Belling was an able and trusted soldier, but his situation in Poland was one which required political talent and pliancy, and he was replaced by an officer of different habits and manners, with whom also, however, Blücher soon contrived to quarrel. The Poles at this time, like the Spaniards in ours, revenged by frequent assassinations their subjection to the invader. A priest, whom Captain Blücher suspected as the instigator of two of these enormities, was summarily condemned by him to military execution. The grave was dug with the usual formalities, the culprit blinded, and the muskets discharged—though with blank cartridge. The priest survived his fright—but this daring violation, not only of justice, but of Frederick's conciliatory policy, was punished, mildly enough, by the degradation of the offender from the highest to the lowest on the list of captains in his regiment. This being followed by the promotion of an officer from another regiment to the next vacancy, the cup of Blücher's indignation boiled over, and he demanded his retirement from the service. Frederick replied by placing him in arrest, with a view to give him time for consideration. The gentleman, however, insisted, and his repeated applications at length extorted the following answer:—"Captain Von Blücher is released from his service, and may go to the d—. January, 1773."

This interruption of Blücher's military career continued for thirteen years. We have heard that a chancery-lawyer who for any reason abandons his practice for the thirteenth portion of that period seldom recovers it. Assuredly few soldiers of fortune, after quitting a regular service for a dozen of the best years of their life, have died field-marshals. Perhaps Blücher was somewhat reconciled to an event which seemed so likely to blast his prospects, by the circumstance that it found him seriously in love and half engaged with the daughter of a Saxon Colonel Melling, then settled in Poland. The lady was seventeen years his junior,

Polish in her language, her beauty, and her attractions, which is saying everything for the latter. They married, and settled on a farm of the father-in-law. Blücher appears to have abandoned the excesses of his youth in his new vocation, and to have prosecuted it with ability and success. After a few years he found himself in condition to purchase a tolerable estate near Stargard in Pomerania, whither he migrated from Poland. As a resident proprietor he continued his attention to rural affairs, and became a man of consequence among his neighbours. He was elected to the local magistracy, and consulted by the provincial authorities. This was not all. It is evident that there was something about the man which in the estimation of his superiors had uniformly outweighed the objectionable features of his wild, uneducated, and untameable disposition. Frederick the Second was not a man to overlook the freaks of an ordinary swaggerer, yet we find that at this period he corresponded with Blücher, and assisted him with money for the improvement of his estate, first in the shape of loan without interest, and then of donation. This liberality on the part of a sovereign so careful of his dollars was the more remarkable, as it by no means took the shape of a retaining fee for future military devotion. Blücher's restless spirit pined for restoration to the service, but on this subject Frederick was inexorable. In 1778 there was a prospect of hostilities in Bavaria, and Blücher became urgent for permission to re-enter the army. His first attempt was defeated by his wife, a second by the stern refusal of Frederick. He was obliged to remain an agriculturist, his farm prospered, and his hearth was surrounded by six promising sons and a daughter.

Frederick died in 1786. Blücher now set aside all connubial remonstrances, rushed to Berlin, made interest with some of his former commanders, and returned to Pomerania without positive success, but with assurances of support in due season. On the next military inspection he attracted by his riding the attention of the new king, presented his request in person, and found himself in his former regiment of Black Hussars, with the rank which he would have occupied had he continued without interruption in the service. It was soon apparent that his military ardour, which perhaps might have cooled away in the barracks, had only been nursed and kept vigorous by the long interval of domestic repose. His other old propensities were, we fear,

resumed with his uniform, and his wife perhaps only consulted her own convenience and comfort by dying about this period. Except that she was beautiful, attractive, and fond enough of her husband to wish to detain him at home, we hear little of her. Blücher returned to the camp as though the interval had been a dream, and its adventures as imaginary as those of the sultan of the Arabian tale, who dipped his head into a tub of water for an instant, which by the delusion of magic was converted into years of deposition and servitude.

Some years of garrison-duty were still to elapse before the great event of the French Revolution opened a career for such spirits as Blücher. The commencement of hostilities between Prussia and France found him a colonel, and thus his exercise of command dates its commencement from the fifty-first year of his age, a time of life at which many officers look to a well-earned retirement. From the period of the Duke of Brunswick's famous and fatal incursion to the peace of Basle, he was in almost constant employment. On the death of General Goltz he succeeded to the command of the left wing of the Prussian army; and without doubt the confidence of his soldiers and the general success which attended his operations, particularly with his favourite arm the cavalry, fully justified this promotion. The corps of hussars under his immediate command, including his old regiment, is said to have lost but six men by surprise during the outpost-duty of the campaigns of 1793 and '94, in which Prussian accounts boast that they captured 4000 men, 1500 horses, and 11 guns from the enemy, and he retired from the contest with the reputation of a second Ziethen. The curious in the details of such warfare may learn them from a journal which he kept and *published*. There are one or two anecdotes of this period which may, perhaps, tend to rescue his character from the imputation of unmitigated barbarism cast upon it by the French. While commanding within their frontier, he caused a captured officer who had died of his wounds to be buried with all military honours—an attention to the fallen so unusual as to excite the greatest astonishment among the French inhabitants, who were further edified when he administered with his own hand an exemplary threshing to the village carpenter who had given short measure and bad workmanship to the coffin. Another

incident is recorded in his journal, and we give it in his own words. It occurred near Kaiserslautern in 1799:—

"Among the prisoners was one whose thigh-bone had been shattered. They had laid him near the fire, and offered him bread and brandy, as to the others. He not only rejected this, but refused to be bandaged, and repeatedly begged the bystanders to shoot him. The latter said to one another, 'This is an obstinate, sulky Frenchman.' Muffling and myself were within hearing, and approached the group. The wounded man lay still, drawn into himself, and saw nothing of what was passing. As he seemed to shiver, I caused cloaks to be heaped upon him. He looked up at me upon this, and again cast down his eyes. Not being master of the French language myself, I made my adjutant tell him that he ought to let himself be bandaged, and take nourishment. He answered nothing, and I made them tell him further that I held him for a poor creature who did not know how to meet his destiny, and that it became a soldier least of all men to take refuge in despair, that he should not give up hope of recovery, and might be assured that he found himself among men who would do everything possible to relieve him. He looked at me again, a stream of tears burst from his eyes, and he reached me out his hand. Wine was offered him, he drank, and offered no further resistance to the surgeon. I then asked him the cause of his previous obstinacy. He replied: 'I have been forced into the service of the Republic. My father was guillotined; my brothers have perished in the war; my wife and children are left in misery; I thought, therefore, that death alone could end my troubles, and longed for it. Your kindness has brought me to better reflections. I thank you for it, and am determined to meet my future lot with patience.'"

This incident seems to us to confirm the valuable adage that the devil is not so black as he is painted, especially where the pencil is a French one.

The peace of Basle afforded Blücher leisure for a second marriage, and he was united to a Maria Amelia von Colomb. He held for some time a command in Munster under the Duke of Brunswick, where he made acquaintance with many of the French emigrants, among whom the Abbé de Pradt was his favourite. The late King, Frederick William III., who ascended the throne in 1797, had found occasion, while serving in his father's armies as crown-prince, to remark the merits of Blücher, and in 1801 promoted him to the rank of lieutenant-general.

In 1803 he was appointed governor of Munster, which by the terms of the peace had fallen to the lot of Prussia. The episcopal palace, which became his residence, now witnessed a revival of those scenes for which it has been celebrated by Sir W. Temple, in the times of the warlike and Rhenish-loving prince-bishop. High play was still with Blücher a passion which could only find its substitute in that still more exciting pastime, in which

"Kings hold the bottle, and Europe the stakes,"

and the neighbouring baths of Pyrmont afforded dangerous summer facilities for the indulgence of this pernicious taste.

The peace was hollow. The French occupation of Hanover placed the two nations in dangerous propinquity, and a strong war-party existed in Prussia, especially in the army, of which party, as a matter of course, Blücher was a leading member.

In 1806 the drama opened at once with that great disaster of Jena, which chastised the military pride and overweening confidence of Prussia, and placed her existence as a separate state on the map of Europe at the mercy of the conqueror. The divisions and distractions of those in high command were only rendered more conspicuous by the courage which the isolated and unsupported battalions of the Prussians opposed to the admirable combinations and concentrated masses of the enemy. All the advantages of superior information and intelligence which usually accrue to those who fight on their own soil, in this strange instance were engrossed by the foreign invader, who might have been said, like Ariel,

"Now in the waist, the deck, and every cabin,
To flame amazement."

The spirit, not of the great Frederick, but of Ariosto's Agramant, reigned in the Prussian camp. Blücher was not in a situation as commander of the cavalry to control the movements or repair the errors of Brunswick, Mollendorf, and Hohenlohe. All he could do was to offer to lead his brave horsemen in a desperate attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day. This offer was at first accepted by the King, but the permission was revoked, and all that remained for Blücher was to endeavour to save as large a remnant as possible of his force by a retreat into Northern Germany. The courage and perseverance with which he conducted this attempt were such as could scarcely have derived additional

lustre from success. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that nothing could exceed the vigour and activity with which Buonaparte's generals, when slipped in the chase, foiled all his efforts. Like a wild beast, he found himself alike tracked on retreat and anticipated in every desperate rush for escape, whether towards the Elbe, the Oder, or in the direction of Hanover. Driven at length through Lubeck, which to the misfortune of that neutral city he for a moment occupied, and where he narrowly escaped personal capture, he was brought to bay in its neighbourhood—and here, suffering himself from fever and exhausted of every supply for his men, he was forced to capitulate.

Blücher retired for a season to Hamburgh on his parole. His exchange was afterwards effected with General Victor. On the occasion of his release he visited the French head-quarters, and was received with marks of distinction by Napoleon.

With the powerful assistance of Russia the contest was still maintained in the northern provinces, and the offer of Swedish co-operation induced the king to organize a corps intended to act on the rear of the enemy from the northern coast. Blücher was selected for the command of this expedition, which was, however, frustrated in the first instance by the vacillation of the Swedish sovereign, and finally by the battle of Friedland and the peace of Tilsit which succeeded. After the treaty was signed, our hero retained the command of the Pomeranian army, a post of much difficulty, for the troops of the conqueror were stationed in its neighbourhood, and frequent discussions and disputes arose between the commanders. Blücher is said to have shown much subtlety and address in this position, in which his character gave weight to the concessions he was compelled as the weaker party to make. Words, according to our English satirist's theory (adopted by Talleyrand), were invented by man as a concealment to his thoughts and a disguise to his intentions, and Blücher is said to have derived much convenience from his use of the German language in negociation, for which his ignorance of any other afforded him a pretext. He stands, indeed, accused by French writers of having grossly misused this device on the retreat from Jena, in an interview with the French general Klein. It is certain that he succeeded in persuading that officer that an armistice had been concluded, and that both Klein and Lasalle were thereby induced to postpone an attack and allow Blücher

to get a day's start of his pursuers. It is very difficult to believe, that, if he had committed himself in this instance beyond the allowed limits of military stratagem, Napoleon, however little scrupulous he is known to have been as to the conduct of his own officers, would have forborne to blast the character of a troublesome opponent by a formal verification of the charge—still more that he would have given Blücher the honourable reception of which we have spoken, at his own head-quarters. Klein and Lasalle had the Emperor's ear for their own story, and had every inducement to make the most of their own justification. We must confess at the same time that, but for this negative evidence, even the German account of the transaction would be suspicious. Another accusation of a similar nature has been preferred against Blücher. He is charged with having violated the armistice in 1813 by occupying the neutral ground before the day specified for the renewal of hostilities in Silesia:—but the Prussian accounts reply distinctly, that the original violation of this territory was the act of the French under Macdonald.

The French were not his only accusers. During his tenure of command in Pomerania he found occasion to defend himself against certain anonymous attacks which issued from the Leipzic press upon his military conduct in his recent arduous retreat. Blücher demanded an investigation before a court of inquiry which had been appointed to sit at Konigsberg for the consideration of cases of a far more serious complexion. The evidence of that distinguished officer Scharnhorst, who had shared the toils and dangers of his retreat, was conclusive in his favour, and the result was more than his justification.

A dark period now ensued to Blücher's adopted country—four years of humiliation, of sullen submission to almost every possible variety of outrage and exaction. France should in policy either have pursued her conquest to the utter dismemberment of Prussia, or have spared her dignity. The death of the loved and lovely Queen, who was considered as the victim of Napoleon's unmanly insults, added to the general indignation. In despite of French vigilance, and of the terms of the peace which limited the numbers of the standing army, means were found silently to accumulate both soldiers and material for a future campaign. The Baron de Stein set on foot the famous *tugendbund*, and Blücher, in despite of his now advanced age, was looked up to

as the future vindicator of his country's wrongs. An illness which afflicted him through the greater part of the year 1808, and at times affected his reason, seems but to have added a morbid fire to his enthusiasm. He is said in moments of delirium to have "attained to something like prophetic strain," and to have predicted with confidence the speedy liberation of his country and the downfall of its oppressor. "This must happen," he said, "and I must assist at it, and *I will not die* till it shall have come to pass."

Blücher's education had been that of a soldier. He knew no language but his own, but he was fond of writing, and took a pleasure in dictating his despatches and proclamations. We have seen letters addressed by him to the King at this period, upon the subject of that future movement to which he looked forward with such unabated confidence, containing passages of an eloquence worthy of his theme. His hopes were revived from time to time by the Austrian war and Schill's chivalrous enterprise; but the prospect was soon clouded, and, till the two colossal powers, Russia and France, once more arrayed themselves against each other, the distant successes of England in the Peninsula could alone afford him a gleam of consolation.

Among the concessions which Napoleon extorted from his doubtful ally previous to his Russian expedition was the removal of Blücher from his Pomeranian command, a measure for which the old soldier's reckless language and deportment afforded a full justification. It was gilded on the part of the sovereign by a handsome territorial donation in Silesia, to the capital of which province Blücher, after a short residence at Berlin, retired.

It was to Breslau also that the King betook himself on the occasion of that famous defection of D'York from the French, which fired at once from one end of Prussia to the other the insurrectionary materials long and secretly stored up for such a contingency. The nature of Blücher's feelings and advice at this juncture might easily be anticipated. He was loud in favour of an immediate forward movement, louder in his scorn of more timid and dilatory proposals. The King hesitated in bestowing upon him the command which the popular voice and the general feeling of the soldiery would have at once decreed to him. There were among the court advisers not a few who looked upon Blücher as a mere fiery hussar, who would compromise by rash-

ness and want of science the hopes of the present crisis, and by such the pretensions of Tauenzien were advocated. The opinion and advice of the deeply-skilled Scharnhorst, however, prevailed, and on the 15th of March, 1813, Blücher's long dream was realized by finding himself at the head of the Silesian army.

We have dwelt, perhaps at some length, on the earlier portion of Blücher's career—as affording illustrations of his character from that part of his biography with which general readers are probably the least familiar. The subsequent incidents of his military life are so well known as to make summary revision superfluous. It is impossible, however, for any one, scientific or otherwise, to review the great struggle of 1813 and '14 without admitting that, if to the Emperor Alexander belonged the political influence, and to Schwarzenberg the address, which mainly kept together the discordant elements of the coalition, Blücher was the fighting element which inspired the mass with a spirit of enterprise in action and endurance under defeat of which few coalitions have presented an example. In ordinary times, or with ordinary objects, Blücher's character and disposition would have ill fitted him for acting with the subtle and jealous Russian, or the lukewarm Swede, to whom the Germans applied the well-known line from Schiller's Song of the Bell,

"Ach! ihm fehlt kein theures haupt."

Neither the amiability of Schwarzenberg, nor the patient tact of Wellington, which neither Portuguese nor Spanish could exhaust, were natural to Blücher; but for his two great purposes, the liberation of his country and the humiliation of France, he could assume both. Defeat indeed he suffered often:—to compare him with that great captain from whom throughout his campaigns in India and Europe no enemy ever carried off a gun and kept it would be preposterous. Few victories, however, have been more fairly won, to say nothing of their consequences, than the great battle of the Katzbach. No mere hussar inspired his troops with that sterling enthusiasm which could enable them to pursue every advantage and rally after every failure, which could retrieve Montmirail on the heights of Montmartre, and keep steadily to a programme of combined movement after Ligny. Blücher must have possessed real and high skill as a tactician, though probably not as a strategist, to which, indeed, he does

not seem ever to have pretended. At the same time his supreme contempt of danger and constant recklessness of personal exposure had doubtless very much to do with his success. He possessed with Marmion and Napoleon the art

> "To win the hardy soldier's heart,
> Who loves a captain to obey,
> Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May:

His jests, frequently of a description ill calculated for chaste ears, extorted grim smiles from lips black with the cartridge, and sent laughter through the column while grapeshot was tearing its ranks. When he checked his horse in the hottest cannonade to light his pipe at the linstock of the gunner, the piece was probably not the worse served. Towards the close of the campaign in France the infirmities of age at one moment almost induced him to contemplate the abandonment of his command, and to retire into the Netherlands, but the spirit triumphed over the flesh, and, though unable to remain in the saddle for the last attack on Montmartre, he gave his orders with calmness and precision from a carriage. His appearance on this occasion must have taxed the gravity of his staff, for, to protect his eyes, then in a state of violent inflammation, the grisly veteran had replaced his cocked-hat by a French lady's bonnet and veil. His health prevented him from sharing the triumphal entry of the sovereigns into Paris, and on the 2nd of April, 1814, he resigned the burthen of his military command.

The peace of Paris by no means satiated his thirst for the humiliation of France. After enjoying the reward for his services in the enthusiastic congratulations of London and Berlin, he divided for awhile his residence between the latter city and Breslau, at all times and in all places exhaling his discontent at the concessions of the allies. Unmeasured in his language, mixing freely in society of all classes, and venting his spleen on all diplomatists, but specially on Hardenberg, he became, without any personal object of aggrandizement or political ambition, but in the mere indulgence of his ill-humour, the nucleus of a little Fronde, calculated to offend without influencing the sovereign and his ministers.

That Blücher looked forward to another trial of strength between his countrymen and the French is evident, but it is

hardly possible that at his age he should have contemplated the probability of once more in person directing the fortunes of the contest, and of at last feeding fat the ancient grudge he bore not only to Napoleon, but to the nation. His speculations were probably more the offspring of his feelings than of any profound observation of the political state of Europe. A letter of the Duke of Wellington, however, to his brother Sir Henry Wellesley (*Gurwood*, December 17th, 1814), shows that his views were shared by one whose calmer judgment and nearer observation were not subject to such influences, and who had neither defeats to retrieve in his own person, nor insults to avenge in that of his country:—

"I believe the truth to be, that the people of this country (France) are so completely ruined by the revolution, and they are now suffering so severely from the want of the plunder of the world, that they cannot go on without it; and they cannot endure the prospect of a peaceable government. If that is the case, we should take care how we suffered the grand alliance to break up, and we ought to look to our alliance with the powers of the Peninsula as our sheet-anchor."

Blücher might have long gone on smoking, gaming, and scolding, without interruption, if the great event had not occurred which restored him to his more legitimate vocation. The news of Napoleon's escape found him accidentally at Berlin. His first impulse was to call on the English ambassador, to twit him with the negligence of his countrymen: his next to exhibit himself in the principal street of the capital in his field-marshal's uniform, a significant hint to younger generals not to expect that he would concede to them his place in the approaching fray. His nomination to that post of honour and danger soon ensued, and his old companion and adviser, Gneisenau, was once more at his side.

The Duke of Wellington reached Brussels from Vienna on the 5th of April, 1815, and found Kleist in command of the Prussian force, for Blücher only arrived at Liege on the 17th. It appears from the Duke's letter to Lord Clancarty, of the 6th, that he found Kleist disposed to retire, in case of being attacked, behind Brussels, a plan which the Duke warmly opposed, in spite of his own opinion expressed in his letter to Lord Bathurst, of the same date, of the insufficiency of the force at his disposal. From Blücher's temper and turn of mind, as well as from the event, we

may infer that the Duke had little difficulty in recommending to the former his own views, based, no doubt, as much on political as military considerations, in favour of a position in advance of Brussels.

From the Duke's letter to Lord Clancarty of the 10th of April, it appears that he contemplated, in the first instance, taking the initiative by the end of that month or the beginning of May, at which period he conceived that the allies might throw into France a force of 270,000 men to be opposed by some 180,000 (*Gurwood*, xii. p. 297). We find, however, that, three days afterwards, his intelligence of Buonaparte's state of preparation had already led him to abandon this prospect. In enclosing a memorandum founded on his original ideas, he says:—

"Since I wrote to your Lordship some important events have occurred in France, which will leave Napoleon's army more at his disposal than was expected at that time, and he has adopted measures which will certainly tend to increase it at an early period. You will see by the enclosed papers that it is probable that the Duc d'Angoulême will be obliged to quit France, and that Buonaparte, besides having called for the soldiers recently discharged, amounting as I understand to about 127,000, of which 100,000 may be deemed immediately disposable, has organised 200 battalions of Grenadiers of the National Guards. I imagine that the latter will not be a very formidable force; but still numbers were too nearly equal, according to the estimate I gave you in my letter of the 10th, for me to think it advisable, under present circumstances, to attempt to carry into execution what is proposed in the enclosed memorandum."

The subsequent correspondence shows that neither the condition of his own force nor that of his allies could have justified the experiment. The mutinous state of the Saxon troops might alone have been sufficient to derange such a plan of action. Some officers indeed of both nations have been of opinion that it was *from the beginning* far more in the power of Napoleon than of the allies to take the aggressive course; and that by crossing the frontier, which it is said he might have done with 40,000 men, very soon after his reinstalment in the Tuileries, he would have had more chances in his favour than he found in June. It is evident that, with all his exertions the Duke of Wellington at least had full occupation for the interval which elapsed in collecting and adjusting the component parts of an army which

at its best was far inferior to any he had commanded in Europe. His correspondence at once shows his unceasing anxiety to anticipate the offensive movement of the enemy, in which Blücher fully shared (see *Gurwood*, 2nd June, 1815), and justifies the prudence which forbade any forward movement. It shows, moreover, that the difficulties of his position were not confined to the well-known deficiencies and imperfections of his army on which Napoleon so much relied, its raw and heterogeneous composition, the absence of the flower of the English infantry, the refusal of the Portuguese, &c. Even the article of material, which it might have been supposed Woolwich would have supplied in profusion, was slowly and scantily doled out to his pressing remonstrances; and instead of 150 British pieces, for which he applies on the 6th of April, we find him on the 21st in expectation of only 42, making up, with the German guns, some 84 pieces; while he states, from the Prussian returns, that their corps on the Meuse are to take the field with 200, and their whole force with no less than 600. With respect to drivers, horses, the heavy artillery, pontoons, &c., his difficulties are shown to have been equally embarrassing (see *Gurwood*, 21st April, 1815). But in addition to all these lets and hindrances, it is evident that the Duke's scheme for offensive operations was throughout kept steadily dependent upon *the movements of the allies on the Lower and Upper Rhine.* This is strikingly evident from a letter to Schwarzenberg, dated 2nd of June, 1815,* and from the one of the same date which follows it to Sir Henry Wellesley.† Napoleon, however, took the game into his own hands, and played it, in the first instance at least, with a skill and energy worthy of his best days and reputation.

It is probable that no extensive military operation was ever conducted to its issue, whatever that issue might be, without many derangements of the original conceptions of its leaders, arising from the casualties of the busy moment, the failure of despatches,

* "Sous ces circonstances il est très important que je sache aussitôt que possible quand vous pourrez commencer vos opérations; et de quelle nature elles seront, et vers quel tems nous pouvons attendre que vous serez arrivé à une hauteur quelconque, *afin que je puisse commencer de ce côté-ci de manière à avoir l'appui de vos opérations.* Le Maréchal Blücher est préparé et très impatient de commencer; mais je lui ai fait dire aujourd'hui qu'il me paraissait que *nous ne pouvions rien faire jusqu'à ce que nous fussions certain du jour auquel vous commenceriez, et en général de vos idées sur vos opérations.*"—*Gurwood*, xii. p. 437.

† "The whole of Schwarzenberg's army will not be collected on the Upper Rhine till towards the 16th, *at about which time I hope we shall begin.*"—*Gurwood*, xii. p. 438.

the misconstruction of orders, the misdirection of columns, &c. The operations now in question were certainly no exception to this rule on either side. As to Napoleon, if his own account of them be believed, few commanders in critical circumstances have been worse seconded, as far as prompt obedience and punctuality were concerned. If Ney and Grouchy are to be credited in their defence, no subordinates ever suffered more from tardy and contradictory orders on the part of their chief. Captain Pringle, in his excellent remarks on the campaign of 1815, published in the appendix to Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, truly observes that, in French military works, the reader never finds a French army beaten in the field without some plausible reason, or, as Las Casas terms it, a concurrence of unheard-of fatalities, to account for it. "Non nostrum tantas componere lites." To an ordinary reader Grouchy's defence of himself appears difficult to answer. It is evident that in this, as probably in every other similar transaction, chance reigned arbiter over many important occurrences; nor were such accidents confined to the French army and operations. The English were not exempt; and that the fate of the contest at Ligny on the 16th of June was seriously influenced by the absence of Bulow's corps, the fourth, is known to every one. In Plotho's very circumstantial account we find the fact mentioned, that orders were forwarded to Bulow from Sombref, on the 15th, which were expected to secure his junction for the next day. The despatch was sent to Hannut, where it was presumed that it would find his head-quarters established. These were still, however, at Liege, and the despatch, appearing to be of no consequence, *unwichtig scheinend*, lay at Hannut unopened, and was found there by Bulow only on his arrival at ten o'clock the next morning.

We shall have a word or two more to say by and by as to the circumstances under which Blücher was brought into action at Ligny. That his infantry fought admirably against great odds on that occasion has never been disputed; with respect to the cavalry and the artillery Blücher expressed some dissatisfaction. Whatever were the merits of the position, it is clear that Napoleon was tasked to the utmost to wrest it before nightfall from the old warrior who held it. Few English narratives of the campaign have recorded the fact that it was visited by the Duke of Wellington shortly before the commencement of the action, on

which occasion the two generals concerted in person their future measures for mutual co-operation, in whatever manner the first collision might end. The German accounts have not failed to record the interview, nor how the attention of the well-girded Prussians was drawn to the white neckcloth of the great commander, who, but for his cocked hat, with the cockade by its four colours bespeaking the field-marshal of four kingdoms—England, Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands—might have been taken for an English gentleman on his morning ride. We believe it to be the opinion of most English officers acquainted with the ground at Ligny, that the Duke under similar circumstances would have defended it in a different manner from that adopted by the Prussians, for that the locality admitted of a disposition which would have less exposed the masses not immediately engaged to the murderous fire of the French artillery.* We have heard that Gneisenau was sensible of the objections to this feature in his own arrangements, but had adopted his course from knowledge and experience of the habits and *morale* of his own troops, who, as he is reported to have expressed himself, liked to see the enemy. In illustration of the Duke of Wellington's opposite practice in this particular, we are tempted to quote the following passage from a French military writer. It is from an article in the 'Bulletin Universelle des Sciences' for 1825, on a history of the Russian expedition, by the Marquis de Chambray:—

"The author," says the reviewer, "compares the English and French methods of fighting, and the operations of the generals Massena and Wellington in 1811. Among the remarkable propositions to which the author is led by the results of this inquiry, we select the following for notice:—To defend a height, the English infantry did not crown the crest, after the practice of the infantry of other nations. Massena was repulsed, because the English employed for the defence of the heights they occupied the manœuvre I have spoken of before (that of placing themselves some fifty paces in rear of the crest, and leaving only tirailleurs on the slope), which is preferable to that hitherto in use." "This manner of defending heights," continues the reviewer, "is not new. It has been sometimes employed, but it had been adopted generally by the English

* This view is borne out by the remarks of a very able Prussian critic of the campaign, the late General Clausewitz.

during the Spanish war. It had even been taught their troops in time of peace. The infantry of other nations places itself usually on the crest in sight of the assailant. French infantry remains rarely on the defensive; and when it has overthrown the enemy, pursues with such impetuosity as not always to preserve its ranks. Hence the reverses it has suffered on some of the occasions, which are few, when it has defended heights. For on most occasions, such as Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes de Oñoro, and Albuera, it attacked."

There is doubtless great difference between the local features of Ligny and Busaco, between a Flemish slope and a Portuguese sierra, and we are aware that the "brunt of the former action lay in the low villages of Ligny" and St. Amand; but the principle of non-exposure is the same. It has been stated that, when Napoleon mounted his horse on the morning of the 18th, seeing few signs of the British force in his front, he began to vent his disappointment at their presumed escape, but that Foy, who had much Peninsular experience, warned him not to rely on appearances. "Wellington," he said, "never shows his troops. A patrole of dragoons will soon ascertain the fact, but, if he is yonder, I warn your Majesty *que l'infanterie Anglaise en duel est le diable.*"

The incident of Blücher's fall under his expiring horse at Ligny, and of the memorable act of devotion on the part of his aide-de-camp, is well known. Modern warfare could probably hardly furnish a parallel case, and Froissart has recorded no more chivalrous exploit than that of Nostitz. From the Prussian accounts of this cavalry charge, at the head of which Blücher had thus exposed his person in vain, we collect that it was repulsed, not at the sword-point, but by the carbine fire of the French cavalry, who stood firm in their ranks. This we imagine our officers would consider as rather an old-fashioned proceeding, and worthy of the cuirassiers of the sixteenth rather than of the present century. We find, however, that same method was again resorted to with success by the French cavalry under Grouchy in an affair near Namur on the 19th.

The victory remained with Napoleon; but Blücher, instead of obliging him by retiring on Namur, clung with tenacity to his communications with the English, and, exactly as had been agreed upon, directed his retreat on Wavres. No beaten army ever rallied quicker or to better purpose. Blücher was conveyed

to a cottage, whence he dictated his despatches and issued his orders, unshaken in spirit, though sorely bruised in body. While the surgeon was rubbing his bruises he asked the nature of the liniment, and, being told it was brandy, stated his opinion that an internal application would be far more efficacious. This was applied in the mitigated shape of champagne; and he said to the messenger who was on the point of departure with his despatch, "Tell His Majesty *das ich hätte kalt nachgetrunken*, and that all will do well." His order of the day for the 17th, after some reflections on the conduct of the cavalry and artillery, concluded with these words:—"I shall lead you again against the enemy; we shall beat him, for we must."

We find in the 'Life of Napoleon,' published in the Family Library, a story of a second interview between the Duke and Blücher on the 17th, stated as a fact well known to many superior officers in the Netherlands. The author and his informants, however superior, are mistaken. The Duke, in the early part of the 17th, had enough to do to conduct his unexampled retreat to Waterloo, from before Napoleon's united force and superior cavalry—a movement which but for the trifling affair of Genappe would have been accomplished without the loss of a man. He remained at Quatre Bras so occupied till half-past one P.M., and then retired by the high road to the field of next day's battle, which he thoroughly examined, and was proceeding to dinner at Waterloo when he was overtaken by an aide-de-camp of Lord Anglesey, with the intelligence that the 7th hussars had been engaged with the French lancers, and that the enemy was pressing his rear. He immediately returned to the field, and remained on the ground till dark. Blücher, on the other hand, was forced to keep his bed during this day.

The 18th, however, saw him again in the saddle, at the head of Bulow's newly-arrived division, urging its onward course, and his own, like Milton's griffin through the wilderness, cheering the march-worn troops till the defile of St. Lambert rang to his old war-cry and sobriquet "Forwards"—reminding them of the rain which had spared so much powder at the Katzbach, and telling them of the promise of assistance which he stood pledged to redeem to the English. Nobly indeed was that promise redeemed, and the utter ruin of the French army is to be ascribed to that assistance. Ungrateful we should be not to acknowledge

such service, though we cannot subscribe to the theories, whether French or Prussian, which give it the full merit of saving from destruction an army which had, while as yet unsupported, repulsed every attack and annihilated the French cavalry.

We know that no thought of so disastrous a result crossed the minds of those about the Duke's person, and that officers of his staff, who left the field wounded towards the close of the action, did so with no other feeling of anxiety than for the personal safety of him they left behind. His servants, who, in the village of Waterloo, had the opportunity of witnessing the incidents of the rear of such a battle—which try the nerves more than those of the fray itself—knew their master well. The manœuvres of the kitchen were conducted with as much precision as those of the Foot-Guards at St. James's. Reign what confusion there might in the avenue of Soignies, there was none in the service of the Duke's table, and the honour of the Vattel of his establishment was preserved free from stain as his own.

That he ever returned to eat the dinner so prepared was certainly not due to any avoidance of personal exposure on his own part. Of Buonaparte's conduct in that respect on this his last field-day we have seen no account on which we could rely. We have no doubt of his *sang-froid* under fire; but whether Waterloo witnessed its conspicuous display we are ignorant. On divers celebrated occasions he is known to have abundantly exposed himself; but in general he would seem to have been as free as our own commander from the vulgar ostentation of courting danger, and in most of his greater battles there was little call for it. We have heard that Bertrand, at St. Helena, set much store by an opera-glass through which Napoleon had discovered the English general at Waterloo. We believe that neither the Duke nor his staff succeeded at any moment of the action in identifying the person or exact position of his great opponent, though few great battles have brought rival leaders so near. That our chief was everywhere except in the rear is well known; and the casualties among his own staff, of whom many were hit at his side, bespeak the hot service he went through. Danger pursued him to the last. After sixteen hours in the saddle, he was alighting at his own quarters, when the spirited animal, long afterwards a pensioner in the paddocks of Strathfieldsaye, as if conscious of the termination of his labours, jerked

out his heels in a fashion which a slight change of direction might have made fatal to his late rider. Such an exploit would have rendered poor Copenhagen rather more famous than *the little gentleman in black velvet,* so often toasted in our Jacobite revels of the last century.

That the two allied nations should be altogether agreed as to the apportionment of the glory of the day was not to be expected. It is clear, to the lasting honour of both, that, whatever feelings may have since grown up on this subject, none interfered for a moment with the cordiality of their subsequent operations. Blücher had none of the jealousies to contend with which had frequently embarrassed him when acting with Russians and Swedes; and any difficulties arising out of the diverging lines of communication with their resources, only served to show the good will and determination with which they were met by the commanders of the two armies. The following passage from a Prussian pen will show that just national pride is not always inconsistent with candour:—

"Upon the question, who really fought and won the battle of the 18th, no discussion, much less contention, ought to have arisen. Without in the slightest degree impeaching the just share of Prussia in the victory, or losing sight for a moment of the fact that she bore a great share of the danger, and drew much of it from her allies and upon herself at a decisive moment, no unprejudiced person can conceal from himself that the honour of the day is due to the Anglo-Netherlandish army, and to the measures of its great leader. The struggle of Mount St. Jean was conducted with an obstinacy, ability, and foresight of which history affords few examples. The great loss of the English also speaks the merit of their services. More than 700 officers, among them the first of their army, whether in rank or merit, and upwards of 10,000 soldiers, fell or retired wounded from the field."*

We may here remark, in justice to the Prussians, that their loss on the 18th has been greatly underrated by many writers. Pringle, among others, counts it at 700 men. The Prussian returns are given in Plotho's Appendix:† that of killed and wounded for the 4th corps alone shows a loss of 5000, of which

* Geschichte des Preussischen Staates, 1763-1815. Frankfort, 1820. Vol. iii., p. 374.

† War of the Allied Powers, &c. Berlin, 1818.

1250 were killed. This bloody struggle occurred principally in the village of Planchenoit, the capture of which is compared by the Prussians with that of Blenheim in the battle of Hochstett. It is a part of the action which has been little noticed, but was creditable alike to French and Prussians. The village was stormed and retaken three times. We think that the entire loss of the Prussian army on the 18th could hardly have been less than 7000, at which their authorities compute it. Especial credit is due to Thielman, who, during the day of the 18th, resisted the obstinate endeavours of Grouchy's far superior force to cross the Dyle at Wavres. Grouchy, indeed, effected towards evening the passage of that river at Limales, but too late for his purpose of dividing the Prussian army, or forcing Blücher to concentrate his force and abandon his allies. We know not which most to admire, the determination of Blücher to redeem his pledge of succour to Wellington, or the gallantry with which Thielman enabled Blücher to carry this resolution into effect, protecting at once the flank and rear of the Prussian army, guarding one road of direct access to Brussels itself, and preventing Grouchy from marching to the assistance of Napoleon.

This struggle, so unequal in point of numbers, was continued for some hours on the 19th. It was not till Vandamme had advanced on the direct road to Brussels, as far as Rossières, on the verge of the wood of Soignies, thereby turning the right flank of Thielman, that the latter abandoned the defence of Wavres, and began an orderly retreat on Louvain. He had previously learned the extent of the success of the allies on the 18th, and must have been easy as to the result of any further advance of Grouchy. The news reached the Frenchman a little later, and he forthwith commenced a retreat, which, perhaps, in its execution did him even more honour than his previous exploits.

The above remarks, which we think calculated to render bare justice to the conduct of our Prussian allies, are founded on the minute and authentic official reports of Plotho's fourth volume. That some caution is requisite in dealing with the numerous narratives which have been published of these transactions may be proved from such an instance as the following passage, which is to be found in a History of Napoleon, by a M. de Norvins, published for *military* readers, and beautifully illustrated by the

pencil of Raffet. Speaking of Wellington's position at Waterloo, he says:—"The post of Hougomont, on the *left* of the English, became to them of the last importance, for it was there that the Prussians were to join them." This is only to be equalled by the change in the relative positions of the heart and liver adopted by Molière's impromptu physician. Errors so flagrant as this are, indeed, of rare occurrence, but the subject is a dangerous one to unprofessional writers, unless they enjoy the advantage, and condescend to use it, of communication with sound military authorities. An accomplished civilian of our own has lately closed with an account of this final struggle a voluminous History, which has, we know, enjoyed in its progress a very high share of popularity. Agreeing as we do with many of Mr. Alison's political opinions, and approving the spirit of his moral reflections, we have no disposition to question the general merits of a work which is at all events entitled to a formal and separate article, and which we hope to make the subject of one in due season. Meanwhile, however, since the subject of the Waterloo campaign has come in our way, we may be pardoned for remarking in general that a writer of Mr. Alison's particular qualifications would have acted wisely in compressing the military narratives and disquisitions which abound in his volumes, and in abstaining from certain conclusions, which, coming from him, possess, indeed, no other authority than that with which his mere powers of language can invest them, but may be quoted by interested persons for their own purposes—persons who would otherwise pay little attention to Mr. Alison or his work. In his account of the Belgian campaign, he has, in our opinion, only added one to a long list of imperfect narratives,* fitter for the pages of a magazine than for a compilation of the dignity and importance to which he aspires.

Mr. Alison (*History of Europe*, &c., vol. x. p. 991) speaks of

"Buonaparte's favourite military manœuvre of interposing between his adversaries, and striking with a superior force first on the right hand, and then on the left,"

as having been attempted by him and baffled in this campaign.

* Among the battles on which Mr. Alison has, we think, most unfortunately laboured, we must notice particularly those of Assye and Toulouse. As to both, his rashness and inaccuracy are, as we shall probably have occasion to show in detail by and by, most flagrant and, after the publication of Colonel Gurwood's book especially, most inexcusable.

We doubt whether the expression of interposing between two adversaries can be correctly applied to any of Buonaparte's successful campaigns, and we almost suspect that, if he had in contemplation a manœuvre of so much hazard on this occasion, it was the first on which he can be said to have attempted it. Hear Clausewitz on this matter:—

"All writers who have treated of this campaign set out by saying that Buonaparte threw himself between the two armies, in order to separate them. This expression, however, which has become a *terminus technicus* in military phraseology, has no clear idea for its foundation. The space intervening between two armies cannot be an object of operation. It would have been very unfortunate if a commander like Buonaparte, having to deal with an enemy of twice his force, instead of falling on the one half with his united strength, had lighted on the empty interval, and thus made a blow in the air, losing his time whilst he can only double his own force by the strictest economy of that commodity. Even the fighting the one army in a direction by which it will be pressed away from the other, even if it can be effected without loss of time, incurs the great danger of being attacked in the rear by the other. If the latter, therefore, be not far enough removed to put this risk out of question, a commander will scarcely venture on such a line of attack. Buonaparte, therefore, chose the direction between the two armies, not in order to separate them by wedging himself between, but because he expected to find and fall on Blücher's force in this direction, either united or in separate bodies."—*Feldzug von* 1815, &c., p. 54.

In the particular instance Mr. Alison's supposition is so far supported, that Buonaparte's main attack was on the right and centre of the Prussian position rather than the left. The battle of Ligny began late in the day, and it was perhaps only want of time which prevented Buonaparte from pushing a column further on their right flank at Wagnelies. Whatever his purpose, he certainly was under the conviction after his success that Blücher had retreated towards Namur, and his neglect in ascertaining this fact would appear to have been a singular and fatal error. But his main object was evidently to find the Prussian army, and beat it.

"This position," says the historian, speaking of Ligny, "was good and well chosen, for the villages in front afforded an admirable shelter to the troops."—p. 924.

The position, as occupied by the Prussians, has been con-

sidered very defective by better authorities than Mr. Alison.* English officers are, we believe, pretty well agreed on this point; but if their judgment be questioned, no writer has pointed out some of its defects more clearly than General Clausewitz, who, having served as chief of the staff to the third corps of the Prussian army, writes with greater authority on this part of the campaign than perhaps on any other. He particularly censures the occupation and defence of St. Amand, one of Mr. Alison's admirable villages, as a pernicious *hors d'œuvre.* It was too far advanced, and the Prussians as the action proceeded were exposed to greater loss than the assaulting enemy, in moving successive battalions down the slope to its defence. Their strength was thus consumed before Napoleon made his final attack with his reserves. Posts which cost the defenders more outlay of life than the assailants, though sometimes necessary evils, can hardly deserve the epithet *admirable.* (See *Feldzug von* 1815, p. 91.)

The cavalry action of the 17th at Genappe is briefly but incorrectly described in the following passage:—

"So roughly had the French been handled on the field of battle the preceding day that no attempt was made by them to disturb the retreat of either army, except by a body of French cuirassiers, which, about four o'clock in the afternoon, charged the English cavalry, who were covering the retreat between Genappe and Waterloo."—*Alison*, p. 932.

For cuirassiers read lancers. They did not in the first instance charge the English cavalry, but, pressing rather close on our rear, were charged gallantly but ineffectually by the 7th Hussars, who could make no impression on the front of their column in the defile, and lost many officers and men, wounded and prisoners. When the lancers, flushed with success, debouched on a wider space, they were ridden over by the 1st Life Guards.

In discussing the *vexata quæstio* of Grouchy's conduct on the 18th, Mr. Alison, p. 995, speaks of his force as *fully matched* by the Prussian corps opposed to him at Wavres. No account, French or other, which we have seen, rates Grouchy's corps at

* We believe we may safely state that in the course of their previous interview, already noticed, the Duke of Wellington did not conceal from Marshal Blücher his apprehensions as to the choice of the position near Ligny.

less than 32,000 men. The third Prussian corps, under Thielman,—instead of rising, as Mr. Alison says, to 35,000—did not exceed 16,000!

"No official account of the Prussian loss," says Mr. Alison, p. 994, "has ever been published."

Meaning their loss on the 18th. As we have already had occasion to signify, Mr. Alison might have found the official returns most minutely given in the Appendix to Plotho's fourth volume, distinguishing officers, men, and horses, down to what Mr. Canning called the fraction of a drummer. A separate list for Thielman's loss in the action at Wavres is alone wanting to make these returns quite complete.

Mr. Alison says, p. 924,

"It was in the evening of the 15th, at half-past seven, that Wellington received the intelligence at Brussels. Orders were immediately despatched," &c.

As Buonaparte's first attack was on the Prussian outposts at Thuin, it was natural that the first intelligence of hostilities should come from the Prussians, but their officer met with some delay, and the news was, in fact, brought by the Prince of Orange. He found the Duke, not at half-past seven, but soon after three o'clock, at dinner at his hotel, about 100 yards from his quarters in the park, which he had taken care not to quit during the morning, nor even on the day preceding, though pressed to do so in at least one instance by a person of high consequence, who was not probably aware of his reason for remaining. The Prince of Orange, who had thus come in from the Belgian outposts to dine with the Duke, was soon after followed by the Prussian General Muffling, who brought accounts of the affair of Thuin, and orders were immediately issued for the movement of the army to the left. These, despatched about five, must have reached most of the corps by eight, and probably all before ten. The Duke's detailed orders are not all as yet before the public; but it is, perhaps, sufficient to refer to the *Memorandum* of 15th June, 1815, as printed by Colonel Gurwood. Before ten, further accounts were received from the Hanoverian General Dornberg, showing that all was quiet in the direction of Mons, &c.,—and the after orders were issued. (*Gurwood*, 15th June, 1815, 10 P.M.)

In the not very intricate case of Waterloo itself Mr. Alison indulges himself in various decisions of a rather questionable description. As to the ground of the action, for instance, he lays down that

"The French army had an open country to retreat over in case of disaster; while the British, if defeated, would in all probability lose their whole artillery in the defiles of the forest of Soignies."—p. 937.

The fact is, that, if the Duke fought with one defile in his rear, Buonaparte fought with two. The difference was, that, while the Duke could, *in extremis*, have maintained the wood with his infantry, Buonaparte, if beaten, could not so well have maintained Mr. Alison's *open country*. And, odd enough, but so it is, Mr. Alison states, at page 935, a conclusion rather different from that which he announces in p. 937, for the *dictum* there is

"Retreat after disaster would be difficult, if not impossible, to the British army, through the narrow defile of the forest of Soignies: overthrow was [meaning, *must be*] ruin to the French."

We know not how to reconcile these *interlocutors*. The plain truth is, that the enemy's troops could have run away on either side of the *chaussée*, and they did so; but his carriages must have been jammed in any but a very timely retreat, as they were, in the defile of Genappe. However, Mr. Alison may be assured that the Duke of Wellington did not, at any time, contemplate the necessity of a retreat from his position at Waterloo. Upon the occasion of no former battle had he taken more pains to make himself by personal inspection thoroughly acquainted with his ground, and he was, from first to last, satisfied of his ability to maintain the post until his ally should arrive to his support. Clausewitz, p. 117, expresses a positive opinion, in which every military critic but a Frenchman must concur, that, even had the whole of Grouchy's force been at Napoleon's disposal, the Duke had nothing to fear pending Blücher's arrival.

The Duke is often talked of as having exhausted his reserves in the action. This is another grave error, which Clausewitz has thoroughly disposed of (p. 125). He enumerates the tenth British brigade, the division of Chassé, and the cavalry of Collaert as having been little or not at all engaged—and he might have also added two brigades of light cavalry.

That there was, as Mr. Alison states, much confusion with the retiring baggage on the road to Brussels is true enough—such is always the case with the rear of a great army during a battle—but the baggage of the old Spanish regiments remained where it was ordered until sent for by the Duke, and everything reached them in safety about midnight—a remarkable instance of precision, all things considered.

Another statement is calculated, as it stands, to convey a positively false impression as to the situation and services, during the battle, of the English officer who ranks next to his illustrious leader for constant, persevering, and frequently brilliant performance of his duty.

"Wellington," says Mr. Alison, p. 937, "had stationed General Hill, with nearly 7000 men, at Hal, six miles on the right, in order to cover the great road from Mons to Brussels."

And, again, in describing the state of the Duke's preparations on the morning of the 18th, he says,—

"His whole army, with the exception of the detachment under Hill, near Hal, was now assembled."—p. 938.

From these passages an ordinary reader would certainly infer that Lord Hill was not personally engaged in the battle of Waterloo, but that he was sitting on his horse at the head of a small detached body of 7000 men, six miles out of cannon-shot. The fact is, that the whole army was divided into two corps. The Prince of Orange commanded the first, Lord Hill the second, which included in the list of its commanders of division or brigade such names as those of Clinton, Picton, Pack, Kempt, and Adam. From this corps Lord Hill was ordered to detach a part, and a part only, of the fourth division, under Sir C. Colville, to which was attached a more considerable body of Dutch troops under Prince Frederick of Orange. The whole amounted to some 17,000 men. The immediate object of this detachment was that of guarding the road from Mons to Brussels; but had the Duke been compelled to retire from his position at Waterloo, this corps would have rendered important assistance to his right, and, had the battle been undecisive, it would have been in line at Waterloo by the morning. The Duke certainly attached much importance to the position of Hal. It is a strong one, and had been occupied by Marlborough shortly before the battle of

Oudenarde. If Napoleon had advanced in this direction, it is probable that the battle for the defence of Brussels would have been fought here. Lord Hill's presence, however, was not necessary at Hal on the 18th; and we will venture to say that no general officer was under hotter fire in the action of Waterloo than our late commander-in-chief. He disposed and led on in person Sir F. Adam's decisive attack on the flank of Napoleon's guard. In the despatch of the 19th to Lord Bathurst, the Duke says,—"I am particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct on this as on all former occasions."—*Gurwood*, vol. xii. p. 483.

"During this terrible strife," says Mr. Alison, p. 947, "Wellington remained in his position at the foot of his tree, occasionally throwing himself into a square, or directing the advance of a line. So heavy was the fire of cannon-shot to which he was exposed that nearly all his suite were killed or wounded by his side; and he was obliged in the close of the day to the casual assistance of a Portuguese, who stood near, to carry the most necessary orders."

The historian in a subsequent page favours us with the *ipsissima verba* addressed by the Duke to the soldiery of *two* of the several squares into which his Grace thus threw himself. We are, however, able to assure Mr. Alison that the story, however generally current, of the Duke's occasionally flinging himself into a square is a fiction. He *never once* was in that position throughout the battle of the 18th. For *Portuguese* read *Piedmontese*. The young gentleman in question was of the family of De Salis, a subject of the Sardinian government, and in its service. The mission he undertook was one of danger, for his uniform made him liable to be mistaken for a Frenchman by the brigade to which he carried the Duke's order to advance. "Were you ever in a battle before?" said the Duke. "No, Sir." "Then you are a lucky man; for you will never see such another."

"Blücher and Wellington, by a singular chance, met at the farm of La Belle Alliance, and mutually saluted each other as victors."—p. 957.

They met, not at La Belle Alliance, but a short distance further on the Genappe road, near a farm called the "Maison Rouge," or "Maison du Roi." This was the furthest point to which the British advanced; at least it was here that the Duke gave orders for the halt and bivouac of his own exhausted troops,

and handed over the task of further pursuit to the Prussians, nothing loth to accept it.

The above remarks have been called forth by Mr. Alison's propensity to the extraction of military details from questionable sources. We find graver cause of offence with him when he sits down in his library-chair to distribute his praise and censure between the two great commanders whom he summons before his tribunal. His parallel of Napoleon and Wellington, after the fashion of Plutarch, is a tissue of truisms and assumptions which must not at present detain us; but among his "*few observations conceived in an European spirit!*"—there occurs a passage on which we think it worth while to say a few words:—

"In the first place, it is evident, whatever the English writers may say to the contrary, that both Blücher and the Duke of Wellington were surprised by Napoleon's invasion of Belgium on the 15th of June; and it is impossible to hold either of them entirely blameless for that circumstance. It has been already seen from the Duke's despatches, that on the 9th of June, that is, six days before the invasion took place, he was aware that Napoleon was collecting a great force on the frontier, and that hostilities might immediately be expected. Why, then, were the two armies not immediately concentrated, and placed in such a situation that they might mutually, if attacked, lend each other the necessary assistance? Their united force was full 190,000 effective men, while Napoleon's was not more than 120,000, or, at the utmost, 140,000. Why, then, was Blücher attacked unawares and isolated at Ligny, and the British infantry, unsupported either by cavalry or artillery, exposed to the attack of a superior force of French, composed of all the three arms, at Quatre Bras? It is in vain to say that they could not provide for their troops if they had been concentrated, and that it was necessary to watch every bye-road which led to Brussels. Men do not eat more when drawn together than when scattered over a hundred miles of country. Marlborough and Eugene had long ago maintained armies of 100,000 men for months together in Flanders; and Blücher and Wellington had no difficulty in feeding 170,000 men drawn close together after the campaign did commence. It is not by a cordon of troops, scattered over a hundred miles, that the attack of 120,000 French is to be arrested. If the British army had from the first been concentrated at Waterloo, and Blücher near Wavres, Napoleon would never have ventured to pass them on the road, however unguarded. Those who, in their anxiety to uphold the English general from the charge of having been assailed unawares, assert

that he was not taken by surprise in the outset of the Waterloo campaign, do not perceive that in so doing they bring against him the much more serious charge of having so disposed his troops, when he knew they were about to be assailed, that infantry alone, without either cavalry or artillery, were exposed to the attack of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in superior numbers, contrary not only to the plainest rules of the military art, but of common sense, on the subject."—p. 988.

"It results from these considerations that in the outset Wellington and Blücher were out-manœuvred by Napoleon. . . . . Napoleon so managed matters that he was superior to either at the points of attack at Ligny and Quatre Bras. This is the most decisive test of superior generalship. . . . . The allied Generals were clearly out-generalled." &c. &c.—*Ibid.*

When the Duke of Wellington was summoned from Vienna to take the command in the Netherlands, the armies of our continental allies were distributed in different parts of Europe, while the greater part of that of England had been detached to North America; and, though peace had been concluded with the United States, were not yet returned. On his arrival from Elba, Buonaparte had found a French army in France completely organized, consisting of 250,000 men, with cannon and all requisites, and capable of increase from a number of old soldiers and returned prisoners, dispersed through the country. It is obvious that, under such circumstances, the first measures which the Generals of the allied armies could take must be defensive. The armies in the Belgian provinces and on the left bank of the Rhine must have been strictly directed on this principle. They were at the outposts; it was their office to protect the march of the other armies of the allies to the intended basis of combined operations. Each of these armies, indeed, had particular interests to attend to besides those which were common to all; but the peculiar objects intrusted to ours were of supreme and paramount importance. The force under the Duke's command, consisting of British, Dutch, and Hanoverians, had to preserve its communications with England, Holland, and Germany; to maintain its connexion with the Prussian army; and to protect Brussels, the seat of government of the Netherlands.

Napoleon had great advantages, whether for offensive or defensive operations, in the number, position, and strength of the fortresses on the N.E. frontier of France. These enabled him to

organize his forces and arrange their movements beyond the power of detection on the part of the allies, even to the last moment. They put it out of the power of the allies to undertake any offensive operation which should not include the means of carrying on one or more sieges, possibly at the same time. The country occupied by the Duke and his immediate allies was comparatively open, for the ancient strongholds of Flanders had been found in very bad condition, and, though his measures were as active as judicious to put them in a state of defence, no activity could repair their deficiencies in a very brief space of time. No general ever occupied a defensive position of greater difficulty and inconvenience, and the uncertainty of the length of time during which it was to be so occupied was an aggravation of that difficulty. It is clear, from numerous passages in Colonel Gurwood's 12th volume, that the Duke could do nothing to terminate that period till the other armies of the allied powers should have entered on the basis of combined operations. The Duke could only occupy himself, as he did, in strengthening his position by pushing on the works of Charleroi, Namur, Mons, Ath, Tournay, Ypres, Oudenarde, Courtray, Menin, Ostend, Nieuport, and Antwerp. Reports of an intended attack by Napoleon had been frequent before June: and previous to the 15th of that month it was known at Brussels that Buonaparte had left Paris to take the command on the northern frontier. This certainty, however, could make no immediate change in the position of the allied armies; it could not invest them with the power of taking the initiative. All the usual precautions for the forwarding of orders to the troops in their respective cantonments had been already adopted, but any decisive drawing together of the forces, founded on any hypothesis which could as yet be formed, might have been destructive to some one or other of the interests which it was the business of the Duke to preserve inviolate.

Mr. Alison, however, decides that the Duke was surprised because he did not know that Buonaparte would attack by the valley of the Sambre, and did not collect his troops to meet the enemy in that direction. "It is vain," says Mr. Alison, "to say that it was necessary to watch every by-road to Brussels." Does Mr. Alison know that among the said *by-roads* there happened to be four *great roads* leading on Brussels from the departments of the North and the fortresses on the French frontier—

one from Lisle, by Menin, and Courtray, and Ghent; one from Lisle, on Tournay, Oudenarde, and Ghent; one from Condé, on Tournay; one from Condé, by Valenciennes, on Mons? Each of these were great paved roads, presenting no other obstacle than the unfinished works to which we have before adverted. On any or all of them Buonaparte might have moved his columns with the same secrecy with which he poured them on the Prussian right; and with greater ease and rapidity—for the fact is remarkable, though little noticed, that Napoleon had, at an earlier period, broken up the roads by which he ultimately advanced on Charleroi, and which he was in consequence obliged partially to repair for that advance. It was highly probable up to the last moment that Napoleon would make his main attack by one or more of these *by-roads:* and it is now the opinion, not perhaps of Mr. Alison, but of somewhat higher strategical authorities, that, if the Duke of Wellington had concentrated his troops prematurely to the left, Buonaparte would have so acted. Would it have been no advantage to him to have opened the campaign by throwing himself on the line of the English communications with Ostend, driving the Court of Louis XVIII. from Ghent, and probably occupying Brussels? We may, with General Clausewitz, think it probable that even such a start of success would have failed to avert Napoleon's ultimate ruin;—but the Duke had a complicated task to perform—it was his business to throw away no chances: he had to watch over the inclinations as well as the real interests of different populations: he had to watch over the great danger of any sudden revival of the Buonapartean *prestige*—he had sacrifices to avoid as well as objects to compass. Let us consider what would have been his position at the best, had any one of the interests intrusted to his care been sacrificed. He might have effected his junction with Blücher, and have answered a French proclamation from the palace of Lacken by the Gazette of a victory on some other field than that of Waterloo; but how many Alisons would have arisen to tell us how in the first instance he had allowed his right flank to be turned! The victory must, indeed, have been rapid and decisive, which would have silenced the opposition orators of England, and repaired the shattered *morale* of Belgium—with a French army between the Duke and the coast, and Brussels the head-quarters of Napoleon.

We may further suggest to Mr. Alison that, though troops do not eat more when together than when separate, it is rather more difficult for the commissary to bring their necessary supplies to one point than to many, especially as respects cavalry. Mr. Alison must be aware that these troops, quartered, and, as it was, crowded, on the territories of an ally, were not fed by the Napoleonic process of compulsory requisition. Those who were responsible for their discipline, physical condition, and efficiency, had good reasons for not collecting them an hour sooner than was necessary. A nervous and incompetent commander, having the fear of such critics as Mr. Alison before his eyes, would probably have been distracting his subordinates and harassing his troops by marches and countermarches as profitable as those of Major Sturgeon in Foote's farce, while the Duke was keeping his men in hand and his counsels to himself. Such a general would assuredly not have gone to the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

We should like to know Mr. Alison's definition of a surprise. We do not ourselves profess to furnish any compendious formula including all the conditions which collectively or separately may justify the use of a term so derogatory to the reputation of any commander. We apprehend, however, that these conditions are most completely fulfilled when the party assailed is not expecting to be attacked at all. Lord Hill's attack of the French at Arroyo Molinos is an instance of this rare class of exploits. Another fair condition of a surprise is when the party attacked is prepared for defence, but when the line of the hostile approach or the point of attack is one which he has overlooked or neglected: in this way Soult was surprised at Oporto, Jourdain at Vitoria. The affair of Culm affords an instance in which two hostile bodies surprised one another, for the Prussians no more expected to find Vandamme in their front than he did to find them on his rear. We presume Mr. Alison hardly means to bring the Duke of Wellington under the first of these categories. As to the latter, we contend that Napoleon's line of attack was one embraced and provided for in the Duke's calculations, but which the circumstances of his position made it impossible for him, up to the last moment, to anticipate with precision.

It is probable that even Phormio, who lectured Hannibal at

Ephesus,* was aware that the *initiative* of operations between two armies *en présence* is a great advantage, of which either leader would be too happy to avail himself. The allies in the Netherlands and on the Meuse in 1815 were, as we have shown, necessarily on the defensive. They were waiting for the junction and co-operation of other large armies, destined for the attainment of a common ultimate object. This defensive position did not necessarily preclude all idea or plan of attack upon the enemy. The enemy might have so placed himself as to have rendered the attacking his army advisable, even necessary. In that case the English and Prussians should and would have taken the initiative; but the enemy did not assume any such position. On the contrary, he took one in which his numbers, his movements, his designs could be concealed, protected, and supported, down to the very moment of execution. The allies, therefore, *could not* have the initiative in the way of attack. But they might have, and they had it, in the way of defensive movement; and with submission we maintain that they availed themselves of that opportunity the instant that it was within their power. Their original position having been calculated for the defence and protection of certain objects confided to their care, any alteration in that position previous to the first movement of the enemy, and the certainty that that was a *real movement*, must have exposed some important interest to danger; and therefore no movement was made until the initiative had been taken by Buonaparte, and the precise design of his movement was obvious. Any movement on the part of the allies, previous to his ascertained march and purpose, would have been what is commonly called a "*false movement*," and we believe the Duke of Wellington has never hesitated to avow his opinion, that, of all the chiefs of armies in the world, *the one* in whose presence it was most hazardous to make a false movement was Napoleon Buonaparte.

We have not the Duke's *detailed and complete orders* for the movements of his troops on the receipt by him of authentic intelligence of Napoleon's decisive movement on the Sambre. We believe that, if we had it in our power to place those orders in full before our military readers, it would be apparent that,

* See Cicero *de Oratore*, lib. ii., cap. 18.

but for the occurrence of certain accidents, which we shall not characterise further than by saying that he never could have expected or reckoned on them, the left wing of his army—infantry, artillery, and particularly cavalry—must have been in position at Quatre Bras by two o'clock P.M. on the 16th of June. It was only as has already been shown, in consequence of an accident that Bulow's corps did not join Blücher in time to take part in the affair of Ligny on that day; but since Blücher was not to be able to repel the French on the 16th, the English army, however strong it might have been, must, in consequence of what was settled between the Duke and Blücher on the morning of the 16th, have retreated from Quatre Bras on the 17th. But take things as they were:—the forces that reached Quatre Bras, and concentrated upon the position of Ligny, were sufficient to maintain the one post, and to retire from the other in good order, and fully prepared for immediate co-operation in the further carrying out of a plan deliberately framed beforehand. And this was the plan of the Duke of Wellington, who, with a very remarkable accuracy of prescience, had as we have seen, predicted, as early as the 2nd of June, that his first active movement would be on the 16th of June, and who, from the time of his arrival in the Netherlands, had considered Waterloo as the ground on which, if Buonaparte should make Brussels his aim, it would be the best for the allies to fight their battle in defence of that capital. And now, wise not only after, but in spite of, the event, Mr. Alison tells the general whose business was defence, and whose defence was completely and triumphantly successful—whose defence included the entire protection of every object and interest committed to his care—the avoidance of every sacrifice and risk to which he was exposed, and the gaining of the greatest battle recorded in modern history—Mr. Alison tells the Duke of Wellington that he was "surprised," "out-manœuvred," and "out-generalled" by the leader whose every aim and purpose he, in a campaign of three days, utterly baffled and for ever overwhelmed.

Mr. Alison, however, does not merely infer the fact of the Duke's "surprise" in June, 1815, from the outward aspects and results of those military operations which our historian considers himself so well entitled to criticise. He has, being a skilful lawyer, reserved the strongest part of his case for its close. He

has direct and positive evidence to produce—he can show not only that the Duke was surprised, but the exact circumstances in, and by consequence of which, he was surprised. He thus puts his irrefragable witness in the box:—

"Wellington and Blücher, at this critical period, were relying almost entirely upon secret intelligence, which was to be forwarded to them by Fouché. . . . . This extraordinary delay in collecting the troops when the enemy, under so daring a leader, was close at hand, cannot be altogether vindicated, and it was wellnigh attended with fatal consequences; but the secret cause which led to it is explained in Fouché's Memoirs.[1]

Inactivity of Wellington and Blücher.

[1] Gurw. xii. 449, 457.

"That unparalleled intriguer, who had been in communication with Wellington and Metternich all the time he was chief minister under Napoleon, had promised to furnish the English general not only with the exact moment of attack, but with the plan of the campaign. Wellington was hourly in expectation of this intelligence, which would have enabled him to know in what direction he should concentrate his forces; and thence it was that he lay motionless in his cantonments. How he did not receive it must be given in Fouché's own words:—'My agents with Metternich and Lord Wellington had promised marvels and mountains; the English generalissimo expected that I should *at the very least* give him the plan of the campaign. I knew for certain that the unforeseen attack would take place on the 16th or 18th at latest. Napoleon intended to give battle on the 17th to the English army, after having marched right over the Prussians on the preceding day. He had the more reason to trust to the success of that plan, that Wellington, deceived by false reports, believed the opening of the campaign might be deferred till the beginning of July. The success of Napoleon, therefore, depended on a surprise; and I arranged my plans in conformity. On the very day of the departure of Napoleon, I despatched Madame D——, furnished with notes written in cipher, containing the whole plan of the campaign. But at the same time I privately *despatched orders for such obstacles at the frontier*, where she was to pass, that she could not arrive at the head-quarters of Wellington till after the event. This was the real explanation of the inconceivable security of the generalissimo, which at the time excited such universal astonishment.'"[1]—vol. x. p. 921.

Fouché's unparalleled duplicity.

[1] Fouché, Mem. ii. 340, 342.

We are ready to make every possible admission to Mr. Alison and his respectable authority. When the Bavarian Wrede arrived late on the ground of Wagram, as we have heard, he apologised

to Napoleon for his delay, saying, "I fear I have deranged your Majesty's plans;" to which Napoleon replied, "I have no plan, but as you are come we will attack." Let us suppose, however, that on this occasion Buonaparte had a plan, and that Fouché knew it in all its details. Let us take for granted still further the authenticity of the memoirs attributed to Fouché—that he not only penned the passage in question, but that the infamy of its truth, as far as his own conduct is concerned, attaches to him —and that he was the complex traitor he describes himself. Would it follow that the Duke of Wellington could or would depend on M. Fouché's accurately knowing and truly reporting whether Buonaparte had made up his mind to move on Charleroi or on Mons?

Being professionally a weigher of evidence, Mr. Alison, we conceive, ought hardly to have relied, in any case, on the statements of a work attributed to such an apostle of truth as Fouché; yet he does so without even making the inquiry whether the work is really his in all or in part, or whether it is to be classed with the biographies of those two admirable females Madame du Barri and the Marquise de Crequi. We have it in our power, however, to give a short and direct answer to Mr. Alison's solution of the mystery he has conjured up—It is totally unfounded. No decision of the Duke, whether to set his troops in motion, to keep them quiet, or to govern their direction, was in the slightest degree influenced by the promise, the expectation, the arrival, or non-arrival of any intelligence from Fouché.

The Duke of Wellington, for the reasons we have detailed, having a knowledge that his adversary was on the frontier, and expecting an attack, did wait for intelligence on which he could rely of the precise direction of that attack. He waited, however, not for a French petticoat padded with Fouché's autograph ciphers, but for reports from the British or Prussian officers at the outposts.

It is proper to observe that Mr. Alison's marginal references to Col. Gurwood's twelfth volume, pp. 449, 457, are so placed as if the Duke's papers would afford some indication at least of his reliance on Fouché. We are very sure this was a mere lapse of the pen on the part of our historian. But we cannot acquit Mr. Alison of very culpable negligence in having written

a 'History of Europe' without reading the Duke of Wellington's despatches; and if he had this twelfth volume, he would have found at its 649th page the following sentence, being part of a letter to General Dumouriez, dated Paris, September 26, 1815:—

"Avant mon arrivée à Paris au mois de Juillet, je n'avais jamais vu Fouché, ni eu avec lui communication quelconque, ni avec aucun de ceux qui sont liés avec lui."

There was no dependence on the *espionnage* of traitors, and there was no surprise. Buonaparte, from circumstances, enjoyed the full advantage of the initiative. His skill in using that advantage, with the courage and devotion of an excellent army, gained him a partial and temporary success over Blücher, which, if Blücher had been a Mack or Hohenlohe, might have been more serious, and which, if Bulow's orders had reached him in due time, would, most probably, have been no success at all. The Duke of Wellington, meanwhile, though unable to extend so far to his left as to join in the battle against Buonaparte in person, occupied during the 16th, and repulsed before night, a large portion of his army under one of his best generals, and effectually prevented him from pursuing the incomplete advantage he had obtained over Blücher. Buonaparte could not follow the Prussians, leaving the Duke with his army collected and untouched in possession of all the passages of the Dyle, and of his communications with France by the valleys of the Meuse and Sambre. Excepting, therefore, the momentary glimpse of success at Ligny, all Buonaparte's movements in this grand system of attack were effectually checked and discomfited. The great advantage he started with availed him nothing. He had found antagonists whom neither his rapidity could surprise, nor his dexterity perplex; and he fell to rise no more.

If Mr. Alison's pages bore somewhat less the impress of entire self-satisfaction with his own conclusions as to the conduct of this momentous campaign, we should be tempted to refer him to the posthumous work of General Clausewitz, who, having served, as we have stated, as chief of the staff to the third corps of the Prussian army, and having long applied himself to the scientific branches of his profession, has at least a better claim than Mr. Alison to deal in sweeping and authoritative censures on sub-

jects of this nature. Mr. Alison will find in that work, and we give him the full benefit of it for his argument, a disposition, very natural in a Prussian, to find fault after the event with the Duke's caution in the protection of his right. He will find him favourable to a system of closer junction between the two allies at the manifest and admitted risk of those sacrifices which the Duke undoubtedly declined to incur. He will find the Prussian most impartially severe on his own commander, especially on ground with which he is acquainted, the field of Ligny; but he will find him, when he comes to detailed criticism on the Duke of Wellington, writing with the caution which becomes a soldier cognizant of the difficulties of the Duke's position, but confessedly ignorant of his plans, intentions, and the details of his orders for the distribution and collection of his forces. General Clausewitz died in 1831; had he lived to read even Colonel Gurwood's twelfth volume, we think it probable he would have modified some of his conclusions. Had he retained them, we might still differ from such a critic, but we could only do so with the respect due to extensive service, the modesty which usually accompanies experience, and, we must add, the impartial honesty of a German gentleman. With regard to Mr. Alison himself, we desire also to speak with general respect, indeed, but we cannot acquit him of serious blame upon this occasion. When an Englishman darts his sting, from the tail of ten elaborate volumes, at what he thinks the vulnerable part of the highest military reputation of his country, and the purest of any age, we cannot but remember that, though he may have done little, he has done his best, to impair that reputation. His success, so far as he obtains it, will make him in exact proportion an useful tool in the hands of men of a different stamp, the professed detractors here and elsewhere of the greatest subject of these realms who has ever devoted himself to their service. But it is time to return to Marshal Forwards.

Many swords were reluctantly sheathed on the convention of St. Cloud, but none more reluctantly than his who for a second time entered the gates of Paris as a conqueror, which he would rather have forced as a destroyer. Restrained as he was by the cooler heads and less vindictive spirit of the sovereigns whom he served, and the greater man with whom he had co-operated in the field, he was with difficulty prevented from blowing up the

beautiful bridge of Jena.* His wrath exhaled as usual in bitter sarcasms against the whole tribe of pen-and-ink men and politicians. He found also some distraction in the vice of gambling, for which under Buonaparte, and indeed down to the reign of Louis Philippe, every public facility was afforded to all classes in the French capital. Such distractions could only have assisted the process of mental and bodily decay, which was further promoted by an accident. An English garrison without a horse-race is scarcely a thing *in rerum naturâ*. Blücher, attending one of these festivities at St. Cloud, fell heavily horse and man over a rope which he was too blind to perceive in his path, and it is said that the effects of this fall were perceptible in some very curious forms of hallucination, such as extort a smile even from those who are contemplating the melancholy spectacle of the ruin of a noble mind.

The attractions of Paris were insufficient to overcome his aversion for its inhabitants. His head-quarters were for the

* We are tempted to place here *part* of the last of the Duke of Wellington's long series of letters to Blücher on the subject of this bridge, and the whole of the immediately subsequent communication :—

" *Mein lieber Fürst,* " *Paris, 9th July,* 1815.

" The subjects on which Lord Castlereagh and I conversed with your Highness and General Comte Gneisenau this morning, viz. the destruction of the bridge of Jena and the levy of the contribution of one hundred millions of francs upon the city of Paris, appear to me to be so important to the Allies in general, that I cannot allow myself to omit to draw your Highness's attention to them again in this shape.

" The destruction of the bridge of Jena is highly disagreeable to the King and to the people, and may occasion disturbance in the city. It is not merely a military measure, but is one likely to attach to the character of our operations, and is of political importance. It is adopted solely because the bridge is considered a monument of the battle of Jena, notwithstanding that the Government are willing to change the name of the bridge.

" Considering the bridge as a monument, I beg leave to observe that its immediate destruction is inconsistent with the promise made to the Commissioners on the part of the French army, during the negotiation of the convention, viz. that the monuments, museums, &c., should be reserved for the decision of the Allied Sovereigns.

" All that I ask is, that the execution of the orders given for the destruction of the bridge may be suspended till the Sovereigns shall arrive here, when, if it should be agreed by common accord that the bridge ought to be destroyed, I shall have no objection," &c. &c.—*Gurwood,* vol. xii. p. 552.

" *A Paris, ce* 10 *Juillet,* 1815,

" *Mein lieber Fürst,* *à* 9 *heures du matin.*

" Le dîner est chez Very aujourd'hui à 6 heures, et j'espère que nous passerons une journée agréable.

" Je viens de recevoir la nouvelle que les Souverains arrivent aujourd'hui à Bondy, et des ordres d'y envoyer des gardes, &c., ce que je fais. Je crois qu'ils ne s'arrêteront que quelques heures à Bondy, et qu'ils pourront arriver ce soir.

" Agréez, &c.

" Le Maréchal Prince Blücher." " WELLINGTON.

most part established at St. Cloud, and occasionally transferred to Rambouillet and Chartres. The arrangement of the conditions of the peace of Paris afforded him the opportunity, of which he gladly availed himself, even before its final signature, to depart for Prussia. His farewell address to the army bore date the 31st of October, 1815. The retiring forces began their march, but before Blücher himself crossed the frontier, hearing of some further diplomatic difficulties, he took upon himself to halt them as suddenly and peremptorily as if they had been a regiment on parade. The confusion produced by this parting act of authority was excessive, and was only put an end to by positive orders from Paris. Blücher reached Aix-la-Chapelle in a broken state of health on November 20, the day on which the peace was signed. Hence, with frequent delays, and harassed by the noisy demonstrations of respect with which he was everywhere received, he slowly made his way to Berlin.

The light seemed burning to the socket, but it was destined still to shine, though with enfeebled and tremulous lustre, some four years longer. He resided chiefly at Kriblowitz, in Silesia, on an estate with which, in 1814, he had been rewarded by the King, but paid occasional visits to Breslau and Berlin. A journey, dictated by medical advice, to the sea-baths of Dobberan, afforded him an occasion to visit the place of his birth, Rostock, where he recognised and received with touching amiability some surviving acquaintances of his earliest youth. Hamburgh and Altona were also gratified by glimpses of the veteran. He passed on his route the churchyard of Ottensen, in which repose the ashes of Klopstock. He had been personally acquainted with the poet, and as he passed he uncovered his grey head, a soldier's tribute of respect to the German muse, which his early patron Frederick the Great would have sneered at. He also visited Klopstock's widow, who opened on the occasion a bottle of tokay, which her husband thirty years before had charged her to reserve for some occasion of singular joy and festivity. These little incidents have their value. Napoleon's esteem for Ossian, and Blücher's for the poem of the 'Messiah,' remind us of the veneration for female chastity which has been attributed to the King of Beasts. Of the honours showered upon him from all quarters, sovereigns, burgomasters, and municipalities, it is unnecessary to speak.

We have elsewhere mentioned that Blücher was a nervous and fluent writer; his intimates also asserted that he was born an orator. At the festive meetings of the table, in which, when his health allowed him, he delighted to the last, he was Nestorian in his harangues and narrations, but failure of memory as to the order of dates made the latter very confused. He never failed to do justice to the participation of Gneisenau in all his greater military exploits. On one occasion he puzzled the society by gravely announcing his intention of kissing his own head; he solved the riddle by rising and embracing that of Gneisenau. This was an exploit which his English comrade in arms could not imitate. His last illness came upon him in September, 1819, at Kriblowitz. His deathbed was attended by the King, and he died calm and resigned in the arms of his faithful aide-de-camp Nostitz.

VI.—HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, DECEMBER, 1843.(a)

THIS, the last page in the history of the British Arctic exploration, is a melancholy one; for though the task undertaken was gallantly and successfully accomplished, the publication is posthumous, and the adventurous author lived not to wear the laurels so honourably won. His own recital is one which must be read by his countrymen with satisfaction, only impaired by regret for his melancholy and mysterious fate. Its style, remarkable even beyond that of his recent predecessors for concision, is, like theirs, of that simple and unpretending character which best becomes the narrative of real enterprise and endurance. The achievements it records place the author's name on the long list of British worthies which begins with Frobisher. The utility of such achievements may indeed be questioned. To what purpose are the realms of all but eternal winter invaded by such repeated incursions? Why expose the nose of man to the blast of the barrens, with the thermometer at 60° below zero: and when Government, weary of its efforts, abandons the task, why should officials of the Hudson's Bay Company exchange their proper functions as purveyors of peltry for those of navigators and geographers? The answer to all such utilitarian interrogatories rises spontaneously to the lips of every one who takes an interest either in the advancement of science or the honour of England. We are indeed no longer lured, like our ancestors, by the prospect of commercial advantages from a north-western communication with Japan or Cathay: but, without condescending to argue the question, we regret no past,

(a) *Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the Years* 1836-39. By Thomas Simpson, Esq. 8vo. London. 1843.

we shall grudge no future expenditure, whether of money or heroism, which may have contributed or hereafter may contribute to the final discharge of one of Great Britain's proper functions, the survey of the coast-line of North America. This primary object attained, it will yet remain to be shown that the North Pole itself is inaccessible, and that the difficulties of a north-west passage are insurmountable by British navigators. On both these questions we venture to refer our readers to our article, of the year 1840, on Wrangell's expedition, vol. lxvi. p. 444.

Meanwhile the Franklins, the Backs, and the Simpsons have left but little to be achieved towards the accomplishment of the coast survey. The extent of the hiatus remaining on our maps will be best understood by a reference to Mr. Simpson's instructions and the objects embraced in his enterprise. We call them Mr. Simpson's instructions in virtue of his authorship, and without fear of exciting any jealousy on the part of the able and veteran chief of the expedition, Mr. Dease, who appears to have conceded to his youthful subordinate, when occasion permitted, precedence in labour and fatigue, as well as in the scientific operations of the expedition, which were entirely in Mr. Simpson's hands. Mr. Dease's merits and services are well known to the readers of Franklin and Back. The first object indicated in the instructions issued by the Hudson's Bay Company Directors was the completion of that part of the coast survey to the westward of the Mackenzie River which had been left unfinished by Franklin and Beechey in 1826. Such of our readers as have not recently pored over the additions to our arctic maps, contributed by successive expeditions, have to be reminded that in that year a combined operation was conducted, from the Pacific by Captain Beechey, from the mouth of the Mackenzie River by Captain Franklin, in the hope that the two parties might meet somewhere on the coast. They failed in effecting their junction, but how nearly they succeeded the following dates and positions will show.

On the 18th of August the barge of Captain Beechey's vessel, the Blossom, quitted that ship off Icy Cape, and on the 22nd reached longitude 156° 21′ W., some 120 miles to the eastward of their point of departure. Hence, after being embedded for some days in ice, and after her commander, Mr. Elson, had

made up his mind to abandon her and return on foot, she was fortunately extricated, and made sail again to rejoin the Blossom on the 25th. On the 16th of August Captain Franklin reached longitude 148° 52′ W.; and on the 17th the weather cleared sufficiently to allow him, as he believed, to ascertain the position of a point of land to the westward, which he named after Captain Beechey; at which point he writes, longitude 149° 27′, "our discoveries terminated." "Could I have known," he continues, "or by any possibility imagined, that a party from the Blossom had been at the distance of only 160 miles from me, no difficulties, no dangers, no discouraging circumstances, should have prevailed upon me to return." It is a satisfaction to know that, in Sir John Franklin's own opinion, founded on subsequent information, the attempt would have been fruitless, and probably fatal to all concerned. This interval, therefore, of somewhat less than 7° of longitude (averaging 23 miles to a degree), was all that, since 1826, remained to complete the survey from Mackenzie River westward to the Pacific; and that completion was indicated in the instructions as the first object of the expedition. It will be seen that it was effectually and speedily accomplished.

To the eastward a wider field was open to conjecture and discovery. In 1826, while Franklin was working to the west, his admirable coadjutor Richardson had surveyed the interval between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers. In 1834 Captain Back had descended the Tlewocho, or Great Fish River, to its estuary; but he had been able to survey but little of the neighbouring coast in either direction; and, with the exception of this point, the region between the 115th and 83rd degrees of longitude, from the Coppermine River to the offshoot called Melville Peninsula, was still unexplored. It would appear from the instructions that the exploration of this interval to its full eastward extent did not enter into the immediate contemplation of the directors. The party is merely instructed, starting from the Coppermine, to reach, if possible, the scene of Captain Back's discoveries; deciding, as in case of success it must, on its way, the question at issue between Sir John Ross and Sir George Back, whether Boothia, the land so named by the former officer, be a peninsula joined on to the main land to the west of the Tlewocho, or whether, as Back opined, a strait

existed which had escaped Ross's observation. It will be seen that Mr. Simpson more than performed the service indicated in this instruction. That after discovering and passing through the strait suspected by Sir G. Back, and thus disposing of the presumed peninsula, and of Sir J. Ross's famous discovery of a difference of level between the seas on either side, he followed the coast-line to some little extent beyond the point where Back was repelled by the advanced state of the season. From this summary it will be seen that, for some ten degrees of longitude, the coast of the continent still presents a field for further adventure. We have been robbed of one peninsula, but it appears nearly certain that a considerable tract of land, of which the eastern continuous coast has been ascertained by Parry and Franklin, deserves the name it bears of Melville *Peninsula*, that it shoots out to the north for some 5° of latitude, and is joined to the main land by a narrow isthmus near Repulse Bay. This latter fact does not indeed rest as yet on actual observation, but there is every reason to put faith in the Esquimaux accounts, which bring a gulf of the Polar Sea to within 40 or 50 miles of Repulse Bay.

Our author's narrative is prefaced by an interesting though meagre sketch of his biography, by the pen of a surviving brother. The boy is not always father to the man. The transformation of a sickly and timid youth, educated for the Scottish church, into the hardy man who walks fifty miles a-day in snow-shoes, is one of those phenomena which we believe to be quite as common as the instances of juvenile promise and precocious aptitude for a particular career so often traced out by the biographers of eminent men. In 1829, at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Simpson, despairing of early advancement in the Kirk, and averse from the usual resource of private tuition, accepted from the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr., now Sir George Simpson—(a relative, we presume, but in what degree is not stated)—an offer of employment under the Company, and sailed for North America. By the same powerful interest it appears that he was appointed, in 1836, to the second station in command of the expedition which forms the subject of the present narrative. There can be no doubt that during his apprenticeship he showed qualities which justified his

selection, and no one who peruses the record will accuse the governor of nepotism.

To any one acquainted with the numerous works of Mr. Simpson's predecessors, his volume can of course present little attraction in the way of novelty. The incidents, whether of the summer journey or the winter's residence at one of the Company's forts, admit of little variety, as described either by a Back or a Simpson. The same exertions of fortitude and endurance, the same devices of skill and ingenuity to meet danger in its various forms of river-rapid, of marine ice, of fog, and squall, and current, are required of each successive Arctic adventurer; but the simplicity and concision of the present narrative prevents weariness even with these details. There is one fact, evidence of which pervades the volume, and which makes us rise from its perusal with peculiar satisfaction: we mean the truly humanising and Christian effect of the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company on the aboriginal tribes. The period is not distant when the "bella plusquam civilia," which raged between the Hudson's Bay Company and a rival association, reddened the desert with other blood than that of the beaver or musk-ox. The blessings, indeed, usually bestowed by the white Christian on the red heathen are soon enumerated—fire-arms, fire-water, and the small-pox; but probably in no part of the world had the European invaders set a worse example to the native tribes than here, or enlisted them into more savage contests than those which raged, within the present century, within the dominions and between the subjects of the British Crown in North America. It is perhaps useless now to inquire into the relative guilt of the parties engaged, and to attempt to discriminate between aggression and lawful resistance. The true history of such contests would rival in unprofitable tedium the Florentine and Pisan wars of Guicciardini. We know no better picture of the character of the struggle than is to be found in the work of Mr. Ross Cox, a gentleman who from an adventurous trader has become an efficient and trusted officer of the Irish police. His narrative, published in 1830, has scarcely an equal for incident and adventure, unless it be in Mr. Irvine's charming volume, the 'Adventures of the Followers of Columbus.' We shall have occasion to remark that some of his

observations on the habits of native tribes derive confirmation from the volume under review. It is gratifying to us, as Englishmen and Christians, to be able to show the reverse of such a picture. Subsequently to the coalition effected between the two companies in 1821, their system towards the natives appears to have been one which Howard and Wilberforce would have approved, and might have directed. Sufficient proofs of this fact appear at the outset of Mr. Simpson's volume, even in his description, though cursory, of the Red River settlement, from which he started for his journey.

The untiring efforts of the Company's Church establishment, Protestant and Roman Catholic, extend from Labrador to the Pacific—from where the rattlesnake basks in the hot summer of climes westward of the Rocky mountains, to where the Indian ceases to roam, and the Esquimaux becomes the sole representative of humanity. These exertions are not the less creditable if, as Mr. Simpson, we fear truly, states, they are often unrewarded; not always however. In the maritime districts of the far West the Indian character is softened, as he states, by the influences of the Pacific, food is abundant, man congregates in villages, and here the labours of the Missionaries promise every success. Even among the wandering hunters of the North the endeavours of the Company to check the supply of spirituous liquors and to instil morality have not been unavailing. Mr. Simpson says:—

"No stronger proof of the salutary effect of the injunctions of the Company's officers can be adduced than that, while peace and decorum mark the general character of the Northern tribes, bloodshed, rapine, and unbridled lust are the characteristics of the fierce hordes of Assiniboines, Pigeons, Blackfeet, Circees, Fall and Blood Indians who inhabit the plains between the Saskatchewan and Missouri, and are without the pale of the Company's influence and authority."—p. 19.

Mr. Simpson goes on to describe a reconciliation effected by the sole influence of the Company between the Saulteaux and Sioux nations, till lately inveterate and bloody enemies.

On the 1st of December, 1836, Mr. Simpson quitted the Red River settlement for Athabasca. This preliminary journey, of 1277 statute miles, was completed with singular precision on the very day prefixed for its termination, the 1st of February. For

the first three days, as far as the Manitobah Lake, the nature of the country and the state of the weather permitted the use of horses and wheel-carriages. The remainder of the journey was performed on foot, the baggage being conveyed on sledges drawn by dogs. The author's route enabled him to enjoy the seasonable hospitality of three of the Company's stations between the Red River and the Athabascan station, Fort Chipewayan, destined for his residence till the period when returning spring should enable him to effect the descent of the Coppermine River.

The first point decided on at this station was, that, instead of building, according to the letter of their instructions, one large boat for their future expedition, they should construct two of smaller dimensions, a measure to which Mr. Simpson attributes the ultimate safety and success of the party. This portion of the author's narrative exhibits further gratifying evidence of the influence of the Company on the character of the Chipewayan Indians; and of the establishment of friendly relations between this race and the Esquimaux. The wanton and relentless massacre of the latter described by Hearne is a specimen of the former habits of the natives, conspicuous by its contrast to the present state of things; and the regulations of the Company, for the prevention of the sale of spirits, and for the supply of necessaries to the Indian, seem admirable in effect as well as intention.

The expedition set sail from Athabasca on the 1st of June. On the 10th it reached the Great Slave Lake, where for eleven weary days it suffered provoking detention by the ice, and it was not till the 29th that it entered the great River Mackenzie. Fort Good Hope, situated in lat. 66° 16′, the most northerly station of the Company, was reached on the 5th of July, and at 4 P.M. of the 9th the Arctic Ocean burst on the view of the party. The expedition plodded its westward way along the coast surveyed by Franklin in 1826, meeting and overcoming the usual difficulties of such a route, and holding friendly but cautious intercourse with various families of Esquimaux, till it reached Franklin's Return Reef on the 23rd. The weather here became stormy, and the temperature such as to bring the winter-dresses of the party into requisition. The ice drove them occasionally almost beyond sight of the coast, but one happy run of

25 hours effected nearly half the distance between the point reached by Franklin and the Point Barrow, from which Captain Beechey's barge returned in 1826. In this interval the mouths of two considerable rivers were discovered. Of one of these, named by the party the Colville, Mr. Simpson remarks (p. 171): "That it separates the Franklin and Pelly mountains, the last seen by us, and probably flows in a long course through a rich fur country and unknown tribes on the west side of the Rocky Mountains." Mr. Simpson thinks that it is probably identical with a river of which Mr. Campbell, one of the most adventurous of the Company's servants, who has pushed its establishments into the Rocky Mountains and to the confines of the Russian territory, received accounts from the natives; if so, it has a course of at least 1000 English miles. It appears that Mr. Campbell in 1839 narrowly escaped massacre and starvation at the hands of the Nahanie Indians, but that his future operations are likely to be facilitated by a transaction with the Russian Governor, the eminent Baron Wrangel, by which the Russian line of coast as far as Cape Spencer is leased to the Company. On the 28th they hauled up their boats on a cape, in longitude 154°, which they named after Governor Simpson. The ice now rapidly accumulated, and on the 31st Mr. Simpson writes:— "From the extreme coldness of the weather and the interminable ice, the further advance of our boats appeared hopeless. In four days we had only made good as many miles, and in the event of a late return to the Mackenzie we had every reason to apprehend being set fast in Bear Lake river, or at least at Fort Franklin, which would have been ruinous to our future plans. I therefore lost no time in imparting to Mr. Dease my desire of exploring the remainder of the coast to Point Barrow on foot. In order to secure the safe retreat of the party, he handsomely consented to remain with the boats; and as Point Barrow was still distant only two degrees of longitude, ten or twelve days were considered sufficient for my return." The author, therefore, selecting five companions, started on his pedestrian expedition on the 1st of August. While the boats had been forcing their way through the shore ice to Cape Simpson, the appearance of the ice to seaward had been so smooth and solid that the party had longed for horses and carioles to drive at once to Point Barrow. Our author could not, indeed, resort to this expedient

to facilitate the interesting labour of the remaining interval of unexplored coast. He could not call a coach, but he did better, for finding the sea open he called an oomiak—one of the large family boats of the Esquimaux which bear that name. The incident of his meeting with the family which supplied him with the loan of this invaluable conveyance was certainly one of the most fortunate of his journey. The taste for tobacco acquired from intercourse with the Russians was a passport to their good graces. Among other mutual civilities Mr. Simpson exchanged his travelling service of plate, consisting of a tin pan, for a platter made out of a mammoth tusk, as appropriate to his daily mess of pemmican as pewter to the draught beloved by metropolitan coalheavers. The Esquimaux suffered him without scruple to select the best of three oomiaks for his purpose. These boats float in half a foot of water, and the one selected bounded gallantly over the high waves of an inlet five miles wide, which would have cost him a weary march to circumvent by land. Disregarding the portentous appearance of young ice and the landward flight of wild fowl, omens of approaching winter, and occasionally carrying their light craft over the older ice, they hurried onward to their goal, and reached it with triumph and gratitude on the morning of the 4th.

Point Barrow, henceforth famous as the focus to which British enterprise from west and east has successfully converged, is described as a long, low spit of gravel, some five miles across. It appears to be a place of considerable resort: a kind of Brighton to the Esquimaux, a summer camp, a winter burrow, and a fashionable burying-place. Mr. Elson, in 1826, had been deterred, by the hostile demeanour of the natives, from attempts at intercourse; but Mr. Simpson was bolder, and though the natives were numerous, and their demonstrations at first suspicious, he opened with them a brisk and friendly intercourse, exchanging the ever-current coin of tobacco for seal-skin boots, waterproof shirts of seals' entrails, ivory toys, &c. Dances followed, performed by Ceritos in deer-skin unmentionables; and it was not till Mr. Simpson launched again on the ocean, averting his prow reluctantly from a lane of open water which invited him to Behring's Straits, that an attempt to steal his paddles, and some appearance of a disposition to misdirect his course, afforded any ground for apprehending bad intentions.

He was soon joyfully received by the party from whom he had borrowed his frail but buoyant and effective conveyance; and as he required its further use, four of them readily consented to accompany him in their canoes. These people displayed acute sensibility to the power of music, listening with delight to the French and Highland boat-songs of the party. This sensibility is shared by the Indian tribe of the Loucheux, but, strange to say, is not found among their neighbours the Chipewayans. These distinctive peculiarities among races in juxtaposition are interesting, and not confined to savage tribes. We doubt whether, in this respect of musical faculty, the Loucheux differ more from the Chipewayans than do the natives of the hilly districts of Lancashire and Derbyshire from those of some neighbouring counties. In discussing the origin of the native tribes, Mr. Simpson (after attributing, as we think, on very questionable grounds, and differing with his predecessors in discovery, an European origin to the Esquimaux) enumerates several distinct families of Indians, whom he supposes to have migrated from Asia, but who have preserved the most decided differences of language and customs. He mentions the practice prevalent in New Caledonia of burning the dead, and of subjecting the widow to various degrading and painful observances, which probably indicate an Hindoo affinity, though not extending to the suttee of Hindostan. Mr. Ross Cox had the opportunity of observing this practice, which we believe the influence of the Company has since nearly abolished. We have lately seen it stated that in the Marquesas Islands the ocean is substituted for the pile, and the widow is sunk with the corpse of her partner. With all respect for the philosophers of the last century, who endeavoured to set up the superiority of savage over civilized man, we prefer the more cumbrous contrivance of jointure, with all its delays to impatient lovers and burthens on heirs.

Mr. Simpson was certainly as fortunate in avoiding collision with the natives as in procuring assistance from them; but the measure of proceeding with so small a party was, with reference to them, one of extreme hazard. The usual source of collision is the inability of the savage to resist the temptation to pilfer. We have seen that at Point Barrow this risk occurred. Mr. Dease also, while waiting the return of the party, had to protect himself from similar attempts. Man hates and fears those whom he has

injured. Mr. Simpson justly observes, that, should the Russians ever furnish the Esquimaux with fire-arms, the day of discovery with small parties will be over. This was, however, the only juncture at which the natives were met with in force sufficient to create danger; and though it was certainly a critical one, the object in view was one of those which justify a rush at the fence without a scrutiny into the possible ditch at the other side.

While the operations above described were in progress, a party, left behind at Fort Good Hope, had ascended the Bear Lake River, and established themselves on the lake of that name to prepare the winter residence of the expedition. The ascent of the stream, however, had been one of difficulty, conducted between impending walls of ice, in some instances forty feet high. Thirty miles of such navigation had cost a fortnight's labour, and the passage of the lake itself was scarcely less difficult. It was not till the 17th of August, the day on which the coasting party re-entered the Mackenzie River, that the building party reached the scene of its labours, named Fort Confidence. Mr. Simpson's arrival here occurred on the 29th of September. They found their simple and diminutive log dwellings finished as well as the scanty materials of the country allowed, but miserably inadequate to the climate. An express soon after reached them, conveying, among other intelligence, that of Sir G. Back's intended expedition to Wager Inlet, and affording hopes of a meeting with that officer in the course of the summer, which were frustrated by the well-known failure of his gallant efforts. The incidents of the winter residence demand little comment. From the 11th of November to the end of January the temperature ranged from 32° to 33° below zero. Occasionally, however, it descended to $-50°$; and when at $-49°$ the author cast a bullet of quicksilver, which, fired from a pistol at ten paces, passed through an inch plank. The students of Liebig will not be surprised to hear that, when abundance permitted, the daily ration of an individual was from eight to twelve pounds of venison. On some occasions it appears that the allowance to the Company's servants has been fourteen pounds of moose or buffalo. We apprehend that bone is included, but the amount is yet enormous, as compared with the consumption of man in temperate climates. The great chemist clearly explains why this large amount of solid and nitrogenized food should be not only innocent but salutary

under an Arctic temperature. How far, however, it be necessary, and how great the addition desirable for due enjoyment, or essential to the healthy condition of the frame, apart from the adventitious consequences of habit, may be doubted. We have at least reason to doubt that the officers of these expeditions, whose education and habits removed them from the influences of idleness and mere sensuality, have felt and had occasion to satisfy any inordinate cravings. Experience and theory alike condemn the use of spirituous liquors as aids to exertion in these climates.*

The 11th of March exhibited the greatest degree of cold observed. A spirit thermometer, more scrupulous than its fellows, stood at – 60°, an older one at – 66°.

Had Mr. Simpson's ardent mind and powerful frame been totally unoccupied during his long and wearisome detention, he might have been driven to the remedy which our French neighbours accuse us of adopting for low spirits, and have committed an appropriate suicide with a quicksilver bullet. He was not, however, driven to this resource. His winter excursions, on Great Bear Lake and the neighbouring barrens, exceeded a thousand miles. On the 27th of March he set out, with two men and four dogs, to explore the country between Bear Lake and the Coppermine, their intended pathway to the sea. Buried in the snow-drift of a north-easter, scarcely broken by the screen of a few dwarf spruces, the author naturally felt it difficult to comprehend how people could perish in an English snow-storm in the hot desert of Salisbury Plain, or the tropical regions of Shap Fell.

Indian education begins early. Lewis and Clarke describe equestrians of some two years old using both whip and bridle with vigour and effect. An unweaned member of an Indian family reached Fort Confidence on snow-shoes two feet in length:—

"I must not," says Mr. Simpson, "close this part of the narrative without bestowing a just encomium on the generally docile character of the natives of Great Bear Lake. They soon become attached to white men, and are fond of imitating their manners. In our little hall I have repeatedly seen the youngsters who were most about us

* We have been assured that, in the Russian expedition to Khiva, those who, avoiding the use of spirits, confined themselves to tea, alone survived.

get up from their chairs, and politely hand them to any of our people who happened to enter. Some of them even learned to take off their caps in the house, and to wash instead of greasing their faces. Their indulgent treatment of their women, who indeed possess the mastery, was noticed by Sir J. Franklin. I wish I could speak as favourably of their honesty and veracity."—p. 243.

The next great object of Mr. Simpson's instructions was, as we have stated, to trace the unexplored interval from Franklin's Point Turnagain to the Tlewocho Estuary. For this object he was to reach the coast by the Coppermine River, with the choice, as far as his instructors could give it, of spending one or two seasons on the attempt, and of returning by whichever of the two rivers he might prefer. He started on the 6th of June, ascended the Dease River, crossed the Dismal Lake on the still solid ice partly with the assistance of sails, and launching on the Kendal River reached the confluence of that stream with the Coppermine on the 20th. The rapids of the Coppermine made of the descent and ascent of that river perhaps the two most critical operations of the expedition. Franklin had descended them in July, when at their summer level; they were now in spring flood, but skill and nerve brought the party through. We extract the following passage:—

"The day was bright and lovely as we shot down rapid after rapid; in many of which we had to pull for our lives to keep out of the suction of the precipices, along whose base the breakers raged and foamed with overwhelming fury. Shortly before noon we came in sight of the Escape Rapid of Franklin, and a glance at the overhanging cliffs told us that there was no alternative but to run down with full cargo. In an instant we were in the vortex; and, before we were aware, my boat was borne towards an isolated rock which the boiling surge almost concealed. To clear it on the outside was no longer possible; our only chance of safety was to run between it and the lofty eastern cliff. The word was passed, and every breath was hushed. A stream, which dashed down upon us over the brow of the precipice more than a hundred feet in height, mingled with the spray that whirled upwards from the rapid, forming a terrific shower-bath. The pass was about eight feet wide, and the error of a single foot on either side would have been instant destruction. As, guided by Sinclair's consummate skill, the boat shot safely through those jaws of death, an involuntary cheer arose."—p. 258.

If it had appeared strange to Mr. Simpson, with his ther-

mometer at – 50°, that people should perish of cold in England, during this performance he must have been equally at a loss to account for the destruction of life which so often used to attend the shooting of Old London Bridge.

From the 1st to the 17th of July the party were detained by the ice at the mouth of the Coppermine. From the latter date to the 19th of August they were occupied in struggling along the coast to the point reached by Franklin in 1821, and here the prospect before them showed that they had drawn a blank in the lottery of Arctic summers. On the 16th of August Franklin had seen a perfectly open sea from this point. Before them now to the eastward lay an unbroken barrier of ice, glittering with snow, evidently destined soon to unite with the new formation of approaching winter. Behind them the disjointed masses through which they had forced their way kept closing in under the pressure of violent gales. Mr. Simpson, under these discouraging circumstances, again decided on the experiment of a pedestrian journey of exploration for some ten days with seven of the party, to be followed by Mr. Dease with the remaining five men in one of their two boats, should wind and weather so far change as to permit. This enterprise was well rewarded. Franklin's furthest point was passed on the 21st. From a cape named after that officer, a little beyond that point, land was seen twenty or twenty-five miles to the northward, and stretching from west to north-east. Was this land insular or continental,—were the party coasting a bay or the shore of a continuous sea? This interesting question was solved on the 23rd, on which day Mr. Simpson writes:—

"The coast led somewhat more to the northward. The travelling was exceedingly painful. We, however, advanced with spirit, all hands being in eager expectation respecting the great northern land, which seemed interminable. Along its distant shore the beams of the declining sun were reflected from a broad channel of open water; while on the coast we were tracing the ice lay still immovable, and extended many miles to seaward. As we drew near in the evening an elevated cape, land appeared all round, and our worst fears seemed confirmed. With bitter disappointment I ascended the height, from whence a vast and splendid prospect burst suddenly upon me. The sea, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves at my feet, and beyond the range of vision to the eastward. Islands of various shape and size overspread its surface; and the northern land terminated to the eye in a bold and lofty cape,

bearing east-north-east, thirty or forty miles distant, while the continental coast trended away south-east. I stood in fact on a remarkable headland at the eastern outlet of an ice-obstructed strait. On the extensive land to the northward I bestowed the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. Its eastern visible extremity I called Cape Pelly, in compliment to the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the promontory where we encamped Cape Alexander, after an only brother, who would give his right hand to be the sharer of my journeys."

With these discoveries Mr. Simpson for this season was forced to content himself:—

"They were not in themselves," he observes, "unimportant; but their value was much enhanced by the disclosure of an open sea to the eastward, and the suggestion of a new route—along the southern coast of Victoria Land—by which that open sea might be attained while the shores of the continent were yet environed by an impenetrable barrier of ice, as they were this season."—p. 300.

On the 29th they rejoined Mr. Dease and his party, who had continued ice-bound till the day previous, when he wisely judged it too late to attempt progress by sea to the eastward.

The course now adopted by the party is best explained and vindicated in Mr. Simpson's own words:—

"The bad weather and advanced season now rendered every one anxious to return to winter-quarters, and I reluctantly acquiesced in the general sentiment; but for doing so I had reasons peculiar to myself. I considered that we could not now expect to reach Back's Great Fish River; that by exploring a part only of the unknown coast intervening, our return to the Coppermine must be so long protracted as to preclude the possibility of taking the boats up that bad river; and that by abandoning them on the coast to the Esquimaux we excluded the prospect of accomplishing the *whole* by a third voyage, with the benefit perhaps of a more propitious season. Three great travellers, Hearne, Franklin, and Richardson, had successively pronounced the ascent of the Coppermine, above the Bloody Fall, to be impracticable with boats; and our people, recollecting only the violence and impetuosity of our descent, entertained the same opinion. Fully aware of the great importance of this point to any future operations, I had with a careful eye inspected every part of the river, and formed in my own mind the following conclusions respecting the upward navigation:—1st. That in a river of that size there must always be a *lead* somewhere, of depth enough for *light*

boats.—2nd. That the force of the rapids would be found much abated, and that with strong ropes the worst of them might be surmounted.—3rd. From the fury of the breakers in June I inferred the existence at no great depth of a narrow projecting ledge of rock that, bared by the falling of the waters, would afford footing to the towing-party, without which the ascent indeed must have baffled all our efforts."—p. 303.

These views proved in the sequel to be just and well-founded. We refer our readers to the narrative to learn how highly indeed the skill and courage of the party were taxed to demonstrate the soundness of the above conclusions. Every danger, however, was baffled, and every difficulty surmounted; and on the 14th the party regained Fort Confidence in safety.

The summer of 1839 proved more favourable to the task of discovery than its predecessor. On reaching the Coppermine on the 19th of June the party found that the ice had ceased to drift down on the 16th, ten days earlier than the last year. The rapids were passed with far greater facility; and on reaching Cape Barrow, on the 18th of July, they found the wide extent of Coronation Gulf partially open. Threading the ice across the inlet to Cape Franklin, they met with, instead of the unbroken barrier which had foiled them last year, an open channel two miles wide along the main. On the 8th of August they had followed the coast as far as the 99th degree of longitude, *i. e.* some 11 degrees to the eastward of their point of departure. On the 10th Mr. Simpson writes:—

"We proceeded north-eastward all day among the islands, and some began to apprehend that we had lost the continent altogether, till in the evening we opened a strait running in to the southward of east, while the rapid rush of the tide from that quarter left no longer any room to doubt the neighbourhood of an open sea leading to the mouth of Back's Great Fish River. . . . I must candidly acknowledge," he continues, "that we were not prepared to find so southerly a strait leading to the estuary of the Great Fish River, but rather expected *first* to double Cape Felix of Captain James Ross, towards which the coast had been latterly trending. The extensive land on which that conspicuous cape stands forms the northern shore of the strait through which we passed on the 11th; and which led us, the same afternoon, by an outlet only three miles wide to the much-desired eastern sea. That glorious sight was first beheld by myself from the top of one of the high limestone islands; and I had the satisfaction of announcing it to some of the men, who,

incited by curiosity, followed me thither. The joyful news was soon conveyed to Mr. Dease, who was with the boats at the end of the island, about half a mile off; and even the most desponding of our people forgot for the time the great distance we should have to return to winter-quarters, though a wish that a party had been appointed to meet us somewhere on the Great Fish River, or even at Fort Reliance, was frequently expressed."

A strong wind from the westward rapidly extricated the party from the labyrinth of islands which had long impeded their voyage; and on the 13th, says Mr. Simpson, "On doubling a very sharp point, that offered a lee spot for the boats, I landed, and saw before me a perfect sandy desert. It was Back's Point Sir C. Ogle that we had at length reached!"

Here then the author's performance of his duty, as designated by his instructions, was complete; but he was naturally desirous to push his exploration as far to the eastward beyond Sir G. Back's limit as the season would permit. He still considered it possible that the isthmus, the existence of which, in the region assigned to it by Sir John Ross, he had disproved, might be found further eastward. The men assented without a murmur to the unexpected prolongation of their hard service—a circumstance which says much for them, and for the commanders who had won their attachment. The Great Fish River and the other streams which reach this coast flow through unwooded regions, a fact which much aggravates the condition of the coast navigator, who finds no drift-wood for fuel, and on his shivering bivouac is reduced to uncooked pemmican and cold water for his diet. The latter luxury itself was scarce among the islands; strong north-east winds prevailed, and one of Sir G. Back's stores on Montreal Island, to which they were directed by M'Kay, one of that officer's expedition, afforded nothing but pemmican alive with maggots, and chocolate rotten with five years' decay. In the teeth of all these difficulties they persevered, running over from Montreal Island to the eastern coast, to a cape somewhat north of Cape Hay, the extreme point seen by Sir G. Back, to which they gave the name of Cape Britannia. Hence, with a fair wind and tossing sea, they made a run of thirty miles to a cape which they christened after the name of Lord Selkirk; and some three miles further, on the 20th, the return of the north-east wind forced them into the mouth of a small river.

"It was now," says Mr. Simpson, "quite evident to us, even in our most sanguine mood, that the time was come for commencing our retreat to the distant Coppermine River, and that any further foolhardy perseverance could only lead to the loss of the whole party, and also of the great object which we had so successfully achieved. The men were therefore directed to construct another monument in commemoration of our visit; while Mr. Dease and I walked to an eminence three miles off, to see the further trending of the coast. Our view of the low main shore was limited to about five miles, when it seemed to turn off more to the right. Far without lay several lofty islands, and in the north-east, more distant still, appeared some high blue land; this, which we designated Cape Sir J. Ross, is in all probability one of the south-eastern promontories of Boothia. We could therefore hardly doubt being now arrived at that large gulf uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and, with numerous indentations, running down to the southward till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays. The exploration of such a gulf to the strait of the Fury and Hecla would necessarily demand the whole time and energies of another expedition, having some point of retreat much nearer to the scene of operations than Great Bear Lake; and we felt assured that the Honourable Company, who had already done so much in the cause of discovery, would not abandon their munificent work till the precise limits of this great continent were fully and finally established."—p. 376.

After all that has been accomplished, the *nil actum reputans* of Juvenal would be an exaggeration, but we confess we sympathise with the hope here expressed, and are satisfied that the Company might easily accomplish the remaining task, probably by making one of their establishments on the eastern coast, Fort Churchill for instance, the starting-place or base of their operation. The mouth of the stream which bounded the last career of the admirable little boats, and received their name, the Castor and Pollux, lies in lat. 68° 28′ 23″ N., long. 94° 14′ W.; or, adopting Back's longitude, which for some reason Simpson could not reconcile with his own, in long. 93° 7′ 30″. The expedition on its return, instead of pursuing the shores of the mainland, coasted the southern shores of Boothia, and their new discovery, Victoria Land: the former for nearly sixty-seven miles, to within fifty-seven miles of Ross's pillar, and within ninety miles of the magnetic pole. Their run along Victoria Land amounted to upwards of 170 miles. Their winds were

favourable, their navigation, though sometimes rough for craft so light, was prosperous, and on the 10th, having triumphantly crossed the strait of fifty miles to Cape Barrow, they revelled once more in the luxury of a drift-wood fire, to which they had been strangers since July. The party regained the Coppermine River on the 16th of September, after the longest voyage yet performed by boats in the Polar Sea—in all 1631 statute miles.

It would remain for us to notice the sad and mysterious termination of a life so distinguished by enterprise and honourable service, but the task is distressing; and, as we could do nothing towards elucidating the truth, we leave our readers to read for themselves in the preface the few ascertained particulars of the occurrence. It is more than enough for us to know that Mr. Simpson perished by violence on his way from the Red River settlement towards England. It is just possible that some tardy confession, or some word spoken in the veracity of intoxication, may confirm our own impression that, after killing two of his half-breed companions in self-defence, he was murdered in revenge. Till then the possibility may be, however reluctantly, admitted of the tale as told by the survivors, that insanity was the cause of the catastrophe. More fortunate in one sense than Parke or Hudson, he has left behind him his own record of his own achievements. And we cannot close the volume without once more remarking on its literary merit. For judicious selection of topics and incidents, for clearness and simplicity of description, it is the model of a diary, and, like the masculine and modest character of the man, reflects honour on Mr. Simpson's venerable Alma Mater, King's College, Aberdeen.

VII.—AQUEDUCTS AND CANALS.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, MARCH, 1844.(*)

WE have included in our list the work of Mr. Frossard, rather for the sake of recommending it to notice as one of the most interesting topographical publications we have met with, than with any purpose of detailed review. As a handbook for the antiquarian who visits a district scarcely rivalled in Italy itself for its wealth of Roman remains, or for the naturalist who explores the scorched rocks where the mason-spider builds his guarded domicile, and those marshes of the Rhône still colonized by the beaver and haunted by the ibis and flamingo, this work will be found invaluable. Nor will the moralist find matter less interesting in the reflections derived by the Protestant pastor from a state of society which, scarcely less than Ireland itself, displays the open wounds of yet unexhausted religious strife. Let no traveller decline to purchase the volumes, if still procurable at Nismes. The purchaser will thank us for our advice, and, reading, will learn, among other things, the curious fact that there exist in that city many respectable persons who have never once paid a visit to the neighbouring and wondrous relic of Roman magnificence, the Pont du Gard. Let him equally avoid the example of the French resident who, as he lounges about some Protestant or Romish café—(for in Nismes these resorts

(*) 1. *Nismes et ses Environs à vingt Lieues à la ronde.* Par E. B. D. Frossard, Pasteur. Nismes, 1834. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Illustrations of the Croton Aqueduct.* By F. B. Tower, of the Engineer Department. New York, 1843.

3. *Histoire du Canal du Midi.* Par le Général Andréossi. Paris, 1804.

4. *Memoir of James Brindley.* By Samuel Hughes, C.E. Published in Weale's 'Quarterly Papers on Engineering.' Part I. London, 1843.

5. *A Description of the Canals and Railroads of the United States.* By H. S. Tanner. New York, 1840.

are as rigidly distinguished as the churches)—cares to see nothing beyond the smoke of his cigar, and of the British traveller, who sees everything and nothing well. Even should his after residence at Rome be curtailed by a day, that period of time will have been well employed in exploring this most graceful monument. Scarcely from the Coliseum or from the surviving aqueducts of the Campagna will he derive a deeper impression of the bygone greatness of Rome.

When indeed, referring perhaps to the guide we have recommended, he finds that this massive pile, with its triple tier of arches, from whose summit he has looked down on the Gard beneath at the risk of vertigo, was reared to convey a rill to the town of Nismes, and this probably for the holiday purposes of the Naumachia rather than for domestic uses, he may be at first disposed to cavil at the insignificance of the result as compared with the means. If practised, as English gentlemen are wont to be, in directing provincial public works in his own country, he will perhaps wonder at the oversight of those who neglected to combine in a structure of such labour and expense the usual purposes of a bridge with the original intention of an aqueduct; an omission which modern utilitarian skill has supplied with a vengeance, and to the great detriment of the picturesque. If he possess a smattering of hydraulics, he will perhaps talk to his wife or daughter of pipes and syphons, and pity the ignorance of Agrippa and his forgotten architect. Now with respect to iron pipes, our countryman will have it all his own way—but if he comes to *lead*, let him beware. We, or any other Martinus Scriblerus who stands up for antiquity, will brain him with the inverted syphon used in the Claudian aqueduct of Lyons, a fragment of which is preserved in the Museum of that city. Nearer too at hand, in the Museum of Arles, he will find a most respectable length of leaden pipe fished up from the Rhône by the anchor of a trading vessel, and with the name of the Roman plumber who made it at every juncture. It is supposed to have been used to convey water across the bed of the Rhône, there some 600 feet wide and 40 feet deep, from a source at Trinquetaillade to Arles. It was not then entirely from ignorance of hydraulics, but partly at least from choice, that the Romans employed the mason at such expense, and that choice was perhaps wisely governed by their knowledge of the dangerous properties

of lead when used for the transport of water for long distances. We have indeed other works of public utility to boast of, which may vie with any of ancient times. We may without unbecoming pride rejoice that we belong to an age and country in which the wasteful magnificence of imperial and other despots is rivalled by the better-directed energies of free subjects. When the first barge passed over the Barton aqueduct, Bridgewater and Brindley might have still better reason for pride than Agrippa and his architect, when from the last stone of the Pont du Gard they looked down on the savage ravine on which a freak of Roman vanity had chosen to exert its art pontifical. Allowing all this, we shall still have to confess that in this particular matter, not of the use of water for the conveyance of goods, but of its own conveyance, we have little cause for triumph. It is not in England that we can find a fit subject of direct comparison with the Pont du Gard or the aqueducts of Italy. We fear our science has only taught us to be niggardly in its application, to substitute, for value in use, value in exchange, and to sell by the quart what Romans supplied gratis by the tun. Till London with all its water-companies is as well supplied with accessible water as modern Rome is by only two of the aqueducts, whether fourteen, as some count them, or twenty, which ancient Rome possessed, we must content ourselves, Anglo-Saxons as we are, with resorting to New York for our wise saw and modern instance, and must lead our readers to drink at the Croton aqueduct.

The advantages of such an undertaking as this great public work are not confined to the community which executes it. Its history furnishes a most profitable study to the philanthropist and the engineer, the deviser and the instrument of similar schemes of public benefit in other countries. For a very able compendium of that history, and well-illustrated description of the work, we stand indebted to Mr. Tower. May we add that our obligation to him would be increased, if to any future edition of his work a map were appended, showing not only the localities at present concerned, but as much of the neighbourhood as would enable us the better to understand the summary he gives us of the various schemes to which the present was ultimately preferred. We are almost led by rumours to fear that the obligation science will be under to the American engineers may be greater than for their sakes we could wish. In some particulars, which we sincerely

hope may prove unimportant, their skill is disputed and their full success questioned. Hot discussion has commenced, we believe in America, but we have no defence before us by the parties whose skill is impugned, nor will it probably be possible to arrive at positive conclusions till further progress shall have been made in the distribution of the supply hitherto obtained. Under these circumstances we are content to take Mr. Tower's description as it stands, for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to a work which, whether completely successful or not, is worthy of great admiration.

The subject of an additional supply of water to the city of New York had forced itself on the attention of its inhabitants so early as 1744, when their numbers only reached 22,000. Various plans were proposed from time to time, but successively abandoned. Meanwhile population increased, yellow fever paid occasional visits, but it was not till that very potent scavenger, the cholera, appeared in 1832, that the energies of the Town Council were effectually roused. At the instance of this body a Commission was appointed by the Legislature early in 1833, which in 1835 finally reported in favour of the plan since executed, and received authority to undertake the work. As might be expected in a country rich in what Americans call water privileges, various plans had been considered by the commission during its two years of deliberation. Some were dismissed on the ground of engineering difficulties; one, which promised a supply from sources some twenty miles nearer than the Croton, failed because, among other reasons, it involved an arrangement with the State of New Jersey; another, as interfering with the navigation of the Hudson to an extent which might call for the interference of Congress. A captious critic might adduce these instances as examples of the vexatious working of a Federal Union. We notice them rather as illustrative of the manner in which the members of a free community, however limited in territory, can meet and overcome difficulties. The difference between their proceedings and those of an arbitrary government is that which Schiller describes when he compares the course of the cannon-ball with that of the winding highway:—

> "My son, the road the human being travels,
> That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
> The river's course, the valley's playful windings,

Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property,
And thus, secure, though late, leads to its end." *

The Croton river finally triumphed over all competing sources. This stream derives its waters from some twenty natural reservoirs, presenting an aggregate surface of nearly 4000 acres. At a spot forty miles from New York, where the minimum flow equals 27,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, and the medium 50,000,000, it was found possible, by a dam raised thirty-eight feet above the natural level, to throw back the waters six miles, and form a fountain reservoir of 400 acres.

The next point for consideration was the mode of conveyance :— "The following modes," says Mr. Tower (p. 73), "were presented. A plain channel formed of earth, like the ordinary construction of a canal-feeder—an open channel protected against the action of the current by masonry—an arched culvert or conduit composed essentially of masonry and iron pipes." The open channel was condemned as liable to filtration, waste of banks, evaporation, admission of impurities from varieties of soil, and as incapable of thorough repair without permanent stoppage of supply. Protection by masonry would obviate some of these objections, but others remained. If iron pipes could be laid at a regular inclination from the fountain reservoir to the city, the expense would still be greater than masonry. Should they follow the undulations of the ground, resistance would diminish the discharge. It was found possible, in Mr. Tower's phrase, to *grade* a line affording the regular inclination desired, and the close channel of masonry was adopted, with only two interruptions, the passage of the Haerlem river to reach the island, and that of the Manhattan valley in the island itself. The whole description of the conduct of this great work, thirty-eight miles in length, with its ventilators, culverts for streams, and roadways, as given in Mr. Tower's work, is full of practical information for the engineer; but the passage of most interest is that of the main difficulty of the scheme, the transit of the Haerlem river, a quarter of a mile in width. The plans suggested were various. An aqueduct bridge—an inverted syphon of iron pipes descending to a level near the river's surface, and passing along a

* Schiller's 'Piccolomini,' Act i., Scene 4 : Coleridge's translation.

stone embankment perforated by an arch sufficient for the passage of the stream—a suspension-bridge on stone piers, maintaining the regular inclination of the aqueduct, and supporting iron pipes—a low bridge supporting an inverted syphon of iron pipes. The latter was in the first instance adopted, and some progress made towards its execution, when the promoters were thrown back on their own resources by an act of the Legislature, which required, either that the parties should tunnel under the river at a specified depth, or raise their structure on arches of 80 feet span and 100 feet elevation above the level of high water. They took counsel on this. The example of the Thames tunnel, though favouring practicability, was not encouraging on other grounds, and a fusion of the two plans, the syphon and the bridge *more Romanorum*, was preferred, and has been executed. Both here and in the Manhattan valley motives of economy have induced the architect to depart from the regular inclination of the stone channel. At Haerlem, Mr. Tower informs us,—

"The distance between the extremes of the pipes when laid across the bridge will be 1377 feet. For a distance of 18 feet at each end of the pipes there is an inclination, and the remainder of the distance across, 1341 feet, they are level."—p. 110.

At the Manhattan valley, he continues:—

"Here was an opportunity for constructing a work of architectural beauty and boldness, by building up with arcades of arches, one line above another, and thus maintain the regular inclination of the aqueduct; but considerations of economy forbad it. During the progress of the bridge the water is for the present conducted over a low embankment, and advantage has been taken of a difference of level of 120 feet, to form a magnificent jet d'eau, which rises through an aperture of seven inches to a height of 115 feet."—p. 112.

Nature has scarcely in any instance submitted her agencies to the guidance of art with a more pleasing result than in the ascent of one of these stately columns, which we think in its simple beauty is usually a better disposal of a powerful current than where it is divided in ascent or broken in its fall by ornamental devices. We say this with due reverence for the two splendid fountains on the esplanade of St. Peter's, but also with a lively recollection of the jet d'eau of some eighty feet which adorns the

royal gardens of Herren Hausen. We envy the New Yorkers so pleasing an object of pilgrimage as Mr. Tower describes in the following passage:—

"To those who had watched over the work during its construction, and looked for its successful operation, this was peculiarly gratifying. To see the water leap from its opening, and rise upwards with such force and beauty, occasioned pleasing emotions, and gave proof that the design and execution were alike faultless, and that all the fondest hopes of its projectors would be realized. The scenery around this fountain added much to its beauty; there it stood, a whitened column rising from the river, erect, or shifting its form like a forest-tree as the winds swayed it, with the rainbow tints resting on its spray, while on either side the woody hills arose to rival its height. All around was nature; no marble basin, no allegorical figures wrought with exquisite touches of art to lure the eye, but a fountain where nature has adorned the place with the grandeur and beauty of her rude hills and mountain scenery."—p. 112.

We cannot say that we consider "rude hills and mountain scenery," if such "adorn the place," as specially suited to set off the merits of an object so purely artificial; but we rejoice with Mr. Tower that Neptunes and river-gods were spared. We leave the waters we have now traced in the two vast reservoirs constructed in the city for their reception. Into the latter of these they were admitted on July 4, 1842, with a pomp and ceremony fully justified by the occasion, always presuming that none of Mr. Sydney Smith's money has flowed with them down the arched culvert never to return. The whole cost of the work, exclusive of the future expense of detailed distribution, amounts to nine million dollars.

The case of the Manhattan valley not inaptly illustrates an observation in perhaps the ablest work which has yet issued from an American pen, Mr. Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico.' Speaking of the great works of the Tezcucan monarchs, he says:—"The most gigantic monuments of architecture the world has witnessed could never have been reared by the hands of freemen." The assertion contained in this pithy sentence may perhaps admit of qualification. If permitted to amplify such a text of such an author, we should say that there are but two influences which can generally avail to produce that superfluous

magnificence in construction of which Mr. Prescott is speaking: —the vanity of men who command the resources of subject myriads, and that degree of religious enthusiasm which is not perhaps likely to be found among "freemen" in Mr. Prescott's acceptation of the term, but which has co-existed with conditions of society far removed from servitude. The palace of the Tezcucan Alfred or David—shall we call him? for he resembled both—and the Versailles of Louis XIV., are samples of the one; the mediæval cathedrals of the other. The valley of the Manhattan may serve to show that the deliberate and voluntary contributions of freemen cannot be relied upon for undertakings which the Agrippas of former times were able to execute. In our own time it will be much if the united efforts of Germany, stimulated by a powerful and zealous sovereign, should carry out the unfinished scheme of the Cologne cathedral, bequeathed to them by a petty electorate. Altogether, if we are allowed calmly and not invidiously to draw comparison between the Croton aqueduct and the similar works of old Rome, we shall perhaps conclude that with respect to the conveyance of water for consumption modern skill has hardly attained any signal improvement upon ancient practice. The aqueducts of Rome remain not only unequalled in costly magnificence, but scarcely surpassed in practical attainment of their beneficent purpose.

We cannot, however, omit to mention a work now in progress in the old world, which, though its estimated expense be but a fourth of that of the Croton aqueduct, promises in magnificence to rival the Pont du Gard nearly on its own ground, while it will exceed the Roman work in utility. The following passage in Mr. Murray's 'Handbook for Travellers in France' (one of the best of his series), coming from an English engineer acquainted with the spot, will best describe it:—

"A highly-important hydraulic work has been projected, and is now in rapid progress of execution under the able direction of M. de Montricher. This canal will derive its water from the Durance, near to the suspension-bridge at Pertuis, and this will be conducted by open cutting and tunnelling for a distance of 51 miles, through a most mountainous and difficult country, until it reaches the arid territory of Marseilles, where it will be employed for the supply of the city, as well as for irrigation, and giving activity to various branches of industry which require water-power. The section and

fall of this canal is calculated to pass 11 tons of water per second, and its levels are so disposed that this quantity of water will arrive near to the city at an elevation of 400 feet above the level of the sea.

"Perhaps no work of this description has been attempted either in ancient or modern times more hardy in its conception, or more really useful in its effects. Three chains of limestone mountains are already nearly pierced by the 10 miles of tunnels which are required to conduct this stream; and an aqueduct, which is to convey it across the ravine of the river Arc (about 5 miles from Aix) is now in construction; its elevation above the river will be 262 feet, and its length across the ravine 1230 feet. The design for this gigantic structure is in excellent taste, and, as a work of art, it will not suffer from comparison with the famous Pont du Gard, which it will much surpass both in altitude and size. The estimated cost of this canal is about 450,000*l.*, and this sum is raised by the city of Marseilles without aid from the government. The revenue arising from this work will be principally from supplying water for irrigation, as the value of land in such a climate is quadrupled if water can be so applied to it."—*P. T.**

Our English peculiarities of soil and climate are not such as to familiarize us with the merits of works of this class, which in the early periods of civilization probably took precedence of the navigable canal, whether instituted for purposes of war or commerce. The canal of irrigation hardly ranks among our greater public works, and in England only has been applied on a small scale by individual proprietors. Even here, however, a visit to the Duke of Portland's water-meadows at Clipstone in Nottinghamshire will afford some conception of the efficacy which such works may possess in the arid climates and soils of Southern Europe and the East. The power of Eastern despots has probably seldom been applied to such purposes with the systematic skill displayed by the English nobleman in question. It is, however, evident that on works of this description were based the resources and grandeur of dynasties whose triumphs have long since shrunk into a coin, of those forgotten Bactrian kings whose effigies have been dug up by the thousand by Mr. Masson

* It is not expected that the canal of Marseilles will effect the purification of the port. The water will be otherwise employed, and another plan for effecting this has been proposed by Mr. P. Taylor.

and other recent travellers, as well as of the more modern Babers and Shah Jehauns. The remains of many of these great works, choked and neglected as they are, have sufficed to disclose to the observant officers of our Indian army the secret of the former wealth and population of districts now abandoned to sterility. Could the influence of British power have been consolidated either directly, or through the medium of some docile sovereign, in the plains of Affghanistan, a trifling outlay on the restoration of some of these works would have sufficed to spread over those plains the fertility they once enjoyed; and the mountain chiefs are so dependent on the plain for their support, that their submission would have followed without the necessity of storming their strongholds. A short time before the insurrection against the British and Shah Souja broke out, one of our officers, Captain Drummond of the Bengal cavalry, employed on a mineralogical survey of Affghanistan, made a report to the Envoy, strongly urging the measure of restoring a canal of irrigation in the Kohistan district, north of Caubul, which in the palmy days of the Bactrian empire had watered the plain of Begram, one of the districts most remarkable for the evidences of former wealth and population, but now an arid desert. The rumour of the project reached Meer Musjidi, one of the mountain chiefs, whose fastness commanded the neighbouring valley of Nijerow, and who had been conspicuous among the most implacable opponents of our arms. He was, however, dependent upon Caubul for every supply, except that of corn and sheep alone, which the valley under his control produced, and which he exchanged with the city for all other articles of necessity. He was so alarmed at the prospect of a new and intervening source of supply about to compete with that of his own valley in the market, but also attracted by a hope of a share in the profits, that he immediately sent in proposals of friendship and zealous co-operation in the project to the officer in question, who had planned a journey to confer with him on the subject, when the insurrection broke out which doomed Captain Drummond to a long and memorable captivity in the hands of barbarians. Barbarians as they were, it is but justice to them as well as to their captive to add, that he owed his life on more than one occasion to well-earned feelings of good will and the appreciation of his good offices towards them, which in his

previous intercourse he had contrived to instil into their rugged bosoms.

With reference to the application by man of inland water to purposes of commercial transport, modern superiority is more incontestable. The invention of locks alone has left Sesostris and Drusus at an immeasurable distance. To men living in an age of steam-engines and Daguerreotypes it may appear strange that an invention so simple in itself as the canal-lock, and founded on properties of fluids little recondite, should have escaped the acuteness of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. When we reflect, however, for how many centuries the principle of the printing-press lay dormant, yet alive, in the stamped brick of Babylon, and the signet-rings of kings and senators, we shall cease to wonder. Some have supposed that locks were used, before they were known to Europe, in China—that vast repository of ideas partially carried out, and inventions unimproved; but it is not certain, even if the locks described by Nieuhoff, a follower of a Dutch embassy in the seventeenth century, were such as are in use in Europe, that they were coeval with the construction of the canal, which dates from 1289. We doubt whether at this time the double-gated lock exists in China; but, if it does, we think it was probably introduced there by missionaries from Europe. In the article of embankment we might indeed possibly take a lesson of the Chinese. Some of their canals carried through extensive lakes by this contrivance have no parallel in Europe.

In Europe the two great modern subsidiaries to inland navigation, the navigable aqueduct and the lock, have been very generally ascribed to Italy and the fifteenth century. By more recent authorities the lock has been claimed for Holland. The first instance we can trace of the aqueduct is that of the canal of Martesana in the Milanese, which in 1460 was conducted over the torrent of Molgora by means of a bridge of three arches of some thirty feet span.

It has been usually supposed that the double-gated lock was invented by the brothers Domenico of Viterbo, and first applied by them in 1481. This supposition originates with Zendrini—one among the most distinguished on the long list of Italian mathematicians.

Zendrini, born in 1679 near Brescia, was placed in 1720, by

the united suffrages of Ferrara, Modena, and Venice, at the head of a commission of engineers appointed to settle several important hydraulic questions between these conterminous states. Of all legislation that for running waters is perhaps the most difficult, whether it affect the rights of different states or of subjects under one sovereignty. Let him who doubts this try his hand on a general drainage and bog improvement bill for Ireland. Such an appointment speaks the acknowledged eminence of the man. Venice at the same time gave him the permanent office of mathematician to the republic, and superintendent of the waters belonging to that commonwealth of beavers, as Buonaparte was wont to call that state.

In Zendrini's 'Treatise on the Laws, Phenomena, Regulation, and Uses of Running Waters,' the following passage occurs:—

"One of the most efficacious methods of compelling rivers to submit to navigation, when naturally unfitted for it by reason of their rapid descent, is that of *sostegni*."

We cannot satisfy ourselves with a translation of this word. In this particular passage the word *lock* would answer the sense; but in others it admits a more extended interpretation, and may indicate almost any of the older contrivances by which water is alternately sustained and liberated, weir, lasher, &c. Such were the contrivances mentioned by Mr. Telford as in use till lately on the Thames:—

"The first expedient which occurred was to thrust the boat as nearly as possible to the rapid, and, having well fastened her there, to await an increase of water by rain; and this was sometimes assisted by a collection of boats, which, by forming a kind of floating dam, deepened the water immediately above, and threw part of the rapid behind themselves. This simple expedient was still in practice at Sunbury, on the Thames, since the beginning of the present century; and elsewhere the custom of building bridges almost always at fords, to accommodate ancient roads of access, as well as to avoid the difficulty of founding piers in deep water, afforded opportunity for improvement in navigating the rapid formed by the shallow water or ford; for a stone bridge may be formed into a lock or stoppage of the river by means of transverse timbers from pier to pier, sustaining a series of boards called paddles, opposed to the strength of the current, as was heretofore seen on the same River Thames where it passes the city of Oxford at Friar Bacon's Bridge, on the road to Abingdon. Such paddles are there

in use to deepen the irregular river channels above that bridge; and the boat or boats, of very considerable tonnage, thus find passage upwards or downwards, a single arch being occasionally cleared of its paddles, to afford free passage through the bridge. In this sense of the word, the arches of old London Bridge were designated as *locks*, some of the widest of them being purposely closed up to low-water mark by sheet-piling, which (with the sterlings of framework filled with rubble-stones for protection of the piers) retained the river navigable for some hours to Richmond at high water, sometimes quite to Kingston. The next degree of improvement was the introduction of modern locks, at first for distinction called *pound-locks*, wherein water was impounded for the reception of the boat; and these pound-locks, improved by modern accuracy with side walls and convenient sluices, have not only rendered the Thames and most of our other English rivers navigable, but, by economizing the water requisite for the transit of boats shaped to the lock, have given rise and scope to canal navigation; that is, to water carriage where no river or stream existed or does exist."—*Telford's Narrative*, p. 57.

The word *sostegno* seems peculiarly applicable to the original contrivance, intended rather to bear up and sustain the weight of water than to enclose and *impound* it. The word *conca*, also in use in Italy, might appear to answer more closely to our pound-lock: it is, however, constantly used in the same sense as the simple *sostegno*. A scientific correspondent, whose opinion is entitled to much deference, and who is disposed to attribute to this country an early, perhaps an independent, application of the pound-lock, partly founds that conclusion on the fact that the English term *lock* is purely national. It is, as he has suggested to us, not the Italian *sostegno*, or *conca*, the Dutch *sluys*, the French *écluse*, but the Anglo-Saxon *loc*, enclosure; and he infers, if, as usually supposed, we had borrowed the invention, we should have borrowed the name. We are inclined to doubt the force of this philological argument. Our term is at least an exact *translation* of the Dutch *sluys* and the German *schleusse*, which, whether to be traced through the French *écluse* and Italian *chiusa* to the Latin *claudo* and *cludo*, or to the nearer source of the Teutonic *schliessen*, has the same signification, to enclose, shut up. Till we have positive evidence to the contrary, we shall be inclined to believe that the pound-lock came to us through Holland in the seventeenth century, and that the word lock, loc, or

lokke, when used before this period, signified nothing more than the *sostegno* did in Italy previously to the fifteenth century. Zendrini continues:—

"By means of these (*sostegni*) even rivulets can be made available for boats; and this not only on level plains, but even in hilly countries. For this reason their inventor has certainly great claims of merit on society at large. I have made much research to discover his name, and to certify the date of so valuable a discovery, but without success, unless certain information, derived from private papers, afford some light towards recognising the meritorious contriver. I have found then that Denis and Peter Domenico, brothers, of Viterbo, acquired in 1481, September 3rd, from Signor Contarini a certain site in the bastion of Stra, near Padua, in order to form in it a channel from the Piovego, the canal which comes from Padua to the aforesaid place, Stra; and in a certain memorial from these brothers, dated the same year, calling themselves Maestri di Orologgio, they set forth that they will enable boats and barges to pass through the sluice of Stra without danger, without being unloaded, and without being dragged; contriving at the same time that the waters shall issue with facility. . . . To these then, at least within the Venetian States, we may ascribe the honour of this invention, not finding any one else who had previously conceived or put in practice the idea."

So far, then, we have Zendrini's opinion that the achievement of lifting or lowering a loaded vessel, without traction, from one water level to another, was first accomplished by the brothers of Viterbo, though he gives it with some hesitation. This opinion, embraced by many, derived for a time confirmation from its adoption by Frisi.

Frisi was born at Milan in 1729, and, having obtained an European reputation for his illustrations of the sublimest branches of the Newtonian philosophy, gave much of his attention to hydraulics. He travelled more than is usual with men of his pursuits and ecclesiastical profession; and in the latter period of his life made himself in England personally acquainted with the works of Brindley.

We have not seen the two earlier editions of Frisi's book on navigable canals published in 1762 and 1770;—but it is plain, from the translation by Major-General Garstin, that at that period Frisi fully concurred in the views of Zendrini. Frisi, however, revised and republished his work in 1782; and from

some passages of this last edition it is clear to us that he had then found reason to change his opinion, and to ascribe the invention to a greater man than either of the brothers of Viterbo.

"The ancients," he says, "understood the method of moderating the excessive descent of rivers, of maintaining the necessary supply of water, of absorbing it into reservoirs, and using it both for the defence of places and the irrigation of country, by means of certain sluices, which could be lifted up for the passage of boats. Belidor has described them in the 4th book of his 'Architectura Idraulica.' These had no spaces divided off in their interior, and were of the kind called *Conche piane*. Such precisely were the two *sostegni* commenced in 1188 and finished in 1198, under the direction of Alberto Pitentino, architect; the one before the gate of Mantua, called the Cepeto gate, and the other at Governolo, twelve miles distant—the first to dam up the waters of the Mincio, and to form the upper lake of Mantua; and the second to form the under lake so called, and to continue the navigation of the Mincio to the Po. Such also *must have been* the old *Sostegno* of Stra, the work of two engineers of Viterbo in 1481, to facilitate the passage of barges from the canal of Padua, commonly called the Piovego canal, into the Brenta; a sostegno now in disuse, and which does not seem to have been constructed *with any difference of level between the upper and inferior beds* (fondo) as far as we can judge from the hinges of the gates, which are still extant. The most ancient staircase locks (*sostegni a gradino*) of which I have found notice are those of the canal of the navigation of Venice, those of the canal of Bologna, and those which form the communication of the two canals of Milan. All these are very nearly of the same date; and I should be inclined to believe that the invention of them may be attributed to Lionardo da Vinci."

After describing the merits and properties of the invention, and some peculiarities of various specimens of it, Frisi proceeds, speaking of two locks on the navigation of the Brenta:—

"The construction of these *sostegni*, and the present system of the navigation of the Brenta into the laguna of Venice, is posterior to the diversion of the Brentone, which was commenced in 1484. In the canal of Bologna the *sostegno* of Battifero has the area of the interior 6½ Bolognese feet lower than the threshold of the upper gates. And this work was constructed in 1484, according to Masini in his 'Bologna Perlustrata.' The six *sostegni* which form the communication between our two canals were projected and executed by Lionardo da Vinci, and were completely finished in 1497, as we learn from a public inscription. From all which, not having been

able to verify with precision either how much the *sostegni* of the Venetian navigation are posterior to 1484, or how much the idea of ours at Milan was anterior to 1497, I should be inclined to believe that the first invention of *sostegni a gradino* may be attributed to Lionardo da Vinci."—*P. Frisii Opera*, vol. ii. Mediol. 1783.

Venturi, a more recent writer, and one of scarcely less repute than the two above quoted, throws back the invention to an earlier period. He writes:—

"It has been said that Vinci was the inventor of the double-gated lock, that ingenious machine which has opened so many issues to internal commerce among the moderns. But it is not he who first imagined them. The Venetians had constructed some on the Piovego in 1481; and Philip Maria Visconti had caused some to be executed about 1440. I believe that some were constructed even in the fourteenth century."

The quotation from the 'Rerum Italicarum scriptores' of Muratori, on which Venturi seems to rely for the achievements of Visconti, is rather vague,—"*Meditatus* est et aquæ rivum, per quem ab Abiate Vighianum usque sursum veheretur, aquis altiora scandentibus machinarum arte quas conchas appellant." Visconti did, however, more than meditate some contrivance by which a communication was effected between two canals of a different level. Much information on these works of Visconti is to be found in the preface to Lionardo's 'Trattato della Pittura,' by Carlo Amoretti, librarian to the Ambrosian Library, Milan, 1804. A canal of irrigation, derived from the Ticino, had, it appears, been commenced by the Milanese so far back as 1179. This canal was then only carried from Abiate on the Ticino, as far as Gagiano, about half the distance to Milan. In 1227 it was prolonged to Milan; and was probably then first converted to purposes of navigation, for the various streams which traversed or flowed near the city were then directed into it; and in 1296 a project was conceived of uniting it with the Lambro, and through that river with the Po, which, however, was not then executed. In 1438 one of those incidental stimuli was applied to the ingenuity of the Milanese engineers which so often lead to unforeseen consequences. The construction of St. Peter's indirectly assisted the Reformation;—that of the Duomo of Milan led to some step in advance in hydraulics, which, if not amounting to the double-gated lock, was shortly followed by that

invention. It was to overcome the difficulty of conveying the materials for the Duomo, furnished from the Alpine quarries of Candoglia, that some contrivance became necessary for lifting vessels from one level to another. The Ticino and the canal had brought the marble to the suburbs of the city, but there it remained, till the ditch of the city, having been rendered navigable, but at a higher level, certain *conche* were devised for passing the vessels by an alternate increase and decrease of the water. "Pro faciendo crescere et decrescere aquam." These are the words used in an account of the expenses of the work existing in the archives of Milan. One of these, the Conca di Viarena, constructed in 1439, raised vessels to a height of four Italian *braccie*. We think these facts and dates make Visconti and his engineers formidable rivals to Zendrini's brothers of Viterbo; but, in the absence of any design or other certain description of the *conca* of this period, we still doubt whether it can be classed with the pound-lock, or was, in fact, much more than the application of the *sostegno*—long used in rivers—to effect a junction between two artificial lines of navigation under circumstances which gave a considerable command of water. It appears that the raising of the lower level was obtained by stopping, at a fixed hour, and for a considerable time together, the apertures established along the length of the canal for purposes of irrigation. Amoretti, speaking of the machinery for regulating the issue at these apertures, uses the surgical word *otturamento*, a styptic application. It is probable that these issues, and that by which the canals were connected, were of the simple and clumsy construction still used in China—bars of wood resting on one another in two vertical grooves of masonry, and elevated in succession as occasion requires. For these the improvement of a sliding flood-gate was in time substituted, which is said to have been borrowed from our masters in the art of military engineering, the Turks.

But none perhaps of the Italian writers who have discussed these matters had better opportunities of investigating the Milanese archives, or took more pains to do so with reference to the works of Visconti, than Fumagalli. The following passage from his book on the antiquities of Milan (1792) will show that his inquiries left him a warm, though not an unreasonable or uncompromising advocate of the claims of Lionardo—if not to

the absolute invention, at least to the practical application of *the lock* to purposes of inland navigation :—

"For the rest, in asserting for Lionardo the boast of the invention of the *conca*, we do not pretend that it was entirely his own, or that it issued an entire novelty from his brain. We know for certain that before his time other *conche* and *sostegni*, and the like contrivances, had been constructed on rivers and canals, and specially on our own. We have seen above that at Viarena a *conca* had served since the year 1439 to facilitate the passage of barges from the great canal to the ditch of the city, in which latter there was also a second *conca* near the suburb of the Porta Vercellina. The existence of other *conche* in the little canal near the Benaglio, in the year 1471, is apparent from a despatch of that year of the magistracy, one of which *conche* was probably the one at the spot called Gorla, which, in a decree of 1533, Francis Sforza the Second ordered to be removed, probably as having been rendered useless by the construction, in 1496, of the one situated at the Cassina de' Pomi. If, in the designs of *conche* in the Ambrosian MSS., Lionardo's object was to delineate that alone which was of his own invention, in such case we should have to attribute to him three particularities at once among the most beautiful and the most singular, inasmuch as all three are discernible, slightly sketched by his hand. The first is that of the gates turning on hinges, for the purpose of the more easily opening and shutting. The second is the closing of the same at an obtuse angle, the construction best adapted to sustain the pressure of the water, and for management against a current. The third has reference to the little doors or sluices in the gates for the rapid filling or emptying of the *conca*. And the fashion so sketched by Lionardo is the one since practised in the rest of Italy, in Holland, and in France, in the formation of *conche* on rivers and canals, all posterior in date to ours."*

Our readers will hardly fail to observe that, in a passage which we have quoted from Frisi, there is distinct mention of hinges in the case of the *sostegno* constructed at Stra by the brothers of Viterbo. We have also to remark that the term *sostegni a gradino*, as used by the advocates of Lionardo, must be taken to imply merely a system of locks applied at various distances to the same canal, but not in immediate connexion, like those of the Bridgewater canal at Runcorn, or those of Mr. Telford at the

* Delle Antichità Longobardico-Milanesi, tom ii. p. 126.

western termination of the Caledonian. Frisi is distinct on this point.

"Above all," he says, "that invention deserves to be *known in Italy* which unites together different *sostegni*, so as to effect an immediate passage from one to the other. With us the *sostegni* are all isolated, and separated one from the other by a portion of the canal. In France, in Sweden, in Flanders, and in other countries, wherever it is necessary to partition off a considerable fall in a tract of no great extent, the *sostegni a gradino* are constructed in such a manner that the descent takes place immediately out of one into the other, and thus the intervening gates belong equally to the two contiguous chambers."

Frisi, who had seen the works of Brindley at Runcorn, might have added, that it would be the object and boast of an engineer so to construct his canal as to force together as much as possible in this manner the lockage which it required. The uninterrupted level of the Bridgewater canal from Leigh and Manchester to Runcorn, and the concentration of its descent to the Mersey at the latter place, have always been considered as among the most striking evidences of the genius and skill of Brindley.

From all these disquisitions we are led to infer that some doubt exists whether the brothers of Viterbo really effected any material improvement in certain clumsy contrivances which existed in Italy in the fourteenth century, perhaps even so far back as the twelfth. One fact only seems certain, that the first application of a series of locks, by which water and what it floats is made to walk up and down stairs, was the work of that mastermind which for variety of accomplishment has no equal perhaps in the records of human genius and acquirement—of one who had the hand of Apelles and the head of Archimedes—who with the first could with equal felicity give their respective expression to the countenances of our Lord and his betrayer, and trace the intricacies of wheel-work and the perspective of machinery—with the second could all but anticipate, in an age of comparative darkness, the discoveries of Copernicus, Newton, and Cuvier. Those who think these terms exaggerated may refer to the pages of Mr. Hallam's 'History of Literature' for the confirmation of such part of our eulogy as is not to be found in the MS. folio of the Ambrosian library, or on the wall of the Dominican refectory. It is strange that in such a city as Paris the works of such a man

should be allowed to remain unprinted and unedited. A Vinci Society at Paris would be a worthy rival to our Bannatyne, Shakspeare, Camden, Spalding, *et hoc genus omne* in Britain.

Lionardo's work, which still exists, was inspected as a model in 1660 by F. Andreossi, for whom the honour has been claimed by his descendants of the scheme for the great canal of Languedoc. It is rather remarkable that so early a work should so long have maintained so high a reputation in such a school of hydraulic art as Northern Italy. It is perhaps to be accounted for by the circumstance that the territorial divisions of the district so copiously watered from the Alps and Apennines presented political obstacles to continuous lines of artificial navigation: hence the skill of the engineer was rather directed to purposes of drainage, irrigation, and security, to "tame the torrent's thunder-shock," or fertilise the marsh, than to make the best of friends and the worst of enemies (as the Duke of Bridgewater was wont to call water) subservient to purely commercial purposes.

For the claim of Holland to priority in the application of the lock, we refer our readers to the article on Inland Navigation in Brewster's 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' attributed to the authorship of Messrs. Telford and Nimmo. Their researches led them to the conclusion that the invention was known in Holland at least a century before its application in Italy. With the utmost deference for these two eminent names, we are yet inclined to doubt whether the instances they quote in support of this position are sufficient to establish it. The *placeat* granted so far back as A.D. 1253, by William Count of Holland, to the city of Haerlem, for the construction of certain sluices at Spaarendam, ordaining "transmeatum quemdam aquarum qui Spoya vulgariter appellatur, vel foramen . . . . per quod majores naves cum suis oneribus possint de facili pertransire in Dampuo apud Sparnam," is, we think, inconclusive, and we doubt whether either this or the other examples quoted of Dutch works anterior to the fifteenth century establish anything further than the application of some form of the early sostegno or single-sluice, more or less improved. We consider, however, that the conclusions of such writers make this branch of the subject well worthy of further investigation. It is not in our judgment at all improbable that, in an age when ideas travelled more slowly

and precariously than at present, the engineers of the two countries may have worked in complete independence each of the other. The artificial navigation of Italy was doubtless more exclusively of an inland character, and the invention of the Dutch had the additional stimulus of the natural circumstances which lead to the necessity of the tidal-sluice and lock-gate in its various forms.

In Mr. Prescott's notice of the canal constructed by Cortez in 1521, for the military purpose of conveying his brigantines from Tezcuco to the neighbouring lake, we find mention of dams and locks. As indeed the distance was half a league, and as the operation appears to have been that of rendering a mere brook or ravine (*fossata*) navigable for vessels of some burthen, it would be difficult to conceive how some such contrivances could have been dispensed with; but we have to regret that, among the extracts cited in Mr. Prescott's notes from Spanish authorities, there is no passage which describes them. (See 'History of the Conquest of Mexico,' vol. iii. p. 78.) The description of the work by Cortez himself in his third relation, addressed to Charles V., does not condescend to many particulars, but he gives the depth by the rough measurement of the human stature, "quanto saria la statura di due homini." (Ramusio, vol. iii. p. 266.) The countrymen of Cortez in Old Spain have achieved but little in this line. The canals of Aragon and Segovia are their only works of any consequence, and both are unfinished. The former, commenced by Charles V. in 1529, but remodelled and extended in the latter part of the last century, is described by a recent traveller, Captain S. Cook, R.N., as presenting an unnecessary width of surface to the sun—a great mistake in a warm climate,—and as more used for irrigation than traffic. The aqueduct by which it crosses the valley of the Rio Zabon is said to be a magnificent work of the kind, and to have cost about 130,000*l*. Should Spain ever enjoy the advantage of a government, its attention might be usefully directed to effecting the junction of the two seas by the extension of this canal from Tudela to some point on the coast of Biscay.

Of two locks in Sweden, Mr. Telford says, "Near Wenernsborg two connected locks have long existed, each 182 feet in length and 39 feet wide. They were constructed about the year 1600, in the reign of Charles IX., by Dutch engineers, probably under

the direction of John of Ostrogotha, who had travelled much and seen such inventions. He died in 1618."

The first locks constructed in France, it is supposed, were the seven adjacent locks at Rogny, on the Canal de Briare, commenced by Henry IV. in 1605, and conducted during the five following years of his reign under the superintendence of Sully. The work was interrupted by the assassination of Henry, and not resumed till 1638. As, however, the main difficulties of the line were dealt with under his reign, and as its completion in 1642 only carried out the original plan, the credit due to the sovereign and the minister of having set an early example in the improvement of inland intercourse remains unaffected. That example produced brilliant consequences in the reign of Louis XIV. The canal of Orleans, begun in 1682 and finished in 1692, saved eighteen leagues of difficult and precarious river navigation between Orleans and Briare. The Canal de Loing, finished in 1724, completed the junction of these two canals with the Seine.

Further south, meanwhile, the power and enterprise of Louis had been displaying itself on a far greater scale. The Canal of Languedoc, begun in 1667 and finished in 1681, had realised a project which for centuries had inspired the fancy of the greatest rulers of France—Charlemagne, Francis I., and Richelieu—the junction of the ocean with the Mediterranean. For any detailed description of this undertaking we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the numerous works extant and accessible on the subject, such as those of De la Lande, the Chevalier Allent, and General Andreossi. The latter author sets forth the evidence on which he founds the claim of his ancestor, F. Andreossi, as the original inventor of the plan which he certainly assisted to execute, to the exclusion of the pretensions of Riquet, as asserted in an inscription on the lock of Toulouse, and admitted for many years without question.

We are ill qualified to decide on the merits of a controversy which still has its warm and enlightened partizans on either side in France. It is more to our purpose—that of noting a few leading facts and features of the rise and progress of inland navigation—to call attention to its relative state at this period in England. We are indebted to Mr. Hughes for a quotation inserted in his interesting 'Memoir of James Brindley,' which

bears upon this subject. It is from a work of one Francis Mathew, who, in the year 1656, addressed the Protector Cromwell on the advantage of a water communication between London and Bristol:—

"Mathew in his day," says Mr. Hughes, "was probably considered a bold and daring speculator; and what was the extent of the plan by which he proposed to effect his object? It was this: to make the rivers Isis and Avon navigable to their sources by means of sasses, and to connect their heads by a short canal of three miles, across the intervening ridge of country. It is amusing enough to follow the argument of this primitive amateur, for he ventures not to call himself an engineer, in his endeavour to convince the world that his project, novel and gigantic as he admits it to be, is not beyond the capacity of the state to execute. As for private enterprise, whether by individuals or by a corporation, he considers it quite out of the question for such a work; but he ventures to think that the state might execute it with a reasonable prospect of success.

"The condition," says Mr. Hughes, "of engineering science in the time of Mathew may be inferred from the following extract from his book, relating to the general subject of inland navigation. He recommends—

"'To rise as high, in opening the said rivers, as they shall be found feazible, there to make a wharf, magazine, or warehouse, for all such commodities as are useful to those parts of the country, both for trade and merchandizing, and service in time of war with far greater expedition. If any other river, practicable for boats, lye near the head or side of the said river, and that the ground favour the opening of a still river to be drawn between them, then to joyn them with sasses or otherwise. But should the ground be repugnant, then a fair stone causey, not exceeding one little day's journey for horses or carts, to be raised between the said rivers. By the like industry many mediterranean passages by water, with the help of such causeys, would be formed from one sea to the other, and not to have the old channel of any river to be forsaken for a shorter passage; for, as hath been said, rivers are never out of their way.'"

It is hardly fair to look down from the height of modern achievement with contempt on a man who, at all events, did his best to call public attention to a neglected subject. Had Mathew succeeded in fixing upon it the vigorous mind of the Protector, his feeble suggestion might have fructified, and Bridge-

water and Brindley might have been anticipated by a century. It is true that, while such a representative of the engineering science of England was addressing the English Government, Colbert, Riquet, and Andreossi were digesting the scheme for the junction of the Atlantic with the Mediterranean, and dealing with elevations and volumes of water from which Mathew would have shrunk in dismay. It is perhaps strange that Louis XIV.'s grandiloquent and characteristic proclamation, which made so many French bosoms beat high, should have had no echo in England. It is, however, far stranger that the example of the great work, accomplished in 1681, with its 100 locks, its 36 aqueducts, and its elevation of some 600 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, should for eighty years have been lost upon England; and that, when the hour and the man at last arrived, a scheme more substantial, but far less gigantic, should have been treated as the dream of a madman. We cannot even find that the Canal of Languedoc was ever cited by Brindley or his employer in reply to the wise men who questioned their sanity. It is true that the Canal of Languedoc affords no example of a navigable aqueduct, the piers of which stand in the bed of a navigable river, and constructed on a scale which leaves the navigation of that river unimpeded; but even the Pont du Gard might have sufficed to strip Brindley's project of the Barton Aqueduct of its supposed impracticability. If Brindley, however, was acquainted with the existence of such works at this period, he was assuredly so ignorant of their details as to be utterly innocent of plagiarism. With regard to the Duke of Bridgewater himself there is more room for doubt. He certainly visited France and Italy in his youth; and hence Mr. Hughes, while defending zealously, and we think most justly, his claim as the originator of navigable canals in England, infers that "undoubtedly he had seen and studied the great canal-works of Italy, Holland, and other countries." The question is one of more curiosity than importance, but there is at least no proof of the truth of the assumption.

The history of Francis Duke of Bridgewater is engraved in intaglio on the face of the country he helped to civilize and enrich. His memory is held in veneration in his own country, and beyond it; and, we may add, in affection as well as respect by the population of his own Lancashire neighbourhood, a race

zealous in its attachments, and not indisposed to what Mr. Carlyle calls "hero worship." The best records of an eminent man are certainly his works. The 'Principia' and the 'Transfiguration' are more substantial memorials of Newton and Raphael than the pages of any biographer; but yet few are altogether indifferent to even the pettiest minutiæ of the lives and habits of such men. We love to hear of Newton's untasted and forgotten dinner, and to trace in Vasari Raphael's morning progress to the Vatican surrounded by enthusiastic pupils. In this instance our curiosity for such details has been but slenderly gratified. Correspondence to ransack there is none. It is not strictly true to say, as has been said, that Brindley could not write; but it is true to say of his employer that he would not: he had at least an aversion to the use of the pen. We know not that, with the exception of meagre articles in foreign works, any one has attempted to discharge for the Duke the task of biography; which in the case of Brindley has been more than once performed.* These remarks are no preface to any such deliberate attempt of ours; yet a few scattered notices of so remarkable a benefactor to his country may be worth collection and admission into these pages:—"*His saltem accumulem donis.*"

Francis, sixth Earl and third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born in 1736, the youngest of five children. His father died when he was eleven years old; and one only of the four elder brothers had lived to enjoy for a short time the title. On the death of this brother, Francis succeeded to the dukedom. Though the loss of a mother, usually a far greater misfortune than that of a father, was spared him, it is said that he met with little attention from one whose affections in the first year of her widowhood were transferred to a second husband. It is certain that his education was much neglected; and we have heard that some [illegible] contemplated to set him altogether aside on the score of mental deficiency. Horace Walpole writes to his Florentine Pylades, Sir Horace Mann, in 1761, "You will be happy in Sir Richard Lyttelton and his duchess—they are the best-humoured people in the world." We have reason to believe that little of this valuable quality was dispensed to the benefit of

* The notices of the duke in those two valuable works, the French 'Biographie Universelle' and the German 'Conversations Lexicon,' have antedated his birth by ten years.

the sickly boy, who probably gave little promise of long surviving his consumptive brothers, and less of future eminence in any department. The field of exertion which he lived to select could hardly be foreseen by wiser people than his worldly relatives. His guardians, the Duke of Bedford and his brother-in-law, Lord Trentham, sent him, at the age of seventeen, to make the tour of Europe. They selected for his companion a man of the highest distinction for talent and acquirement, the scholar, the traveller, and the antiquarian, Robert Wood, author of the well-known works on Troy, Baalbeck, and Palmyra. The usual consequences of this Mezentian connexion between an accomplished and matured man and a backward and unruly boy did not fail to show themselves, and evidence exists that Wood often wished himself back in the desert he had so lately left. His work on Palmyra, which was published immediately after his return from the East, bears date 1752, and in March of the following year he started with his pupil. To a man so gifted his new companion must have been a bad exchange for Bouverie and Dawkins: and who ever yet felt the luxuries of European travelling a compensation for the delights of the desert? Wood, indeed, was no college pedagogue, but a man of the world—of that world which acknowledges a Chesterfield as its guide in morals as well as behaviour. He was induced with some difficulty to persevere in his undertaking. It is probable that during their residence in Italy he may have communicated to his pupil some taste for the arts, which afterwards displayed itself in the formation of the Bridgewater Gallery. He sat for his portrait to Mengs, probably by the duke's desire, for the picture is now in the Bridgewater collection. The duke made also some purchases of marbles, tables of Egyptian granite, such as still tempt English purses in the shops of the Roman scarpellini. These, however, remained in their original packing-cases till after his death. We much regret that we have been unable to find any trace of the duke's route beyond Lyons, except his visit to Rome. It is possible that the works of Leonardo on the Milan canal may have engaged his attention; and equally so that, on his return homeward, he may have taken a route through the south of France, which, at Narbonne, Toulouse, or elsewhere, may have brought the greater works of Louis XIV. under his observation; but we have nothing but conjecture to guide us, and

we have no reason to believe that he passed through any part of Holland.

We have little record of the duke's habits between the period of this journey and the attainment of his majority. The Racing Calendar bears witness that from 1756 to 1770 he kept race-horses. He had also for some time a house at Newmarket. The bulky man of after-years was once so light and slender of frame that he occasionally rode races in person; and, on one such occasion, we have heard a bet was jokingly proposed that he would be blown off his horse. He rode a race in Trentham park against a jockey of royal blood, the Duke of Cumberland. Whatever were his pursuits, or the degree to which he indulged in them, they soon merged into the one occupation of his remaining life.

It will sometimes happen, as Dryden tells us,—

> "That when some proud usurper Heaven provides,
> To scourge a country with his lawless sway,
> His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
> And sets his cradle out of fortune's way!"

If men occasionally rise from obscurity to such perilous elevation, it fortunately also sometimes occurs that others born to coronets on their cradles, and scutcheons on their coffins, will descend from the dignity of doing nothing to the office of thinking and acting for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. As England is not a country of Spanish grandees, and the blood of her aristocracy is, in sporting phrase, continually crossed, there are no physical reasons why the higher faculties of the mind should not be pretty equally distributed among all her classes. With reference, however, to that portion of her aristocracy which has been compared to the Trinity House, in that it is composed of elder brethren, it may be said that political ambition is the incentive which most usually calls its powers into conspicuous action. The fact is, that politics are the most social of serious pursuits; and though real distinction in this sphere, as in others, is only to be gained by great sacrifices of ease and pleasure, it is still compatible with a large indulgence in the social excitements which wealth and inherited station hold out for acceptance, and which even, to some extent, form part of the business of a political leader, and become agents of his influence. If Sir Isaac

Newton had been born to an earldom and a rent-roll, his parents or guardians might have warned him that Euclid was very well, but that fluxions did not become a gentleman; and the sacred fire within him might have burnt out in the calculations of political finance, or, more unprofitably, on the course of Newmarket or at the gaming-table. The self-exile from the circle we are ticketed from birth to enter, the brooding over one design, the indomitable perseverance which can alone master success in such objects as those of the Duke of Bridgewater's manhood, can, in the nature of things, seldom be exhibited by the nobles by inheritance of any country. It is well known that they were conspicuously exhibited by the Duke of Bridgewater. Perseverance was in his nature, but we believe that accident had a share in its development—that a disappointment in love first alienated him from what is called the world—and that this affair of the heart was the cardinal passage of his existence. We mention it not merely as having influenced his destiny, but also as having afforded a signal illustration of that determination of character and resolute will which afterwards carried him through all his difficulties.

Deeply smitten with the charms of one of two sisters famous for their beauty, he had sued and been accepted; and the preliminaries of the marriage were in progress when an obstacle occurred. The reputation of the other sister, more renowned for beauty of the two—though hardly with justice, if the engravings of the day be faithful—but undoubtedly more fair than wise, had suffered from evil reports. The duke, who had heard and (as men of the world usually do where female reputation is concerned) believed, announced to his intended bride his resolution against a continuance of intimacy: we know not whether the prohibition extended to intercourse. Sisterly affection revolted at this condition, but he persevered to the extent of breaking off the marriage. Such scruples in an age not remarkable for rigid aristocratic morality, and on the part of a pupil of Wood, might be suspected to indicate want of ardour in the attachment. The circumstances, however, refute this suspicion. The charms of the lady alone had attracted the suitor—charms which had, previously to the duke's suit, placed one ducal coronet on her brow, and speedily replaced the one she now sacrificed to sisterly affection, by another.

Their impression was in this instance so deep, and the sacrifice so painful, that he who made it to a great extent abandoned society, and is said never to have spoken to another woman in the language of gallantry. A Roman Catholic might have built a monastery, tenanted a cell, and died a saint. The duke, at the age of twenty-two, betook himself to his Lancashire estates, made Brindley his confessor, and died a benefactor to commerce, manufactures, and mankind.

While upon this subject it may be worth while to remark that our account of this episode in the duke's life may serve to supply the readers of Horace Walpole with the explanation of a passage in one of his letters to Marshal Conway. He writes, Jan. 28, 1759:—

"You and Mr. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition. You do not exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. . . . . It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is attached to these two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world prematurely to make room for the rest of their adventures."

We do not profess to know why Lord Coventry should have objected to his sister-in-law's second marriage. We have explained why the Duke of Bridgewater may have done so. Was it to conceal his chagrin, and carry off his disappointment with a good grace, that he performed a feat very inconsistent with his after habits, alluded to in the subsequent letter of March 9 to Sir Horace Mann?—

"Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister, who was at the Opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater's, where she stayed till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards."

Beyond the allusion quoted above from Horace Walpole, we have met with no written notice of this incident in the duke's life; but our oral authority is such as to leave us no doubt on

the subject, and we cannot think that we have over-estimated its importance. We are aware that the validity of his claim to the title which by very general consent has been bestowed upon him, of Father of British Inland Navigation, has been cavilled at on two grounds—first, on that of an act obtained by his father, Scroop, first Duke of Bridgewater, and others in 1737, for rendering Worsley brook navigable; and secondly, on the stronger instance of the Sankey navigation, the act for which was obtained in 1755, and which was opened in 1760, whereas the duke's first act received the royal assent in March, 1759, and the Barton aqueduct was opened in July, 1761. The first ground of impeachment we consider hardly worth notice, unless to illustrate the difference between a vague and timid conception, the execution of which was never attempted, and the brilliant realizations of Brindley. On the second Mr. Hughes makes the following remarks, p. 8:—

"The credit of the Duke of Bridgewater having been denied by some, who contend the Sankey Brook Canal in Lancashire was constructed and designed before his, it may be proper to examine the truth of this assertion. In the year 1755 an act was obtained for making the Sankey Brook navigable from St. Helens to the river Mersey, but the proprietors of the navigation afterwards determined to abandon the stream and make an entirely new canal, using the water of the stream merely to feed the canal. Accordingly the canal was dug as close along the side of the stream as practicable, and opened for navigation in the year 1760. In the mean time the Duke of Bridgewater applied to Parliament in 1758 for power to construct a canal, not in the bed of any stream, nor near or parallel with the course of any stream, but entirely across the dry land, and quite irrespective of the position of streams, except in so far as they might be made to afford supplies of water to his canal. Upon a consideration of these facts, I confess myself unable to see any ground whatever for putting the merit of any other person in this respect in competition with that of his grace, who undoubtedly deserves the whole credit of planning, at the time of attaining his majority, a work which reflects immortal honour on his memory, and confers a rank upon him greater, immeasurably greater, than all that which is due to his title and his station. Undoubtedly he had seen and studied the great canal-works of Italy, Holland, and other countries, and he deserves undivided credit for having so perseveringly determined to see them imitated in his own country and through his own means."

We have given elsewhere our reasons for doubting the assumption of Mr. Hughes as to the effect of the duke's continental tour. With his other observations we concur, and, doing so, we are inclined to lay the greater stress on the probability that, if the duke had become the husband of the most beautiful woman of her day, he might indeed have become the father of a race of Egertons, but not of inland navigation. This title could hardly have been won, unless circumstances had allowed of the complete and continued concentration of the whole energies of the man on the one object. Under the influence of eyes not inferior to those of the duke's ancestress, Churchill's loveliest daughter, immortalized by Pope, when he writes in his epistle to Jervas, how—

> "Beauty waking all her forms supplies
> An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes"—

he would have been more likely to have protracted his honeymoon in the myrtle-shades of Ashridge than to have adopted the course by which alone his canal schemes could have reached success—namely, fixed his residence in the coal-field of Worsley and on the confines of Chat Moss. In the lady's opinion, at least, Brindley and Gilbert might have been unwelcome additions to a connubial *tête-à-tête*, and uncouth appendages to circles recruited from White's and Almack's. Eventual Egertons might also have been strong prudential checks on speculations which as things turned out could involve no ruin but his own, but which at one time brought him so near its verge that almost any one but a childless enthusiast would have retreated in dismay. We must take into account that, if the duke started on his foreign travel under disadvantage from neglected education, he returned from Paris, in the modern phraseology of Christ Church and Trinity, a *fast* young man, on which point we have evidence as satisfactory as that on which we have relied for the fact of his intended marriage. The following communication, furnished by the kindness of a surviving contemporary of his latter years, will show the pitch of slowness to which he afterwards retrograded. So little is recorded of his personal habits that we make no apology for minutiæ not strictly relative to our main subject:—

"It was in the summer of 1797 that I passed a few weeks at Trentham with his grace. He was every day (as who in that eventful period was not?) very anxious for the arrival of the news-

papers and intelligence from London, and, when there was no London bag, which was then the case on Tuesdays, he called it emphatically a *dies non*. At table he rejected with a kind of antipathy all poultry, veal, &c., calling them 'white meats,' and wondering that every one, like himself, did not prefer the brown. He rebuked any one who happened to say port-wine, saying, 'Do you ever talk of claret-wine, Burgundy-wine?' &c. In person he was large and unwieldy, and seemed careless about his dress, which was uniformly a suit of brown, something of the cut of Dr. Johnson's. Mr. —— of —— passed some days with us, and during his stay the duke was every evening planted with him on a distant sofa in earnest conversation about canals, to the amusement of some of the party. I can confirm the race with the Duke of Cumberland;—it was in allusion to the altered appearance and dress of the Duke of Bridgewater that the Marquis of Stafford mentioned to the late Chief-Baron Macdonald and myself what a change there was in his person and apparel since his grace rode that race in blue silk and silver with a jockey-cap; and I believe the ground on which it took place was the terrace at the back of the wood. Apropos of the Duke of Cumberland's visit to Trentham, the old greenhouse (*fuit Ilium*, and Mr. Barry has levelled these things) was hastily built just before that visit as a skittle-ground for his royal highness to play in. There was also prison-bars and other games of the villagers for his amusement."

If any of the fast young men of the present day are readers of this Review, these passages may serve as a warning to them to resist the first inroads of business, the seduction of the *improba syren*, occupation, lest peradventure they live to build steeples instead of chasing them, or to dig ditches instead of leaping them, and sink in dress, habits, and occupations to the level of Dr. Johnson or the Duke of Bridgewater. For ourselves, we have dwelt thus long on this passage of the duke's life for the same reason and with the same interest with which travellers trace great rivers to their sources, and historians great events to their obscure causes. We are far from supposing that if he had never lived England could long have remained contented with primitive modes of intercourse inadequate to her growing energies. Brindley himself might have found other patrons, or, if he had pined for want of such, Smeatons, Fultons, and Telfords might have arisen to supply his place. But for the happy conjunction, however, of such an instrument with such a hand to wield it, inland navigation might long have had to struggle with the

timidity of capitalists, and for a time at least would perhaps have crept along, obsequious to inequalities of surface and the sinuosities of natural watercourses. When we trace on the map the present artificial arterial system of Britain—some 110 lines of canal, amounting in length to 2400 miles—when we reflect on the rapidity of the creation, how soon the junction of the Worsley coal-field with its Manchester market was followed by that of Liverpool with Hull, and Lancashire with London—we cannot but think that the duke's matrimonial disappointment ranks with other cardinal passages in the lives of eminent men,—with the majority of nine which prevented the projected emigration of Cromwell, and the hurricane which scattered Admiral Christian's fleet and drove back to the Downs the vessel freighted with Sir Arthur Wellesley and his fortunes.

If we had any reason to suppose that, previously to this affair, the duke differed from other young men in respect of susceptibility to female attraction, the following paragraph from a newspaper of the day would furnish an indication at least to the contrary. Its date is October 11, 1755:—"A marriage will soon be consummated between his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater and Miss Revel, his Grace having just arrived from his travels in foreign parts." Such a paragraph leaves a wide field for conjecture.

If, as we have reason to believe, the lady in question was the daughter of Thomas Revel, of Fetcham in Surrey, who married in 1758 George Warren, of Pointon in Cheshire, afterwards Sir G. Warren, K.B., she was a considerable heiress. The newspapers are certainly prone to bestowing young dukes and great heiresses on one another upon slight provocation, and without any consent or collusion of the parties. Still we may reasonably hope that the report was at least founded on the solid basis of a flirtation. We wish we could ascertain whether it went the length of dancing. In France we know that his grace resisted an infusion of that accomplishment with the usual tenacity of a young Englishman. Like other boys, he was more amenable to the fencing-master. His habits of riding continued to a late period of his life, and a groom and two horses formed part of his reduced establishment at Worsley, when he is said to have brought his personal expenses within 400*l.* per annum.

By the members of the circles he thus abandoned, by those

who missed him at the betting-stand, the club, or the assembly, he was probably considered a lost man. They were mistaken, but not unreasonable. When certain stars shoot thus madly from their spheres, they seldom shine in any other. When a man of birth and wealth, sensible of the effect of a deficient education, shrinks from the toil of self-improvement, which can alone raise him to his proper level, and flies from contact with his equals in rank because they are superior in cultivation, it is terribly probable that low company and sensual indulgence will be the substitute for that he quits. To the co-operation of such causes with his love disappointment the duke's abrupt secession was probably attributed; and if so, his friends and relatives must have considered their worst anticipations confirmed when rumours reached them from Lancashire that his two chief associates were a land-agent and a millwright.

There was, however, a work to be done. The hour was at hand when the latent manufacturing and commercial energies of England were to be set loose by the inventions of Watt, and Arkwright, and Crompton. To their development the improvement of internal intercourse was an essential preliminary. The instruments for this great work were selected by Providence from the highest, the middle, and the humblest classes of society, and Bridgewater, Gilbert, and Brindley formed the remarkable trio to whom the task was delegated. Of these, Gilbert, whose functions as a coadjutor were the least distinct, has attracted least notice; but if his share in the transaction could be certified, we doubt whether it would be found that he contributed much less to its success than the other two.

We are unable to trace with positive certainty the circumstances which introduced John Gilbert to the notice of the duke; but as the elder brother Thomas was agent to the duke's brother-in-law, Lord Gower, by whose influence he sat for the borough of Lichfield, there can be little doubt that this was the channel of the introduction. John Gilbert was much engaged in mining speculations. In some of these it is probable that he became cognizant of the merits of Brindley, who so far back as 1753 had engaged in the draining of some mines at Clifton, near Manchester. We have no doubt that it was Gilbert who introduced Brindley to the duke, but we have no positive evidence of intimacy between Gilbert and Brindley earlier than 1760, when the

brothers Brindley, and Henshall, the brother-in-law of James, purchased the Golden Hill estate, full of minerals, in partnership with Gilbert. Gilbert was also an active promoter of the Trent and Mersey canal, of which Brindley became the engineer, and is said to a trifling degree to have turned his influence with the latter to his own advantage, by procuring a slight deviation from the original scheme of the Harecastle Tunnel, and bringing it through his own estate. J. Gilbert is described to us by a surviving friend as a

"practical, persevering, out-door man. He loved mines and underground works; had like to have been killed at Donnington Wood, when he was down in the work, by holding his candle too near the roof. The foul air went off with a loud explosion, and blew the gearing at the pit eye into atoms. He was saved by a collier throwing him flat down and lying on him in the drift, but had his stock burnt partly off his neck, and the crown of his head scorched. The collier was badly burned, but Mr. Gilbert provided for him and his family."

We may mention that the elder brother Thomas was the author of those parochial unions which bear his name, and which, having been unquestionable improvements on the old system of poor-law, have been much used as engines of resistance to the introduction of the new.

It is certain that in J. Gilbert's energy, perseverance, and firmness the duke found a spirit kindred to his own. It has been said that, when the moment arrived for admitting the water into the Barton aqueduct, Brindley's nerve was unequal to the interest of the crisis, that he ran away and hid himself in Stretford, while Gilbert remained cool and collected to superintend the operation which was to confirm or to confute the clamour with which the project had been assailed. On some important points of engineering connected with this aqueduct he successfully maintained his opinions against those of Brindley. One anecdote connected with Gilbert illustrates the extent of the pecuniary difficulties which the duke experienced in the progress of his undertaking, by the nature of the expedients to which he was compelled to resort. It is well known that at one period the duke's credit was so low that his bill for 500*l.* could scarcely be cashed in Liverpool. Under such difficulties Gilbert was employed to ride round the neighbouring districts of Cheshire, and borrow from farmers

such small sums as could be collected from such a source. On one of these occasions he was joined by a horseman, and after some conversation the meeting ended with an exchange of their respective horses. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, which he had not before frequented, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with evident and mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, and still more so when the latter expressed a hope that his journey had been successful, and that his saddle-bags were well filled. He was unable to account for the apparent acquaintance of a total stranger with the business and object of his expedition. The mystery was solved by the discovery that he had exchanged horses with a highwayman who had infested the paved lanes of Cheshire till his horse had become so well known that its owner had found it convenient to take the first opportunity of procuring one less notorious.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the origin and progress of the Bridgewater Canal presented to that of the Canal du Midi. No turgid proclamation heralded the former, "written"—as Andreossi avers of that of Louis XIV.—"in that elevated style, and bearing the impress of that firm and noble character, which marks alike the projects and the productions of the age of Louis XIV." There was no Colbert to find the funds, no Riquet to receive the magnificent entailed reward of the profits, no Corneille to furnish the flattery. To these and such as these, armed with all the paraphernalia of maps and sections and calculations, Louis gave audience in his sumptuous chamber at Versailles. Round the humble hearth of the black and white timbered manor-house of Worsley, or of the still humbler village inn, three hard-headed men, of simple manners and attire, discussed a project unnoticed by governments, and deemed hopeless by the few besides themselves who gave any attention to the matter. To fill the place of a sovereign, the uncontrolled master of vast revenues, there was an English nobleman, proprietor of extensive but somewhat encumbered estates; and if to conceive and direct the work there was a greater original genius than Riquet or Andreossi, that genius could barely read and write, and was hired in the first place at two and sixpence a day. Such at least is the statement of one who had enjoyed opportunities of information, Francis Egerton, the last Earl of Bridgewater, who died at Paris in the odour of

eccentricity. He adds that Brindley offered to engage himself exclusively to the duke for a guinea a week,—but a slight increase on the former sum. If this be true, it confirms the French proverb that the *vrai* is not always the *vraisemblable*. It is clear that at the time when Brindley entered the duke's service his fame as a mechanician was considerable. He had already introduced inventions of his own for the drainage of mines, the improvement of silk-machinery, and the grinding of flints for the potteries of Staffordshire, and in 1756 he had begun to apply his vigorous intellect to the steam-engine. It is said, however, that in all or most of these matters he had been thwarted and restricted by the jealousy of rivals and the stupidity of employers. It is probable enough that disgust with his late patrons, sympathy with the new, the nature of the task before him, and consciousness of power to accomplish it, may have combined to make him court the duke's service on the lowest terms. For his own interest the speculation, perhaps, was not a bad one; for it appears that very speedily after the commencement of the Bridgewater Canal, Brindley was employed by Earl Gower and Lord Anson to survey a line for a projected canal between the Trent and the Mersey. There can be little doubt, as Earl Gower was the duke's brother-in-law, that the selection of Brindley was at the duke's recommendation.

As the materials for Brindley's life in the 'Biographia Britannica' were furnished by his brother-in-law, Mr. Henshall, it could hardly be expected that at this distance of time his present biographer, Mr. Hughes, could add much to the little there recorded of his personal peculiarities. The following remarks on his professional character appear to us in the main well founded. After giving a summary of the great works on which Brindley was engaged, which comprises some dozen of the principal lines of navigation in the kingdom, Mr. Hughes proceeds:—

"In taking a hasty retrospect of Brindley's engineering career, it is important to observe that all the works he projected, planned, and executed, are comprised within a period of twelve years, and by far the greater part of them within the last seven years of his life. It is amazing to reflect that the man who had to struggle, without precedent or experience to guide him, with all the difficulties which attended the early history of canals, should himself have effected

and originated so much. There can be no doubt that he possessed an intellect of the highest order, that his views were most comprehensive, and his inventive faculties extremely fertile. Brindley was wholly without education, and it has even been asserted that he was unable to read and write, the utmost extent of his capacity in the latter accomplishment extending no further than that of signing his name. This, however, has been disputed, on the authority of his brother-in-law, who stated that he could both read and write, though he was a poor scribe. However this may be, it is certain that he was quite ignorant in the vulgar sense of the word Education, and perfectly unacquainted with the literature of his own or any other country. It may be a bold assertion, and yet I believe it to be one with strong presumptions in its favour, that Brindley's want of education was alike fortunate for himself, for the world, and for posterity. There was no lack of scholars in his day more than in our own; nay, the literary coxcomb had then a more flourishing soil in which to vegetate. But where were the Brindleys among those scholars? Where were the men capable of the same original and comprehensive views, the same bold unprecedented experiments upon matter and the forces of nature, which the illiterate Derbyshire ploughboy dared to entertain and undertake? If we range the annals of the whole world, and include within our survey even those examples of sacred history where divinely-appointed ministers were raised to work out great designs, we shall find no instance more remarkable, nor one which more completely violates the ordinary expectations and probabilities of mankind, than this, in which the uneducated millwright of a country village became the instrument of improving beyond the bounds of sober belief the condition of a great nation, and of increasing to an incredible amount her wealth and resources. But, it may be asked, why would Brindley have been less fit or less likely to accomplish all he did, if at the same time he had been educated? The answer is, that a mind like Brindley's would have lost much of its force, originality, and boldness, if it had been tied down by the rules of science, his attention diverted by the elegancies of literature, or his energy diluted by imbibing too much from the opinions of others. Alone he stood, alone he struggled, and alone he was proof against all the assaults of men who branded him as a madman, an enthusiast, and a person not to be trusted."—p. 42.

This passage, and more in the same style, shows the estimation in which Brindley's talents are still held by men conversant with all recent improvements, and competent by their own professional studies to judge of his achievements. Mr. Hughes's

comparison of him with Moses and Joshua we consider ill-judged and not in point; inasmuch as civil engineering had nothing to do with the passage either of the Red Sea or the Jordan. That Brindley at a certain period of his life could write, rests upon better testimony even than the report of his relation, as specimens of his writing were furnished not long since from the office at Worsley, for the use of Mr. Baines, author of that excellent work 'The History of Lancashire.' Of a singular scheme attributed to Brindley, that of a bridge over the Irish Channel between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, Mr. Hughes remarks—"We know nothing, except that it was said to have been a very favourite scheme of Brindley's, and was to have been effected by a floating road and canal, which he was confident he could execute in such a manner as to stand the most violent attacks of the waves." We know of no better authority than a newspaper paragraph for attributing anything so foolish as this idea to Brindley. If he ever entertained it, two things are certain—that his head was turned by success and adulation, and that he had never been in the Irish Channel in a gale of wind. The latter is likely enough; we are slow to believe the former of a man so eminently practical and so simple-minded.

Of Brindley apart from his works little then can be said, because little is now known. With regard to the personal habits and character of his great employer, it may be neither superfluous nor inappropriate to mention that, if he declined to fill, in the House of Lords or elsewhere, the place assigned to him by birth and wealth, as a resident landlord and employer he left behind him a deep impression not only of power and authority, but of the kindly virtues, which in his case, as in many others, lurked under a somewhat rough exterior. If he preferred the conversation of a few friends and confidants of his schemes to the gossip of London circles, his intercourse with the poor man and the labourer was frequent and familiar, and his knowledge of their persons and characters extensive. His surviving contemporaries among this class mention his name with invariable affection and reverence. Something like his phantom presence still seems to pervade his Lancashire neighbourhood, before which those on whom his heritage has fallen shrink into comparative insignificance. The Duke's horses still draw the Duke's boats. The Duke's coals still issue from the Duke's levels; and when a

question of price is under discussion—What will the Duke say or do? is as constant an element of the proposition, as if he were forthcoming in the body to answer the question. He had certainly no taste for the decorations which lighten and adorn existences less engrossed by serious pursuits. The house he built commanded a wide view of the works he constructed and the country he helped to fertilize, but it was as destitute during his life of garden and shrubbery, as of pineries, conservatories, and ornamental pigsties. Rising one morning after his arrival from London at this place, he found that some flowers had been planted in his absence, which he demolished with his cane and ordered to be rooted up. The labourer who received the order, and who in Lancashire phrase was *flytten* for this transgression of the Duke's tastes, adds that he was fond enough however of some Turkey oaks which had been brought down from a London nursery-garden, and took much interest in their proper disposal. His nature had certainly more of the oak than the flower in its composition, though not, in Johnson's phrase, the nodosity without the strength. While resident in London his social intercourse was limited within the circle of a few intimate friends, and for many years he avoided the trouble of a main part of an establishment suited to his station, by an arrangement with one of these, who for a stipulated sum undertook to provide a daily dinner for his Grace and a certain number of guests. This engagement lasted till a late period of the Duke's life, when the death of the friend ended the contract. These were days when men sat late, even if they did not drink hard. We believe the Duke's habits were no exception to the former practice; but if we may judge from a Worsley cellar-book, which includes some years of his residences there, his home consumption of wine was very moderate. He is said to have smoked more than he talked, and was addicted to rushing out of the room every five minutes to look at the barometer.

We have conjectured that the Duke's early association with Wood might possibly have generated the taste for old pictures which ultimately displayed itself in the formation of the Bridgewater collection: an accident, however, laid the foundation of that collection. Dining one day with his nephew Lord Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland, the Duke saw and admired a picture which the latter had picked up a bargain for some 10*l.*

at a broker's in the morning. "You must take me," he said, "to that d—d fellow to-morrow." Whether this impetuosity produced any immediate result we are not informed, but plenty of d—d fellows were doubtless not wanting to cater for the taste thus suddenly developed: such advisers as Lord Farnborough and his nephew lent him the aid of their judgment. His purchases from Italy and Holland were judicious and important, and finally, the distractions of France pouring the treasures of the Orleans Gallery into this country, he became a principal in the fortunate speculation of its purchase. A conversation recorded with Lord Kenyon, father to the present lord, illustrates his sagacity in matters connected with his main pursuit. At a period when he was beginning to reap the profits of his perseverance and sacrifices, Lord Kenyon congratulated him on the result. "Yes," he replied, "we shall do well enough if we can keep clear of those d—d tramroads."

Nothing was more remarkable in the operations of the duke and his great engineer than the rigid economy with which they were conducted. It is well known that the ingenuity of Brindley, as his novel task rose before him, was constantly displaying itself in devices for the avoidance or the better distribution of labour. It was perhaps fortunate that the duke possessed no taste for those luxuries of architectural embellishment with which the wealth of modern railroad companies enables them, without imprudence, to gratify the public eye. The indulgence of such a taste might have risked the success of his undertaking, and the fame of a ruined speculator might have been his lot. He shrunk, however, from no expense and no experiment which, to use a phrase of his own, had utility "at the heels of it;" nor was his one of those ordinary minds which are contented with a single success, and incapable of pushing a victory. About the end of the last century, at a moment when other men would have been contented with results obtained, before Bell or Fulton had shown the availability of the steam paddle-wheel for navigation, he made an attempt to substitute the steam-tug for horse towage on his canal. The following notice from one of his surviving servants substantiates this interesting fact:—

"I well remember the steam-tug experiment on the canal. It was between 1796 and 1799. Captain Shanks, R.N., from Deptford, was at Worsley many weeks preparing it, by the duke's own orders and

under his own eye. It was set going, and tried with coal-boats; but it went slowly, and the paddles made sad work with the bottom of the canal, and also threw the water on the bank. The Worsley folks called it Buonaparte."

It may be presumed that the failure was complete, for no second trial appears to have been made. Eight coal-boats were, however, dragged to Manchester, of twenty-five tons each, at a little more than a mile an hour. We find in Mr. Priestley's volume that a similar experiment was made on the Sankey Canal in 1797, when a loaded barge was worked up and down by a steam-engine for twenty miles; but, singular as it may appear, says Mr. Priestley, to this time vessels have continued on this canal to be towed by manual labour. The application of steam-power to haulage on canals, has, by the invention of the submerged screw propeller, been rendered a mere question of comparative expense, as all detriment, either to banks or bottom, from the propelling machinery, is obviated. In the case, however, of heavy goods, we apprehend that no material increase in the rate of speed can be obtained, as the mere displacement, independent of the cause of motion, generates, at a slight increase of velocity, a wave sufficient to destroy any banks not fenced with masonry. Mr. Houston's beautiful discovery has indeed shown, that if the speed can be increased to a considerable extent, the evil ceases—at least with boats of a particular construction; and the fast passage-boats, long used on the Glasgow and Lancaster canals, and lately adopted on the Bridgewater, have proved the merit of his invention. The labour to the horses is somewhat painful to witness, though the stages are short. In other respects we scarcely know any aquatic phenomenon more agreeable to the eye than the appearance of one of these vessels at her full speed. In grace of form and smoothness of motion they rival the swan-like gondola itself of Venice.

Descriptions, more or less detailed, of the duke's works are to be found in many publications. It may be sufficient here to state that the line of open navigation constructed under his acts, beginning in Manchester, and branching in one direction to Runcorn, in another to Leigh, amounts in distance to some thirty-eight miles, all on one level, and admitting the large boats which navigate the estuary of the Mersey. Of this the six miles from Worsley to Leigh were constructed after Brindley's decease.

We use the expression *open*, because to this we have to add the extent of subterranean navigable canals by which the main produce of the Worsley coal-field is brought out in boats, to be conveyed on the open canal to its various destinations. This singular work was commenced in 1759, and has been gradually pushed on, as new coal-workings were opened and old ones became exhausted. Frisi speaks of them with much admiration at a period when they extended for about a mile and a half:—at the time we write, the total length of tunnels amounts to forty-two miles and one furlong, of which somewhat less than two-thirds are in disuse, and rendered inaccessible. There are in all four different levels. The main line, which commences at Worsley, is nine feet wide and nine high, including four feet depth of water. The others are the same height, but only eight feet wide. Two are respectively at fifty-six and eighty-three yards below the main line: the fourth is thirty-seven yards above it. The communication with the latter was formerly conducted by means of an inclined plane, which has however been disused since 1822, the coal being now brought by shafts to the surface. Distinguished visitors have visited this curious nether world. The collective science of England was shut up in it for some hours, rather to the discomfiture of some of its members, when the British Association held its meeting at Manchester in 1843. Heads, if not crowned, destined to become so, have bowed themselves beneath its arched tunnels: among others, that of the present Emperor of Russia. The Duc de Bordeaux is the last on the list.

In his testamentary dispositions for the entail of his Lancashire estates, it is well known, at least to conveyancing lawyers, that he evinced extreme anxiety to carry power beyond the grave. As this desire in its excess becomes often a subject of animadversion, it is just to observe that the main object he had in view in this portion of his will was to secure to the public the continuance, the perpetuity, as far as human things can be perpetual, of the advantage of his undertakings. Whether in devising a scheme for this purpose, by which power was to be dissociated from property, he adopted the best means for his end may be doubted. The purpose is the more unquestionable, as he left the other portion of his magnificent possessions without a single condition of entail.

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

The gentlemen of Liverpool and Manchester, who originated the railroad between those towns, will well understand us when we say that one effect of his peculiar dispositions for the management of his canal property after his death was to accelerate the introduction of "those d—d tramroads," in which his sagacity taught him to foresee dangerous rivals to the liquid highway.

In 1829 the time was doubtless ripe for the introduction of that wonderful contrivance, the locomotive engine, and from obvious local circumstances it was almost inevitable that Liverpool and Manchester should take the lead in its adoption. The fact is nevertheless notorious that the manner in which irresponsible power had for some time been exercised, with reference to the public, in the management of the Bridgewater line of navigation, accelerated a crisis which under other circumstances might for a time have been delayed. Great fear and confusion of mind fell upon canal proprietors. The invention which, in the opinion of many practical men, was to supersede their craft, started like Minerva full armed from the brains of its various contrivers. Few machines in the records of human ingenuity have attained such early perfection as the locomotive engine. It placed the powers of fire at once at issue with those of water:—

"Old Father Thames reared up his reverend head,
And fear'd the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his sedge he sought his oozy bed,
And half his waters shrunk into his urn."

It was vain to raise the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The progress of anterior improvements was appealed to, and with justice. The Yorkshire fox-hunter going to or returning from his sport will occasionally find himself on a flagged pathway, flanked on either side with an abyss of mud, and only wide enough to admit of progress in single file. This is the packhorse road of our ancestors, and, except the occasional semblance of the animal itself with its load displayed on village-signs, things as retentive of odd bygone facts as the picture-writing of the Mexicans, is now the only memorial of a mode of

communication which in the memory of man was hardly superseded by the waggon and the coach. The latter machines, doubtless, still survive; but many a tinkling peal of bells was silenced, many a set of dock-tailed horses with their accoutrements of tinted worsted put in abeyance, by Brindley, as many a four-horse coach has since been slapped into flies and station omnibuses by the Harlequin wands of the Brunels and Stevensons. Even their inventions begin to tremble. We can hardly expect that in our time the disembodied spirit of Bishop Wilkins, if it revisit the glimpses of the luminary it proposed while in the body to invade, will be gratified by the triumph of some aërial machine over the railroad. He must be a bold man, however, who would now predict how long the capital vested in the present system of railroads may continue undisturbed and unaffected by some new application of power. While we write, it is possible that nothing but the mass of the investment and the pre-occupation of lines of country (and even these are but feeble impediments to British enterprise and ingenuity) prevent it from being so interfered with by the atmospheric railroad. Perhaps some still simpler scheme of galvanism, or gaseous explosion, is fermenting in the cranium of some unknown mechanician, which may supplant the invention of Watt. Of the relative prospects, then, of railroad and water-carriage it would be presumptuous to speak; but some dozen years of experience enable us to say that there is an inherent force of vitality in the latter, which will at least secure it an honourable death and respect from its conquerors.

As such an euthanasia is, we trust, for the present postponed, we would fain leave not altogether unnoticed one or two topics which we consider worthy the deep attention of all in any way connected with the administration either of canals or railroads. The former have raised, the latter are raising, within the sphere of their influence, a population which by its numbers and its exigencies ought to remind us of a great truth—a truth quite as often lost sight of amid the pursuits of peaceful gain as in the hot chace of military fame and conquest—more often, we fear, forgotten in Protestant than in Roman Catholic countries—"Man does not live by bread alone." We are not now on the subject of railroads, and we forbear addressing to that quarter considerations to which we believe and trust that corporate bodies comprising the *élite* of the land for wealth and intelligence

are already alive. The case of canals, also, we consider in some respects more peculiar and more pressing. The floating population of the latter is by its avocations and its migratory habits rendered in some respects almost as distinct a race as that of the sea, without being accessible to the religious impressions which affect those who see the wonders of the great deep. It is comparatively an easy task for the wise and good to take advantage of those natural circumstances which render the mariner peculiarly susceptible to religious influences, and this duty has in many instances not been neglected. On board the vessel of Columbus all hands were invariably mustered for the evening hymn, and with that ritual sound was hailed the appearance of the shifting light which first betrayed the existence of the New World to its discoverer.* It was for the special use of the mariner of his country that Grotius composed his treatise on the truth of the Christian religion.† In our own service many have laboured in this sacred cause, and when the morning rose on the bay of Aboukir, what spectacle was it which most astonished the French survivors of that awful night on board the vessels of their captors? Not merely that of energy unimpaired by slaughter, and discipline unrelaxed by triumph; it was that of the general celebration of divine service throughout Nelson's fleet. We fear that the inland navigator has many of the rough vices of the regular mariner, and if his opportunities of religious instruction, warning, and consolation have hitherto been far scantier, it behoves those who derive profit from his toil to be the more considerate and active in devising the mitigation of such an evil. Nor do we mean to aver that the employer has been universally neglectful. In many quarters exertion has been made, and, we will venture to say, wherever made—rewarded. All honour to those who carried in the British parliament, against a vexatious, we trust a penitent opposition, the Weaver Churches Bill.

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* "Puesto que el Amirante á los diez de la noche vido lumbre . . . y era como una candelilla de cera que se alzaba y levantaba, lo qual a pocos pareciera ser indicio de tierra. Pero el Amirante tuvo per cierto estar junto á la tierra. Por lo qual cuando dijeron la 'Salve,' que la acostumbran decir é cantar á su manera todos los marineros, y se hallan todos, rogó y amonestólos el Amirante que hiciesen buena guarda al castillo de proa, y mirasen bien por la tierra."—*Diary of Columbus*, First Voyage, 11th of October.

† "Propositum enim mihi erat, omnibus quidem civibus meis, *sed præsertim navigantibus*, operam navare utilem, ut in longo marino otio impenderent potius tempus, quam, quod nimium multi faciunt, fallerent."—*Preface to the treatise De Veritate Fidei Christianæ.*

There are, however, stations of resort on lines of navigation at which, for various reasons, it might be neither easy nor expedient to plant and endow regular places of worship, to which another and very effective expedient may be adapted. On the broader canals at least a condemned barge, *vulgò* a flat, may be converted at a trifling expense into a floating chapel, suitable for a congregation of some 150 adults. We can bear witness that such have been filled by zealous and grateful worshippers, many of whom had never before with "holy bell been tolled to church," many of whom would never have been tempted within the precincts of one on dry land, some from indolence, others perhaps from the scarcely censurable shyness and pride which so often prevent the poor man from contrasting his worn habiliments with those of richer neighbours. We think the sternest opponent of cheap churches, the greatest stickler for spires, chancels, and roodlofts, would forego his objections in favour of these arks of refuge, if he could witness their effects.

There is another subject, of far greater complexity, which has engaged the attention of Parliamentary committees, as yet without any decided result,—that of Sunday canal traffic. We are not of the sterner school of Scotch Calvinism in this particular, but we certainly think that the mere consideration of gain to proprietors ought everywhere to give way to the great object of procuring rest for man and beast on that day, and opportunity for worship and for relaxation of every innocent kind to the former. We doubt, however, whether the religious or moral interests of Manchester would be advanced by a sudden stoppage of all the passage-boats which often convey at present the clergyman, established or dissenting, to the scene of his labours, or the artisan and his family to Lord Stamford's noble park. Sure we feel that the immediate effect of such stoppage would be to multiply the few horses and drivers who do thus labour on the Sabbath, by an enormous figure, in the shape of all descriptions of hired land conveyance. "Stop them too," would reply the zealous and sincere champion of strict observance. We cannot make of England the Hebrew camp in the wilderness, and we doubt the obligation to attempt it. It is, in our humble judgment, far better in this and other analogous cases to keep in view such an arrangement of hours as may not

only not obstruct, but multiply the opportunities of attending divine service, and thus attract people to rural churches and chapels, rather than drive them into suburban public-houses.

We have now touched, albeit discursively, on three principal species of the genus Canal: the canal of supply for domestic consumption, the canal of irrigation, and the canal for inland conveyance of merchandise. It might be expected that we should say something on a class of works exceeding these in magnitude, and of great antiquity—the Ship Canal. Though a legitimate branch of our subject, however, it would be impossible for us to go into either its history or its prospects, without swelling this article beyond all due bounds. With reference to remote antiquity—whether originating in military schemes, like the Velificatus Athos of Xerxes, and the artificial river of Drusus uniting the Rhine and the Issel, or in more purely commercial purposes, like that projected by Sesostris and finished by the Ptolemies, from the Nile to the Red Sea—it deserves an ample discussion. In more modern instances the results have not always been such as to invest the subject with an interest proportionate to its grandeur. In this point of view the most splendid of our own undertakings in conception and execution (the Caledonian) has hitherto turned out a failure. Its eminent author, Mr. Telford, was engaged in a sounder and more successful operation of the same class, though of less dimensions, in the Swedish canal of Gotha, of which he revised the survey, and superintended the execution. With some exceptions, we may almost assert that neither the sea-risk of the shipowner, nor the toil of the mariner, has been as yet materially diminished by this class of works. There is something specious and attractive in the notion of cutting isthmuses and connecting oceans by a direct communication for sea-going vessels, which has in all ages excited the imagination of sovereigns; but while subjects have counted the cost, governments have more frequently talked and deliberated than acted. Even Louis XIV. resisted the temptation of the *éclat*, and the suggestions of Vauban, in the instance of the Canal of Languedoc. In speaking thus, however, of the past and present, we insinuate no prognostications as to the future. The straw, we are aware, is stirring. It is possible that while we write, under the patronage of such men as the Bridge-

water of Modern Egypt, Mehemet Ali, schemes may be approaching maturity which, if executed, will leave their traces not only on Ordnance maps of six inches to the mile, but on Mercator's projection, and the school atlases of rudimental geography. Cadets now studying at Addiscombe may live to lock down into the Red Sea on their way to Calcutta, and the steamer from Hong Kong may bring our despatches through Panama; but with our present degree of information the discussion of such projects would be premature.

The mention of the name of Mehemet Ali makes it impossible to pass without notice the achievements in hydraulics of that remarkable man, who has summoned European science to cooperate with the physical force of numbers, marshalled under a more than Oriental despotism. The Canal of Mahmoudieh, connecting Alexandria with the Nile, is but one of forty-five works *in pari materiâ* constructed under his auspices. According to Clot Bey's description, it is twenty-five leagues in length, and was completed in ten months by the labour of 313,000 men. If the reputation of sovereigns could be measured by the number of cubic feet of earth removed in their respective reigns, Mehemet Ali's name will be tolerably conspicuous on the record. In the article of canals alone, exclusive of bridges, dams, and other enormous works of construction and excavation, the account in 1840 stood at nearly 105,000,000 of cubic mètres. Taking one of these as the average day's work of an Egyptian labourer, and considering that, except in special cases, these works only proceed during four months of the year, Clot Bey calculates that, for some years past, the number of individuals annually employed on hydraulic works in Egypt has been 355,000.

In an article of our April Number for 1837, on Mr. Michel Chevalier's 'Letters on North America,' will be found some notice of the then comparative state of internal intercourse in France, England, and the United States. The condition of these three countries, both relative and positive, with respect to railroads, has doubtless been much altered in the years which have since elapsed, while inland navigation has probably more nearly preserved its proportions. Additions to the latter have been perhaps little called for in England. In France, as Mr. Chevalier then observed, the want of works to make her existing

canals available by improving the access to them from her rivers, as in the signal case of the Canal de Languedoc and the Garonne, was more pressing than that of new lines of navigation, though there is doubtless room for remunerative undertakings of both descriptions. In all three countries capital and enterprise have been attracted by preference to the railroad. In Mr. Tanner's summary of the canals and railroads of the United States, published in 1840, we find a list of proposed railroads for the State of New York alone to the number of eighty-four, with an authorized capital of 26,000,000 dollars. We find no mention of any new canal company, as bread to this intolerable quantity of sack. In 1837 Mr. Chevalier estimated the number of miles of railroad and canal in the United States at 7350. In 1840, by Mr. Tanner's summary, they would approach 9000, of which water claims for its share about 4300. If, however, North America claim the superiority natural to youth in respect of activity of enterprise, the luxuriance of her virgin soil has in many instances been rank and deceptive, and many of her schemes have doubtless lacked the solidity which in the main has characterized the proceedings of England and the Continent. Mr. Tanner writes:—

"With regard to the abstract question of revenue, it is obvious that a large portion of the immense sums invested in canals and railroads in the United States will fail in producing the anticipated results. Visionary enterprises of all sorts are the distinguishing characteristics of the times, and the almost infinite variety of schemes which of late have been pressed upon public attention, and adopted without due caution, have in some instances resulted in the diversion of funds from objects of undoubted utility and advantage to schemes of an opposite character. The mode of improvement, and its fitness for the purposes to which it is designed, are considerations to which little regard has been paid in deciding upon the location of some of the public works in the United States. Hence the numerous failures, and the consequent withdrawal of public confidence in such investments generally."—p. 23.

It is sufficiently notorious that certain other considerations, besides the choice of "location," have been overlooked in the public works of North America, the neglect of which would considerably impede the further march of improvement in any other

community. We leave, however, this topic in the abler hands to which of right it belongs. We of the Quarterly have no money to invest in foreign stocks. Our indignation would be tame, and our satire pointless, in comparison with that of others. We content ourselves with saying to our insolvent relations on the other side of the Atlantic what, in virtue of the length and discursiveness of this article, our readers will ere now have been tempted to say to us—

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt."

VIII.—PAINTING IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, DECEMBER, 1844.(a)

IN Asiatic countries the success of most human undertakings is still supposed to depend upon the choice of the hour for their commencement. The Shah in council may have decided upon an expedition of war or chase, but neither horse nor hound may leave the royal stables till the court astrologer shall have announced a fortunate conjunction of the heavenly bodies. An author of the Western World has no astrologer at his elbow; and if he had, the stars in their courses could hardly be expected to follow or govern the shifting taste of the reading and purchasing public. If we, however, had been called in to sanction the publication of Mrs. Merrifield's volume, we should without hesitation have told her to go on and prosper, for we remember no instance of a work which has made its appearance under more felicitous circumstances, as far as the moment is concerned. At a period when public attention is directed to the decorative arts in general, but most especially to a branch of them till lately nearly extinct in the civilized world—when ingenuity is on the stretch to recover the forgotten processes by which the miracles of Italian art, especially its frescoes, were produced—a performance containing authentic notices of the methods pursued by the decorators of the Campo Santo cannot fail to be welcome. It is true that since the year 1822, when an Italian editor rescued the MS. from its repose in the Vatican, it has been available to such of our artists as were fortunate enough to meet with the volume and competent to deal with the difficulties of

(a) 1. *A Treatise on Painting, written by Cennino Cennini in the Year* 1437, *with an Introduction and Notes by Signor Tambroni.* Translated by Mrs. Merrifield. London. 1844.

2. *Lectures on Painting and Design.* By B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter. London. 8vo. 1844.

its antiquated terminology. It is now, however, by feminine interposition and accomplishment, for the first time made available to the mass of English readers. Many even of those likely to take a professional interest in its contents are not as well qualified to profit by them in their original language as Mr. Eastlake, who cites the work in the appendix to the first report of the Royal Commission, or Mr. Haydon, who also quotes it. The man too is the very man we love to meet, the ghost of a thousand we should wish to summon. An artist, an enthusiast, a Mariolater with Roman Catholic piety enough for Lord J. Manners or the hagiologists of Littlemore, but no mystical discourser on æsthetics. A twelve years' apprentice of Agnolo Gaddi—the son of Taddeo, the pupil of Giotto—who, in times when the atelier was a laboratory, had ground his master's colours and his own on porphyry slabs for many a weary hour, had boiled his glues and primed his panels, and made his pencils of baked minever and bristles of the white pig, and finally put on record all these and a thousand other minutiæ of his art for the benefit of students to come. Truly the public is indebted to Cardinal Mai, to Signor Tambroni, and to Mrs. Merrifield. Come what may of the recent impulse given by the Royal Commission to fresco, like Hamlet this trio—we must avoid the classicality triumvirate in deference to Mrs. Merrifield—have placed the pipe in our hands; and if we cannot make it discourse the eloquent music it produced of old, the fault is ours, not theirs, or poor old Cennini's. Yes, poor and old; for, less fortunate than his master, who died worth 50,000 florins, and sleeps under a sumptuous monument of his own design, Cennini composed his 'Treatise' at the age, or on the verge, of eighty, a prisoner for debt in the Stinche or Fleet-prison of Florence, the refuge of his extreme years, and probably his tomb.

The actual value of the technical information which the work contains, it is not within our province or ability accurately to estimate. Its precepts are, however, with some exceptions, as clear as the occasional obscurity of so ancient a nomenclature can permit; and there is a conversational tone, and a grave and quaint simplicity in its style, which remind us strongly of Izaak Walton. Few modern professors of angling, from Mr. Scrope to the gudgeon-fisher of the Thames, would now resort to dear old Izaak or Juliana Berners for serious instruction in their art.

They do not now cut their own hickory sticks for rods, nor are they curious in the purchase of Spanish needles wherewith to make their own fish-hooks. If, however, for the last two centuries the angler's art had been as little cultivated in England as it has been in most other countries, and if, meanwhile, Izaak's treatise had remained in MS. in the Bodleian, its discovery in the present day might be pregnant with results to the fishes of our rivers. It must be remembered that, with respect to fresco, the simplest record of ancient practice may possibly be of importance, even if only confirmatory of doubtful traditions—how much more so if suggestive of any process lost in the long interval during which fresco painting has been virtually in abeyance! Cennini, indeed, lays his foundation deep, and ascends from the most elementary technicalities to the higher chemical secrets of his art; from making a pen, and rubbing out a design with bread, to the preparation of ultramarine—an operation so delicate, that he describes it as less suitable for grown men than for striplings —for the somewhat incomprehensible reason that they remain continually in the house, and their hands are more delicate. Beware, especially, he says, of preparing it in old age. His directions for making brushes, or pencils, of minever, show that the artists of his time did not use them with long handles. We suspect that Cennini would allow himself far surpassed in this article by the Parisian manufacturers of the present day, of whom Mrs. Merrifield informs us there are but four first-rate, and these of the female sex. We know of nothing which comes nearer perfection for its purpose than a Paris *pinceau de martre;* and, though high priced, it is cheap, from its durability as well as its excellence.

Viewing, however, for the moment, Cennini's work merely as a literary fossil, apart from the technical value of its precepts, we venture to pronounce that neither the Camden nor the Spalding have contributed any more agreeable addition to our fast increasing stock of records of former ages. If after some centuries of oblivion the old Florentine has been fortunate in the moment of his resuscitation, he has been at least equally so in the literary excavators who have brought his pages to light. The preface and comments of his Italian editor, Signor Tambroni, academician of St. Luke's, are of high value; and the English translation is further recommended by notes which

evince much research and knowledge, and by graphic illustrations drawn on stone by Mrs. Merrifield, which tempt us to say to her in the words of Cennini's 13th chapter, there applied to drawing with the pen: "Do you know what will be the consequence of this practice? It will make you expert, skilful, and capable of making original designs." This lady is not, we believe, an artist by profession, but her outlines prove her to be one by love and accomplishment, and her notes show a familiarity with the mysteries of the painter's laboratory, which the rapid coverers of modern canvas in their breathless haste for exhibition seldom condescend to acquire.

In the opinion of Signor Tambroni, the cause of the oblivion which so long covered Cennini's work is to be found in the shortness and supercilious nature of the remarks which Vasari condescended to bestow upon it, and which are just sufficient to show that he had seen but not read it. Of the latter fact Vasari affords double evidence in attributing to the work notices of subjects, such as mosaic, on which it does not touch, and in accusing it of omitting others which it distinctly notices. Others, however, have set a juster value on the work, of which three MS. copies are known to exist; and it has been occasionally investigated by Italian writers on art, but still apparently with less attention and accuracy than it deserved. Bottari, in his notes on Vasari, did the good service of exciting Signor Tambroni's more effective curiosity on the subject, who, in his own words,

"hoped to find in it some information relative to the mode of colouring practised in the fourteenth century, and also relative to the nature of the colours which we see still existing in great brilliancy, to the extreme regret [we should rather have said *envy*] of the painters of the present day, who have lost all remembrance of the vehicles and of the mode of using them."

With such hopes he applied to the learned librarian of the Vatican, Angelo Mai, of palimpsest notoriety; and by his intervention among the Ottobonian MSS. the text of Cennini was before long discovered. It indeed is but a transcription of the year 1737 from one of the older copies. The initials of the transcriber's name, P. A. W., bespeak a foreigner's hand, as do many blunders, according to Tambroni, his negligence or ignorance; but the editor, with the assistance of literary friends, has

laboured to repair these defects, and there is no reason to believe that any portion of the original has been suppressed or omitted.

Before we proceed to any notice of the contents we must briefly extract from the editor's preface what little appears to be known of the author. As a painter he seems to have left behind him to the present day but one specimen, a fresco of the Virgin and Saints, mentioned with commendation by Vasari, and which, having been, by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold, transferred to canvas, is still extant in the Florentine Gallery. Cennino finished his treatise, as he states at its close, on the 31st of July, 1437; and in his exordium he writes:—

"I, Cennino, son of Andrea Cennini, born in the Colle di Valdelsa, was instructed in these arts by Agnolo, son of Taddeo of Florence, my master, who learned the art from Taddeo, his father, the godson of Giotto, whose disciple he had been for twenty-four years."—p. 2.

As Agnolo Gaddi died in 1387, if we suppose Cennino to have been in his service at that time, his apprenticeship, which, he says, occupied twelve years, must have commenced in 1375 at the latest. The usual age for such commencement varied from twelve to eighteen. The latest date we can therefore assign for his birth is 1363; but, as it is a mere assumption that he continued with Agnolo till the death of that master, he may have been born as far back as 1350. In any case it is clear that the knowledge which he has embalmed for the use of posterity was conveyed to him in direct and continuous transmission from Giotto. We know nothing further of the fortunes of Cennino but the melancholy fact, already mentioned, that his treatise was composed and finished in a debtors' prison, when, at the lowest computation, its author was in the seventy-fifth year of a life of ill-rewarded toil. From this sad retreat, in a strain of cheerful piety, which argues no discreditable origin to his misfortunes, he proceeds to invocate the persons of the Trinity—that most delightful advocate of all sinners the Virgin Mary—St. Luke the Evangelist, the first Christian painter—his own advocate St. Eustachius—and generally all saints, both male and female, of Paradise—not for his liberation from prison, but for their blessing on his endeavours to instruct posterity in the processes of the art he loved.

With the exception of mosaic, encaustic, and painting on glass, there is hardly a process of the limner's art with respect to which the curious in such matters will not find some account of the practice of the fourteenth century, with directions simple and minute, though, as might be expected, occasionally rendered obscure by uncertainty as to the precise value and import of Italian terms of so old a date. Signor Tambroni, we may observe, is of opinion that the practice of painting in encaustic had been discontinued previous to the time of Giotto. Cennini only mentions wax in two places, neither of which has any reference to painting. Nor does he mention essential oils.

For reasons to which we have adverted, it is probable that the portion of the work which will attract most general attention is the third, which treats of fresco, designated by the author as the most agreeable of all kinds of painting. With regard to the preparation of the wall for fresco, including the mixing of the plaster and the mode of its application, Cennini's instructions appear to accord generally with the methods laid down by other authorities, of which the curious will find a detail in the Report of the Fine Arts Commission. He makes no distinction in language between the first rough coat, by other writers commonly called the *arricciato*, and the *intonaco*, or final layer, which received the colour, applying the latter term to both. With respect to the whole process of the design, we apprehend that any difference existing between the method of Giotto and that of later masters was to the advantage of the latter. From Cennini's text we might almost infer that the design was sketched out on the arricciato without the assistance of a cartoon; but, from other accounts, and especially from a passage in Vasari's Life of Simon Memmi, quoted in the translator's notes, we have no doubt that a finished original design was prepared on paper, but of small dimensions, and copied off on the dry arricciato by the usual device of proportional squares. This copy was traced in the first instance with charcoal, and afterwards elaborated with a fine brush, in water-colour. Over this the intonaco was laid piecemeal, and in quantities calculated as sufficient for the day's work; for though Cennini admits that in the damp weather of spring the plaster may be kept wet for the next day, he deprecates the attempt, and says that which is finished in one day is the firmest, best, and most beautiful

work. We are a little puzzled to judge from Cennini's text how the traces of the design were preserved through the intonaco sufficiently to guide the painter's hand. We infer that at this period the practice was not introduced of preparing a working drawing, traced from a full-sized cartoon, and indenting through it the design on the surface of the moistened plaster. In this respect, if our inferences be just, the later practice was a decided improvement on that of Cennini's time and school.

The large cartoon was noble practice towards subsequent operations, and the result was often in itself a work of the highest value—witness the cartoons by Agostino Carracci in the National Gallery (prepared for the ceiling of the Farnese palace)—and even those of Hampton Court, which, though prepared for the looms of Flanders, would have been equally applicable to the walls of the Vatican. We may here also mention, in preference to many other instances better known, the designs of Beccafumi for the pavement of the Sienna cathedral, a work which in our estimation has hardly its parallel for grace, tenderness, and sublimity. Many travellers are too idle, too careless, or too economical, to procure the removal of the boards which, except on certain feast-days, preserve this work from the hobnailed shoes of rustic devotees; and there is a popular travellers' error that a large sum is required for this purpose; two dollars is, or lately was, the fee, and the sight is cheap at the money. The discovery of the cartoons is, we believe, a recent one, and they were once purchasable at a low price. They are now beyond the reach of collectors, in their proper place, the Sienna academy, where we commend them to the attention of all travellers. We suspect that among the careless of this class—economical he never was—we must reckon the late Mr. Beckford, who, in a cursory notice, calls the designs of Beccafumi grotesque. He might as well have applied that epithet to the Madonna della Seggiola, or Titian's Venus of the Tribune. We suspect that he never saw them, or had their operculum removed, and that when he wrote the passage he was thinking of the older works in *pari materiâ*, and in the same cathedral, of Duccio, whose Jewish warriors in their Italian costume are both stiff and grotesque enough. Forsyth, in his terse manner, does Beccafumi better, but fleeting and imperfect justice. Accidents of travel brought us, not long since, by a brief transit from Seville to

Sienna, and Beccafumi's Moses striking the Rock came under our notice, when Murillo's masterpiece on the same subject was fresh in recollection. We preferred the mastic outlines and grey and white marbles of the Italian to all the magic of the Spaniard's colour, with his fidelity to Spanish nature.

With respect to the colours used in fresco, Cennini's directions can hardly fail to excite much interest among our eager students; and we venture to direct their notice to the following passage of the 37th chapter:—

"Some painters wash over the whole face with the flesh-colour first; on that they put the verdaccio [a greenish colour, one part of black and two of ochre—p. 53], and retouch the lights; and the work is finished. This plan is adopted by those only who know little of the art: but do you pursue the method of colouring which I shall point out to you, because it was adopted by Giotto, the great master, who had Taddeo Gaddi, his godson, for his disciple for twenty-four years: his disciple was Agnolo, his son. I was Agnolo's disciple for twelve years, and he showed me this method, with which Agnolo coloured more agreeably and brilliantly than did Taddeo his father."—p. 42.

We suggest a careful comparison of the instructions which follow this passage, with various portions of the Report of the Royal Commission, which detail the practice of the present day at Munich and elsewhere. The main point in which the process recommended by Cennini differs from that which he condemns is in the avoidance of superposition of one tint upon another; the main difficulty would appear to be to blend separate tints into one another without positive commixture, which he strongly deprecates, especially with the flesh-tints. Cennini pursues the subject of painting walls, both in fresco and secco, with much minuteness, distinguishing the materials common to both methods, or appropriate to either, and stating their applicability to the various different objects required from painters of his day and country—old men's beards, angels' draperies, &c. The following passage (chap. 87) argues the limited and unscientific degree of acquaintance with perspective possessed by the masters of this early period:—

"Let the cornice which you make at the top of the house incline downwards towards the obscure [*i. e.* as it recedes from the eye], and let the middle cornice of the building facing you be quite even; let

the cornice at the base of the building ascend in a direction quite contrary to that of the cornice at the top of the building."

The example of the Chinese, as well as of individual beginners in design, proves that rules even apparently so obvious as these are not superfluous, but their vagueness indicates that Cennini knew of no method empirical or scientific for fixing with exactitude the points of sight and distance, and the degree of inclination of the lines converging to them. Chap. 88 recommends for landscape, in its character of a subordinate and accessory, a practice which was employed as an aid to composition by our Gainsborough:—

"How to draw a mountain naturally.—If you would have a good model for mountains, so that they should appear natural, procure some large and broken pieces of rock, and draw from these, giving them lights and shades as you see them on the stones before you."

If we pass from fresco and distemper to oil, we shall, as might be expected, find that subject treated with less detail than others, but still in a manner which shows that it was no novelty to the author, and which enables Signor Tambroni to repudiate with severity the theory of Vasari as to the date of the introduction of oil-painting into Italy. We apprehend that the notion attributed to Vasari, for there is some doubt whether he really held it, that Van Eyck, alias John of Bruges, was the discoverer of oil as a vehicle for colour, hardly requires refutation, as, however once popular, it has ceased to be entertained by those who have investigated the subject. It seems, however, still more certain that his account of the introduction of that process into Italy at so late a period as 1470 is disproved by the very existence of Cennini's work, finished in 1437, and which contains such a sentence as the following (chap. 89):—

"Before we proceed further I will teach you to paint in oil, on walls, or in pictures (which is much practised by the Germans), and also on iron or stone."

Here it is to be remarked that he speaks of it as a process familiar to another nation, in which he probably includes the Flemings. According, however, to the story of Vasari, Van Eyck's discovery, which he dates at 1410, was kept by him as a

valuable secret from his countrymen and all others till he sold it to an Italian, Antonello da Messina, who is known to have been born some nearly forty years later, and ten years after the date of Cennini's treatise, viz. in 1449 or 1447. The gross chronological impossibilities of this statement—which would bring Van Eyck to the age of 104 at the period of his alleged transaction with Antonello—would suffice to show that some vital error was involved in it, even without the assistance of Cennini's treatise.

Without entering further into the discussion, we may say that two results appear to us, as to Mrs. Merrifield, to come pretty clearly out of a consideration of the whole question: one, that Van Eyck did not invent the use of oil as a vehicle; the other, that he did discover some signal improvement in its application, which, being at some period of the fifteenth century introduced into Italy, led to the advance of that branch of art, and which, we fear, is now lost, without having been replaced by any nostrum as effective. We ground this latter opinion upon mere observation of facts. We write under serious apprehension that, for the works of many painters of the present century, Time will not perform that office of improvement described in Dryden's exquisite lines, and which he seems not yet to have wearied in performing for such works as the Van Eyck and Bellini's Doge in our National Gallery. Of these it might, indeed, have been said with more prophetic justice than of Kneller—

> "For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,
> Retouch your figures with his ripening hand,
> Mellow your colours, and embrown each tint,
> Add every grace which Time alone can grant;
> To future ages shall your fame convey,
> And give more beauties than he takes away."

Many instances have come under our notice in which the lapse of some twenty years has reduced pictures, of price and merit when they left the easel, to a condition which would make it difficult to account for the satisfaction they once afforded to our eye. We know that the anticipation, or something more, of premature decay is entertained on the other side the Channel with respect to some contemporary works of the highest excellence. Is it want of skill, or care, or labour in manipulation,

which makes lights turn to chalk, and shadows to black? Men have been careless and sketchy in Italy of old, and the result has been painful as any now to be witnessed, but not, as seems to us, the same in kind. We believe that a secret has been lost, and that it is well worth inquiry whether we are to look for its recovery to the pigment or the vehicle, or both. As far as the pigment is concerned, Cennini's list of twenty-four, twelve only of which he approves and recommends, probably contains none of importance which are not known and appreciated at present. Were we to make an exception it would probably be in favour of *amatito*, a colour prepared by pounding a crystal, which Mrs. Merrifield thinks was native cinnabar. "It makes," says Cennini, "such a colour as cardinals wear, and is proper for fresco, but not for any other use." His directions, however, for the preparation of each show the care with which that preparation was conducted. Speaking of cinnabar, he says, "If you were to grind it for twenty years it would be but the better and more perfect;" and with regard to many of the others he enforces a similar precept. We are inclined to believe that any essential difference between ancient and modern practice consists in the vehicle rather than the colour. The Translator remarks in her preface, p. xiii.:—

"The propriety of using different vehicles on the same picture has lately been much discussed, and the general opinion appears to be unfavourable to it. Under these circumstances the practical directions of Cennino will be read with much interest. In chapter 35 he informs us that some colours must be used with one vehicle, some with another, &c.—(p. xxi.) It may be proper to observe that Cennino does not mention the practice of mixing liquid varnish with colours, except in that remarkable chapter (161) in which he speaks of the custom of *painting the living face with oil colours*, or colours mixed with varnish, in order to make the complexion brilliant; and to suggest to the artists who paint with the composition called megelp (mastic varnish and boiled oil), whether that can be a good vehicle which had been tried and rejected by the painters who flourished previous to and during the age of Van Eyck. The addition of the litharge on which the modern drying oil is boiled is known to have a deleterious effect on colours, by causing them to change. It is somewhat curious that the painters of the nineteenth century should have revived and practised as a new invention what those of the fourteenth century tried and rejected; and more extraordinary still,

that, unwarned by experience, they should continue to use it, in spite of the awful gashes and cracks that disfigure the pictures painted with this vehicle."

Mr. Haydon is of opinion (see page 274 of his Lectures) that the old masters had no advantage over ourselves in their material, and that, if Titian were to enter an atelier in Newman-Street, he would be able to paint the Diana and Actæon with the colours and vehicles he would find to his hand. We think this may be true, and we hope it is so, but the question is whether the picture so painted would stand the test of three centuries. If Cennini were writing now, we believe he would call on all his saints to save him from megelp.

"Know," says Cennini (chap. 109), "that you cannot learn to paint in less time than that which I shall name to you. In the first place, you must study drawing for at least one year; then you must remain with a master at the workshop for the space of six years at least, that you may learn all the parts and members of the art,—to grind colours, to boil down glues, to grind plaster (*gesso*), to acquire the practice of laying grounds on pictures (*ingessare le ancone*); to work in relief (*relevare*), and to scrape (or smooth) the surface (*radire*), and to gild; afterwards to practise colouring, to adorn with mordants, paint cloths of gold, and paint on walls, for six more years: drawing without intermission on holidays and workdays."

—A formidable catalogue of mechanical processes for six years, which the modern discovery of the division of labour has spared to the student. We believe, however, that the intimate acquaintance with the materials and instruments of his art, which he purchased at so large a sacrifice in the fourteenth century, contributed much to the durability of his work,—to the lasting brilliancy of those colours which, after the lapse of four centuries, still speak the first intention of the master. It is probable, indeed, that there was a good deal of pedantry in the teachers, and of slavish submission in the pupils of these times; that the secrets of art were doled out with a reluctant hand by those who saw future rivals in their apprentices, and that some were hoarded to the last. Still, if genius occasionally had to endure trammels which must have cramped, perhaps impaired, its energies, it secured for itself the benefit of accumulated experience and uninterrupted tradition; and though we should not wish to

condemn our youthful Jacobs to fourteen years' service under Labans of the Academy, we could wish to see something like the relation of the Giottos and Agnolos to their pupils more prevalent than it has yet been in England—more of the *emeriti* willing to teach—and more of the young willing to wait and learn. Cennini, at the moment when he is doing his best to enable the student to dispense with tuition, thus proceeds:—

"There are many who say that you may learn the art without the assistance of a master; do not believe them; let this book be your example, studying it day and night. And if you do not study under some master you will never be fit for anything, nor will you be able to show your face among the masters."

Cennini is very minute in his instructions for the use of gold in all its various applications, and of tin; but deprecates the use of silver, except as a cheap substitute for gold for beginners in miniature. The following directions are characteristic of the man, and of the feelings in which Italian art had its origin (chap. 96):—

"It is usual to adorn walls with gilded tin, because it is less expensive than gold. Nevertheless I give you this advice, that you endeavour always to use fine gold and good colours, particularly in painting representations of our Lady. And if you say that a poor person cannot afford the expense, I answer that, if you work well, and give sufficient time to your works, and paint with good colours, you will acquire so much fame that from a poor person you will become a rich one; and your name will stand so high for using good colours that, if some masters receive a ducat for painting one figure, you will certainly be offered two, and your wishes will be fulfilled according to the old proverb, Good work, good pay. And, even should you not be well paid, God and our Lady will reward your soul and body for it."

Cennini's body was rewarded by the caption of a sheriff's officer, or his Florentine equivalent; but who shall say what consolation the old prisoner's soul, while yet in the body, derived from such devotional feelings as shine forth from this and similar passages scattered through his volume? Saintly faces may have smiled upon him through the stanchions of his dungeon, and gracious images have irradiated its inner gloom, such as shine not for solvent and successful men.

Of equal rank with gold in Cennini's estimation, and probably, in point of expense, even a greater tax on the resources of the struggling artist, was ultramarine, for the preparation of which he gives copious directions. The precious mineral of which this pigment is composed, lapis lazzuli, has lately been the subject of one of the most signal triumphs of modern chemistry, which is thus spoken of by Liebig:—

"Of all the achievements of inorganic chemistry, the artificial formation of lapis lazzuli was the most brilliant and the most conclusive. . . . . The analysis of lapis lazzuli represented it to be composed of silica, alumina, and soda, three colourless bodies, with sulphur, and a trace of iron. Nothing could be discovered in it of the nature of a pigment, nothing to which its blue colour could be referred, the cause of which was searched for in vain. It might therefore have been supposed that the analyst was here altogether at fault, and that, at any rate, its artificial production was impossible. Nevertheless this has been accomplished, and simply by combining, in the proper proportions, as determined by analysis, silica, alumina, soda, iron, and sulphur. Thousands of pounds' weight are now manufactured from these ingredients, and this artificial ultramarine is as beautiful as the natural, while for the price of a single ounce of the latter we may obtain many pounds of the former. With the production of artificial lapis lazzuli the formation of mineral bodies by synthesis ceased to be a scientific problem to the chemist; he has no longer sufficient interest to pursue the subject."—*Letters on Chemistry*. 1844. Vol. i. p. 9.

So far the great German. With all deference, however, for his authority as a philosopher, we doubt whether the painter will yet accept his manufacture as a perfect equivalent to the article used by the old painters, at least for the more delicate works of the pencil. For such expanses of colour as the roof of that church of Assisi, for which royal piety and munificence supplied the lapis lazzuli, it would probably fulfil every condition required of brilliancy and durability, at the comparatively trifling expense described in the above passage. We find in the translator's notes, on the authority of Dr. Ure, that an ultramarine of very superior quality, discovered in 1828 by a French chemist, M. Guimet, has been sold at about two guineas the English pound. We think we can recollect purchasing some fabricated from the natural lapis lazzuli some years before this discovery at about

four guineas the ounce. If M. Guimet's secret has been truly detected by a brother chemist, his compound approaches to a synthesis of the elements of Liebig's analysis, but is not a complete one. He has four of the elements, but the iron is not mentioned. For those who can afford the experiment, and prefer *stare super antiquas vias*, and to resort to the native material, it may be worth while to study Cennini's process. It differs from the present in not subjecting the stone to the action of fire, in the use of lixivia, and other particulars. Successive extracts, decreasing in quality, were produced, the first two of which Cennini values at eight ducats the ounce. The result has stood the test of centuries, and the methods which produced it must be worth investigation.

Mrs. Merrifield remarks that there is no brown pigment on Cennini's list, whereas modern painters are in possession of fifteen. He recommends burnt and pulverized bones for the priming of panels, and we learn, incidentally, from his directions, that it was the practice of the diners of his day to throw the bones under the table. In chap. 7 he says,—

"You must now know what bones are proper. For this purpose take the bones of the ribs and wings of fowls or capons, and the older they are the better. When you find them under the table put them into the fire; and when you see they are become whiter than ashes, take them out and grind them well on a porphyry slab, and keep the powder for use."

There is a tradition in Murillo's birthplace that he was in the habit of manufacturing one of his rich browns by a similar process from the beef-bones of his daily olla, and, as we have heard, this tradition has been turned to account by an artist well known at present in Seville as a successful copyist of Murillo.* Adverting to the great Spaniard, we may add, on the authority which furnished us with this anecdote, that the purple which so often charms the eye in his works, and is one, perhaps, of their most characteristic features, was imitated from the stained fingers of

* We are inclined to believe that some of Cennini's blacks would on examination prove to be browns. Pure black should never be admitted on wall or canvas, for the simple reason that it hardly exists in any department of nature which can come within the sphere of imitation. In vegetable nature we have heard it stated that it is only to be found in the flower of the kidney-bean. De Candolle or Mr. Paxton might perhaps bring other instances.

the mulberry gatherers of the neighbourhood of Seville. It would be more to our purpose to be able to tell how the imitation was effected, but, though tradition is silent on this point, the slightest traces of the operations of such an eye as Murillo's are worth recording.

"We derive," says Signor Tambroni, p. xliii., "no small advantage from chap. 157 and the three following, where he speaks of painting in miniature, and of laying gold on paper and in books. For we despaired of discovering the method of gilding in that beautiful and brilliant manner practised by the ancients, with which they illuminated their manuscripts; and we are under great obligations to Cennino, who has rescued the secret of the art from oblivion."

Before we bestow our concluding remarks on this amusing ancient, we must step aside for a little to the new work of an English veteran of the pencil and the pen, Mr. Haydon's Lectures on Painting and Design. The various performances of the painter of Solomon and Lazarus with the former of the above-mentioned instruments, it does not come within the scope of this article to criticise. Of his literary contribution to art our estimate is favourable;—we must avow a very general concurrence in views and opinions which come recommended by the vigorous language and manly style of one who could not so express what he did not believe, feel, and understand. On many important particulars affecting the education of the hand and eye Mr. Haydon's sentiments have been much before the public. He is known for an enthusiastic but profound and discriminating worshipper of Phidias and Raphael, and also as one who, in his admiration of the past, has faith and hope in the prospects of England. Though, for this reason, many of his views as detailed here will not be new to his readers, the form of Lectures into which he has thrown them is one which will bring them under notice in convenient compass and agreeable succession. The practical mode in which he treats and illustrates with a strong hand a favourite portion of his subject, the anatomical, will make his treatise, in the case of the young student, a valuable appendage to Albinus or Lizars.

Mr. Haydon thinks the Greeks dissected. While contemplating the Theseus, or passing the hand over the palpable excel-

lence of those heroic shoulders, which tell even to the touch how Phidias lavished the treasures of his skill on objects destined in their position for concealment from other eyes than those of the gods he strove to represent, we should find it difficult to contradict Mr. Haydon's theory. We think, however, the fact he cites, that Hippocrates dissected apes, rather a stumbling-block than an assistance to it. "Will you believe," says Mr. H., "that a man of genius stopped short at an ape?" Perhaps not; but if prejudice, custom, or religion had not made the interval between the ape and the human subject a wide one, the medical man of genius would hardly have troubled the ape at all; and if either Hippocrates or Phidias went further, they probably did so in secret, and never admitted human dissection to its proper place as part of a system of instruction. The question, however, is one of mere curiosity. It is clear that in times when, thanks to Mr. Warburton, the obstacles are removed, it would be madness for us to neglect a corrective which, if Phidias did not possess it, gives us a chance the more of diminishing the distance between that master and ourselves. Having spoken (p. 176) with due and discriminating praise of Reynolds, Fuseli, and Opie, Mr. Haydon continues, "All these had one irremediable defect; they had never dissected man or animal—they trusted to their capacities and practice; and all these have left nothing behind them but vague generalities."

These are Mr. Haydon's English instances, negative, but sound, in support of his views. Let us stray to Italy, and substitute for Mr. Haydon's respectable trio M. Angelo, Raphael, and Lionardo. Of these M. Angelo dissected *ab initio*; Raphael, whose apprenticeship in art was devoted to draped Madonnas, did not. What was the consequence? As years and self-knowledge increased he felt his disadvantage, and studied anatomy, too late to redeem, in his own opinion, an inferiority he felt and acknowledged to the last, but not too late to make the Cartoons what they are, and what they would not otherwise have been. Lionardo did more than borrow from anatomical science. He was one who turned what he touched to gold, whose skirmishes were the pitched battles of other men. He repaid his obligations to anatomy by the elaborate illustrations of the human frame which Vasari records him to have executed for his anatomical teacher, M. Antonio della Torre. These designs, we may

mention, were executed in the material of which Cennini speaks, the matita rossa, or amatito.

> "What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Cannot be wrong."

—A dictum full of falacies when used by a swindler as a justification for suicide, but susceptible of a sounder application in this and many other instances.

We have given our feeble and unprofessional aid in corroboration of Mr. Haydon's exhortations, because we think with him that severe anatomical study, whether essential or not to the Greeks, is the true corrective for the prevalent vices of English art. We have little fear of opposite extremes, of pedantic displays of muscles, and attitudes forced and invented for that display. Faults of this kind are more likely to be generated by imitating imitations, by the practice of servile copies, which Mr. Haydon justly deprecates, than by going to the real sources of that power which, like all things acquired by much labour, will sometimes tempt its possessor—as it tempted M. Angelo—to its too ostentatious display.

There are few sections of Mr. Haydon's work from which we might not extract some sound and effective passage. From some we might select subjects of friendly controversy; but having fallen on nothing which appears to us deadly heresy or dangerous error, we prefer to commend the volume to all who take an interest in its subject, with the assurance that it will repay their study of it.

To return to old Cennini—we cannot dismiss the subject of oil-painting without pausing for a moment on a very curious branch of that process which existed in his time, but of which we never before met with any mention. The practice of painting the living countenance in that material (chap. 161) is charitably headed "How, having painted a human face, to wash off and clean away the colours." We are not aware whether the inventors of Lynch law in the United States have furnished any receipt for removing tar and feathers. The humanity of Cennini is as worthy of imitation as his piety. He proceeds:—

"Sometimes in the course of your practice you will be obliged to paint flesh both of men and women"—

If the author had stopped here, we might have almost concluded that the patient of the fourteenth century resembled the histrionic enthusiast of Mr. Dickens's novel, who entered so warmly into the part of Othello as to black himself all over; but Cennini adds,—

"especially *faces* of men and women. You may temper your colours with yolk of egg; or, if you desire to make them more brilliant, with oil, or with liquid varnish, which is the most powerful of temperas."

Then follow the directions for cleaning:—

"Do this," he says, "many times, till the colour be removed from the face. We will say no more on this subject."

We wish he had said more, for it is very amusing. He goes on, however, to speak out on the subject of cosmetics:—

"It sometimes happens that young ladies, especially those of Florence, endeavour to heighten their beauty by the application of medicated waters and colours to their skin. But as women who fear God do not use these things, and as I do not wish to make myself obnoxious to them, or to incur the displeasure of God and our Lady, I shall say no more on this subject. But I advise you, if you desire to preserve your complexion for a long period, to wash yourself with water from fountains, rivers, or wells; and I warn you, that if you use cosmetics your face will soon become withered, your teeth black, and you will become old before the natural course of time, and be the ugliest object possible. This is quite sufficient to say on the subject."—Chap. 162.

We think so; but from this strong language applied to the decoctions of white lead and other mixtures used by the Jezebels of his day, and from the absence of any similar caution against the use of oil and liquid varnish, we infer that no such consequences were to be dreaded from the latter mode of preparing the face for exhibition. It becomes a question, therefore, whether the revival of the practice might not be attended with advantage, both by opening a new field of employment to an overstocked profession, and by improving the aspect of polished society. A mere likeness now once painted and paid for ceases to be a source of income to the artist, and becomes in every respect the property of the employer. We know at least no

instance in which Mr. Grant or Mr. Pickersgill has been called in from year to year to follow on his own canvas the changes of advancing age, to insert the white hairs as they spring, or the wrinkles as they trace their furrows. Should the practice of painting the face itself be fairly revived, this order of things will be reversed—the face will in some sense change masters, and, requiring from time to time a fresh coat of paint, will invest the family painter with a sort of beneficial interest in its features. We know of many countenances which could hardly fail to be improved even in the hands of the younger members of the profession; but imagination can hardly at present suggest the effects which will be produced should Mr. Turner apply himself to this new line of art: this, however, is not the point. We are looking to the interests of art and its professors, and not to merely saving journeys to Cheltenham for gentlemen lately returned from our Indian possessions, or to the renovation of faded Polkaists at the close of a London season. It is for high art we plead when we ask whether the Fine Arts Commission might not with advantage institute a premium for the best painted member of parliament, or other conspicuous and historical contemporary, to be exhibited at St. James's on her Majesty's next birthday.

The last nine chapters expound various methods of taking casts from the living human body and from inanimate substances, but not from the deceased human body. The practice of taking moulds from the living seems to have been one in familiar use at this period, and to have been employed for likenesses as well as for obtaining painters' models; for, in taking a cast of a lord, a pope, a king, or an emperor, we are cautioned to stir rose-water into the plaster. For other persons he says it is sufficient to use water from fountains, rivers, or wells only. Chapter 68 shows that the artist was sometimes his own subject. The self-devotion of a Curtius must have been required for the proceeding it describes.

"Take a quantity either of paste or wax, well stirred and clean, of the consistence of ointment, and very soft; spread it on a large table, a dinner table for instance. Set it on the ground, spread the paste on it to the height of half a braccio. Throw yourself upon it in any attitude you please, either forward or backward or on one

side. And if this paste take the impression well, you must extricate yourself from it dexterously, so as not to disturb it."

We doubt if either Sir Martin Shee or Mr. Haydon would second Cennini's proposal as to the use of a dinner-table, and we humbly confess that, wanting confidence in our own dexterity, we had rather throw somebody else than ourselves into half a braccio of wax or paste—for any purpose—in any attitude.

We cannot better conclude this article than by the expression of our cordial participation in the prayer with which the venerable Cennini concludes his treatise, that Heaven, and the favourite saints he particularises,

"may give us grace and strength to sustain and bear in peace the cares and labours of this world, and that those who study this book may find grace to study it and well to retain it, so that by the sweat of their brows they may live peaceably and maintain their families in this world with grace, and finally, in that which is to come, live with glory for ever and ever. Amen."

IX. MARMONT, SIBORNE, AND ALISON.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, JUNE, 1845.(*)

"THE work which I publish is the last contribution I can offer, at the close of my life, to the profit of a science which I have cultivated always with ardour, and a profession I have pursued with passion." —*Marmont, Preface*, p. vi.

These are the words of one whose name occupies a place in the military history of the age sufficiently conspicuous to entitle the work they announce to high consideration. Of the Marshal's professional career we have heard nothing which can diminish the respect due to the twenty campaigns which he proudly refers to as the groundwork of his present lucubrations. In a national point of view we have no recollections to disturb the satisfaction with which we can

"Smile to see reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of valour's various day."

If in the eyes of some of his countrymen three days of unmerited misfortune are to be balanced against years of unquestioned devotion, we can only wish to recognise in that stormy sunset the light of a soldier's fidelity to the standard to which he had pledged the *sacramentum militare*. It is therefore in no hostile or wrangling spirit, and, as we trust we shall show, on no idle grounds, that in the course of observations which the authority of his name and the literary merits of his work invite from us,

(*) 1. *Esprit des Institutions Militaires.* Par le Maréchal Marmont, Duc de Raguse. Paris. 1845.

2. *History of the War in France and Belgium in* 1815. By Captain W. Siborne. 2 vols. 8vo. (with Plans). London. 1844.

3. *The Fall of Napoleon: an Historical Memoir.* By Lieut.-Colonel Mitchell. 3 vols. post 8vo. London. 1845.

and which will be consistent with the respect due to that authority in matters of opinion, we shall give an unceremonious contradiction to one misstatement of fact which disfigures the volume.

The work opens with a brief essay on the subject of military literature, in which the Marshal disposes of the ancients as profound, indeed, but utterly inapplicable to the purposes of modern instruction, and of the moderns as, with few exceptions, superficial and deficient. It would appear that in France at least military Boyles and Temples are still to be found, who are fond enough of classical antiquity to indulge in the reveries of Folard and other military antiquarians of the reign of Louis XIV. We must ourselves plead guilty to a boyish affection for the illustrated edition of Folard, with its pictured legions and elephants, and Cannæ's crescent, and the paraphernalia of Punic war. We admit, however, that these are ruminations for boys or professors, and that men of action will hardly now go farther back than to Frederick the Great, or at most to Turenne, Marlborough, and Eugene for practical purposes. The classical antiquarian is more likely to obtain from the present some light which he may reflect upon the past, as Gibbon brought the experience of a militia drill to bear upon the formation of the legion.

Marshal Marmont specifies but few exceptions to his general condemnation of the modern writers on the art of war. The Mémoires de Montholon, dictated by Napoleon, Gouvion St. Cyr, Segur's Russian Campaign, and the Strategy of the Archduke Charles, compose his list. Of the Royal Austrian's treatise he speaks, as do all the qualified judges we have ever met with, as a work "qu'on ne saurait trop étudier." Of the Marquis de Segur he says:—

"I have read on the ground the three well-known narratives of Segur, de Chambray, and Bouturlin; in my opinion it is the first alone which gives an exact account of the manner in which things must have passed."

A high tribute from a soldier to the merits of a civilian's work. No mention whatever is made of Jomini—pronounced by Mr. Alison to be the first military writer of the age that produced the Archduke Charles. The Marshal, we suppose, has, like our-

selves, the misfortune to differ from Mr. Alison. Cleared of the pompous charlatanerie of Jomini, and of the profound but useless disquisitions of the school which would take us back with the Baron of Bradwardine to the *prœlium equestre* of Titus Livius, and the army regulations of Vegetius, the soldier's library is thus reduced to a narrow compass. We incline to the opinion that the present volume will be considered an addition of some value. It is a condensed summary of the experience of twenty campaigns, free from verbiage and the parade of science, which may be perused in an hour, but is suggestive of much meditation, and in some instances throws the light of a competent opinion on points of character interesting to the biographer and the historian. An example of this is to be found in the author's remarks upon Moreau and Napoleon. After ascribing to the latter the very highest pre-eminence as a strategist, he says—

"Moreau, on the contrary, whose talents have been so much extolled, knew nothing of strategy. His skill displayed itself in tactics. Personally very brave, he handled well, in the presence of the enemy, troops occupying a ground within the limits of his vision; but he delivered his principal battles with a portion only of his force."—p. 15.

Marshal Marmont cites Hohenlinden as a case in point. No better illustration is to be found of the military character and resources of the two men than may be derived from a studious comparison of the simultaneous operations of the two French armies of the Rhine and Italy in 1800.

In the chapter on *Tactics*, p. 20, the Marshal proceeds:—

"This kind of merit was incomplete with Napoleon, which is accounted for by the circumstances of his early career. Simple officer of artillery, up to the moment when he arrived at the command of armies, he never commanded either regiment, brigade, division, or corps d'armée. He had not been able to acquire that facility of moving troops in a given space, which is developed by daily habit and the perpetual variety of combinations. The wars of Italy afforded him scarcely any application of this nature, their habitual actions reducing themselves in general to affairs of posts, the attack and defence of defiles, and to operations in the mountains. Later, when he had attained to supreme power, the force of the armies he conducted requiring their organization in corps d'armée, rendered less necessary the habit of manœuvring. A general at the

head of 80,000, 100,000, or 150,000 men, gives merely the impulsion. The generals who manœuvre and fight are those who command 30,000 men, and their subordinates. They should be familiar with tactics. If I have enjoyed some reputation in this particular, I owe it to my long residence in the camp of Zeist, where for more than a year I was constantly occupied in instructing excellent troops and myself."

We have no doubt of the accuracy of this distinctive criticism. It leads us to reflect on our good fortune, in the fact that the gradations of our service and the campaign of Holland gave our own great captain the means of laying deep the foundation of his knowledge in the practice of inferior but responsible command. To such practice as that of the Colonelcy of the 33rd in Holland we may attribute the fact that the same head which planned the advance on Vittoria could preserve its self-possession in the parallel march of the two armies which preceded Salamanca,—that three days' agony of tactical skill to which his antagonist now justly refers as the most remarkable instance of its display, and which we know the victor in that trial of fence considers as unique, at least since the time of Frederick.

The chapter on marches and countermarches brings us to the ground on which, with respect to no matter of opinion, but one of fact, we are compelled to do battle with the Marshal. Speaking of marches in the presence of an enemy, he says:—

"The army of Portugal, in 1812, under my command, made such a march with success. The French and English armies were encamped on the two sides of the Duero: *the first was inferior to the latter by* 6000 *infantry and* 4000 *horse.* Despite this disproportion of force I had found fit to resume the offensive. . . . . The passage of the Duero was therefore resolved upon and executed."

The Marshal then describes an operation on Tordesillas, in which the English retired before his attack, and escaped destruction by one of those miracles which alone ever saved from it an army opposed to the French. In this instance the interposing cause was the superiority of the British in cavalry, and we may add that the French were roughly handled. He proceeds:—

"The two armies found themselves on the evening of this pursuit in face of each other, and separated by the Guarena, a marshy

stream. July 20th, the French army, all formed in order of battle, *rompue par pelotons*, made a flank manœuvre by its left to remount the stream; arrived at a ford reconnoitred beforehand and rapidly improved, it transferred its head to the left bank, seized, at its commencement, a table-land which extends itself indefinitely in a direction which menaced the retreat of the enemy, and debouched upon it under the protection of a powerful battery which covered its movements. The Duke of Wellington at first thought himself able to oppose this offensive march, but it was executed so briskly and with so much *ensemble*, that he soon gave up the idea of attacking us. He then put in motion the English army, marching it along a table-land parallel to the one we occupied. The two armies continued their march, separated by a narrow valley, always ready to accept battle; several hundred cannon-shots were exchanged, according to the circumstances more or less favourable arising from the sinuosities of the table-land, for each of the generals wished to accept battle and not to give it. They arrived thus, after a march of five leagues, at the respective positions which they wished to occupy, the French on the heights of Aldea Rubia, the English on those of St. Christoval. This remarkable march, is, it remains to say, the only fact of the kind which to my knowledge has occurred in our time."—p. 153.

With the exception of the one passage marked in italics we have nothing to say against the general tenor of this description. We could carry it a little further; but as it conveys by obvious and necessary implication an equal share of the credit to those who equally deserved it, we say nothing now of the ensuing day's continuance of this trial of skill and its result. The Marshal's statement of the relative numbers of the two armies we cannot so pass over. The intention of it is sufficiently obvious. It is put forward as the solution of a fact ever inexplicable to the understandings of the Marshal's countrymen, but in this instance incontrovertible in itself, the defeat of a French army. The loss of eagles, guns, and prisoners, the rapid conversion of an orderly and menacing pursuit to more than retreat, to hurried and tumultuous flight, the loss of a capital, and the published strictures of Buonaparte, have left no room for cavil as to the fact. Toulouse may be claimed as a victory; French biographers may insert in the Life of Masséna such sentences as "*battit le général Anglais Wellington à Busaco :*" but no French arch of triumph will have the name of Salamanca inscribed on it.

We object to the explanation now attempted on several grounds. In the first place it is not fair with respect to the manner in which it is brought forward—in the second it is not true. We cannot expect in modern times that either common consent or the chances of recruiting should bring two armies to that precise condition of equality which, by the assistance of the blacksmith of Perth, was realized in the strife of the clans described by Sir Walter. No action in Mr. James's six volumes of Naval History presents a mathematical equiponderance of pounds of metal, size of scantling, or number of men. Blades of grass, armies, and frigates are never exact counterparts of each other. It has, however, hitherto been considered that, if any action of the later wars of Europe by sea or land presented more than another the unusual feature of an approximation to numerical equality, it was the battle of Salamanca. As far as our knowledge extends, this fact is now controverted for the first time since the occurrence. We find in the Marshal's *own* narrative of 1812, which is neither more nor less than a laboured apology addressed to a rigid taskmaster—a narrative into which every conceivable ground of excuse has been introduced—no mention whatever of any disparity but that which existed in the one article of cavalry. We could point out more than one instance of the *suppressio veri* in this same document of 1812—as to the attack of Bock's German horse, for instance, in mentioning which the Marshal totally suppresses the fact that the two squares of infantry on which they fell were broken and cut to pieces by those intrepid swordsmen. But can we believe that the writer of this elaborate and not very scrupulous apology, dated nine days after the battle, could have failed to ascertain, or would have forborne to allege, the grand arithmetical *fact* which he now, after a lapse of thirty-three years, discloses? It is not, in our opinion, fair to endeavour, in any matter of history, to disturb its accepted version of important facts by sudden, tardy, and incidental assertion unsupported by other evidence than the authority of the asserter. The reputation of individuals or of nations won in fair fight is their property, and once acquired should be sacred, unless they can be deprived of it by legal process, which implies due notice to the defendant, and something like evidence, for which the *ipse dixit* of the party above all others interested in the cause will hardly be accepted.

On the second head of our indictment we should, till the Marshal brings forward something in the shape of evidence, be perfectly justified in resting on the general acceptance of our own view of the facts, but we have no objection to substantiate it by document. The process in this instance is very simple, but we take the opportunity of cautioning military authors on the other side of the water that the Peninsula in general is dangerous ground. With their theories and lucubrations in matters of opinion we have nothing to do; but with regard to questions of fact and detail they will do wisely to remember that the French armies in that country possessed nothing beyond the line of their camp fires, that their communications were constantly interrupted, their messengers waylaid, and their despatches of all descriptions, including military returns, deciphered, read, and digested at the British head-quarters. *Litera scripta manet*, and some of these documents preserved in the British archives are now before us, and will be at the service of truth and fair-dealing whenever required. For our present purpose we require no assistance from recondite sources. The Marshal ascribes to the British a superiority of force to the amount of 10,000 men, 6000 infantry and 4000 cavalry. The French return of the strength of Marshal Marmont's army for the 15th June gives a rough total of 54,500 men under arms; but it is added that when the necessary deductions are made for artillery, engineers, non-combatants, and losses in the course of the five weeks intervening between that period and the 22nd July, the result will be about 42,000 sabres and bayonets for the battle. This return has been published, without being questioned, by the French translator of Colonel Napier's work. We have before us the morning state of the Anglo-Portuguese army under the Duke's command on July 12th. It gives a total of 44,500 sabres and bayonets—a superiority therefore of just 2500 men, instead of the 10,000 *now* claimed by the Marshal. Of this excess more than three-fourths were Spanish, whose commander, Carlos d'España, performed the memorable feat of abandoning the castle of Alba de Tormes, and of concealing the fact from the Duke, thereby saving the French army from a destruction which, in all human probability, would have thrown the rout of Vittoria into the shade. We know of no other service performed on the occasion by Don Carlos and his division. We admit, then, a general

superiority to the above amount. It has never been disputed that we were superior in cavalry; we probably had 2000 more horse in the field, instead of the 4000 claimed by the Marshal, and we used them well. The French, on the other hand, had 74 guns opposed to 60 of ours—six of which were Spanish—under circumstances which brought that arm into as formidable and continued employment as in any affair of the Peninsular war. These relative numbers are, we trust, sufficient to show that there were no such unequal weights in the balance as could account for the event, and thus confirm the insinuation intended by the Marshal's paragraph. As the question is one of numbers, we forbear to notice the moral points of comparison between an army of one brave and military nation, speaking one language, and moving under its master's eye, as he justly boasts, like a regiment, and the heterogeneous compound of four nations wielded by his rival. 10,000 men, where such numbers as 40,000 are concerned, might probably have been sufficient to neutralize the obvious advantages on the French side; 2500, principally Spanish, were quite inadequate to do so. In the absence of all documentary evidence in support of the Marshal's assertion, we at first almost entertained the conjecture that he had forgotten that his force had been increased since the commencement of active operations by the arrival of General Bonet's corps from the Asturias; but as that junction took place so long before as the 8th June, and as General Bonet's corps was distinguished by its services at Salamanca, it is hardly possible that the Marshal can have been misled by hasty reference to some older return. We have not provoked the controversy, and here we must leave it—certainly with unimpaired admiration for the valour and tenacity with which in this bloody field the French army endeavoured to retrieve its fortunes.

On the subject of the equipment of cavalry the Marshal gives his adhesion to an opinion which, we think, has gained ground of late years, but which has not yet been submitted to the test of warlike experience,—that the lance should be the weapon of heavy, but by no means of light cavalry. "All things equal," he says, p. 48, "it is certain that a hussar or a chasseur will beat a lancer." If by "*toutes choses égales*" it be meant that the parties opposed shall have had nothing but the usual regimental instruction in the use of their respective weapons, we have no

doubt that the Marshal is right; but we also believe that the lance is by far the superior weapon in the hands of a horseman bred and trained to its use. We believe that by a recent regulation the lance is now the weapon of the heavy cavalry in the Russian service.

Among other speculative views of the Marshal, we may cite as deserving attention his notions as to the eventual application of the Congreve rocket, which he thinks is destined to effect in the field and in infantry contests an alteration as extensive as that which in naval warfare and coast defence may be expected from hollow shot and the Paixhans gun. The first campaign in which Austria may be engaged is likely to exhibit an extensive application of the rocket.

The Marshal's chapter on fortifications is perhaps more interesting to continental readers than ourselves, for, as far as England is concerned, the subject is limited, or nearly so, to the protection of our principal arsenals. We see no chance of a detached fort on Primrose Hill. The Marshal treats it principally with reference to those great works which in France and Austria have been constructed, not for the mere defence of insulated points, but for the purpose of influencing the decision of contingent campaigns and the fate of conflicting empires. In France we know that this mode of defence has been applied, certainly with a brave disregard of economy, to the capital itself. It is less notorious that in Austria the same great object—the protection of the capital—has been provided for by the more distant intrenched camp of Lintz, which receives the unqualified approbation of the Marshal (p. 88) as a good and grand military conception. If, as he supposes, this work will effectually prevent the march of a French invading army on Vienna, and thus serve both as a protection from the storm and a conductor to divert it from that capital, it deserves his praise, for a rigid system of fortification is always a nuisance to the town it embraces. We may observe that the Marshal's approbation of the great works for the defence of Paris is confined to the detached forts, and that he condemns the *enceinte continue* as an useless superfluity.

In a chapter headed "General Considerations on Wars, offensive and defensive," the Marshal bestows a due meed of admiration on the operations of the Archduke Charles in 1796, as

"the first example of operations systematically combined on a vast scale. All the great principles of war are deduced in that prince's work on the subject, while at the same time their application is found in the facts which are related."—p. 130.

The Italian campaigns of Buonaparte in 1796 and 1797 are however the Marshal's favourites:—

"Never," he says, "was war so admirable—so profound. It was art reduced to practice in a fashion the most sublime."—p. 131.

His admiration follows Buonaparte to the close of 1809. From that period he considers that the spell of success was broken, because the magician violated the conditions of its efficacy. He excepts only Lutzen and Bautzen, and the unequal but energetic struggle of 1814. We fully believe, with respect to the great cause of his fall, the Russian expedition, that, from Smolensko at least, that campaign was the greatest military mistake on record. Up to that period of his operations he had a military chance of success, but even this chance was confined to the bare possibility of inducing the Russians to accept battle at the outset, either in the field or in the intrenched camp of Drissa—that miserable imitation of Torres Vedras, which so nearly made the example of the Duke of Wellington fatal to his northern admirers. Better counsels, however, prevailed. Barclay declined to play the part of Mack. After Smolensko success became impossible, and the advance on Moscow was a measure which no calculation could justify. Nothing but what we short-sighted mortals call chance could have prevented the failure which ensued; and that failure was not due to chance, either in the shape of Moscow's conflagration or any premature severity of winter, but was the natural and clearly calculable consequence of the misapplication of vast means, and the misdirection of irresponsible power. We doubt, however, whether the genius of the man or the moral influence of his name was ever more conspicuous than in the passage of the Beresina. With these views on the Russian campaign, we nevertheless hesitate before we quite concur in the Marshal's comparative estimate of Napoleon's earlier and later military career. Does he not somewhat overlook the fact that the earlier successes of Italy were in the nature of a surprise, in which the old equilibrium of numerical force was suddenly

upset by the application of a new and unprecedented system? Is it not fair to Napoleon to remember that in later years he was in fact fighting his own pupils, upon whom, by many a bloody lesson, he had inculcated his own method, and whom, like Captain Bobadil, he had taught to play nearly or altogether as well as himself?

Upon the subject of *reconnaissances* the Marshal says but little, and merely illustrates, by a failure of his own at El Bodon, the expediency, in the case of *les grandes reconnaissances*, of providing for circumstances under which the process of feeling a sensitive enemy may be converted into a general action. He might have added that, throughout the period of Buonaparte's career, the French armies were notoriously negligent with respect to this particular service. It has been supposed by the Germans, who are more punctilious in these matters, that this defect sprung from a certain contempt for the pedantry of minutiæ, of which the example was set at head-quarters, and which was exaggerated by its imitators in separate and inferior commands. In the German campaign of 1813 some excuse was to be found in Napoleon's deficiency in cavalry. So far back, however, as Marengo, we find the French commanders neglecting to ascertain the all-important fact that the Austrians had means of passing the Bormida, and debouching on the famous plain afterwards so fiercely contested. It may seem scarcely credible, but it is known and confessed, that after the success of Ligny no rational precaution was adopted to ascertain Blucher's line of retreat, which might have been certified by a squadron of light horse, but, if otherwise, was worth ascertaining at any expense of detachment. In this particular we doubt if so great a game was ever played in so slovenly a fashion.

On the reputation of Generals the Marshal thus delivers himself:—

"I shall arrange Generals in four categories. In the first I place the Generals who have gained all the battles they ever fought, but their number is so small that I can scarcely find names for the list. . . . . In modern times I can discover none but Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Condé, Luxemburgh, and Napoleon down to 1812."—p. 222.

This is rather an odd list—four Frenchmen and one Swede—

of which we have to remark that two of the Frenchmen had an unfortunate habit of beating one another:—

"Le sort de Turenne et de Condé fut d'être toujours vainqueurs quand ils combattirent ensemble à la tête des Français, et *d'être battus* quand ils commandirent les Espagnols."—*Voltaire, Siècle de Louis XIV.*

We have no wish to enter into any controversy on the subject, but we cannot help asking whether any one of the worthies above-mentioned, at an advanced period of their military career, could have written such a passage as that which we find in a letter of a certain English General:—

"I feel very unwilling to draw the attention of the Secretary of State again to the loss of the guns in the Puerto de Maya. I was very sorry to have lost them, *as they are the only guns ever lost by troops acting under my command.*"—*Lesaca, Sept.* 13, 1813.

We beg leave to remark that the guns which this letter designates were not taken by the enemy, but only abandoned in a bad road, flung down a precipice, and *recovered;* and that the writer, after having had the good fortune to capture and keep about three thousand pieces of artillery, principally French, closed his military career without ever having left a single piece of cannon in an enemy's possession. Guns are great facts, and their loss or gain, in modern times, is usually strongly indicative of defeat or victory. If the Duke of Wellington should turn out to have been the writer of the above letter, the fact it records would go some way to corroborate the opinion which we find put forward by one who, though a civilian, was no ordinary judge of the value of historical evidence, and no contemptible discriminator of any class of merit. Niebuhr, in one of his 'Lectures on Roman History,' says:—

"The greatest Generals of the 18th century committed enormous blunders. Frederick the Great and Napoleon made great mistakes; and the Duke of Wellington is, I believe, the only General in whose conduct I cannot find any important mistake."—*Lectures on the History of Rome*, by B. G. Niebuhr, edited by Leonhard Schmitz, vol. ii. p. 6.

Without, however, suspicion of contemporary partialities, we may suggest that, as we learn from M. Thiers, when Napoleon fitted

up the *Salle de Diane* at the Tuileries for his own reception with the busts of the great men he aspired to rival, one Englishman's image was among the favoured few; and it is just possible that the Emperor remembered a passage in Voltaire's Life of Charles XII., which designates "le fameux Jean Duc de Marlborough" as "cet homme qui n'a jamais assiégé de ville qu'il n'ait prise, ni donné de bataille qu'il n'ait gagnée."

It is true that when we have established Marlborough's claim we shall have taken little by our motion, for France would instantly act on the hint to be found elsewhere in Voltaire, and claim him for a Frenchman, on the score that his military apprenticeship was passed under Turenne. We have no doubt, indeed, that, should the time ever arrive when any sort of merit shall be conceded by French writers to the Duke of Wellington, a similar claim will be preferred on the ground of his education at Angiers. Meanwhile the name of Niebuhr is sufficient to show that where patriotic prejudices do not intervene, and for such we must make allowance, the verdict of wise and acute men can even already make amends for the silence of interested antagonists. We have indeed no wish to give undue weight in these matters to unprofessional authority, but general results and comparative criticism we do consider fair ground for the historian who can tread it with caution and a due sense of his own deficiencies. Of all the men in modern times worthy of that name, it is probable that Gibbon was the only one who could, at any period of his life, have told off a company, or marched it round a barrack-yard; yet we suspect that many a grizzled moustache is by this time pleasurably and profitably engaged in M. Thiers' narrative of Moreau's cautious career on the Danube, and Napoleon's dazzling exploits on the Bormida. A great follower of Niebuhr (Dr. Arnold) has, in his 'Lectures on Modern History,' some remarks on the privileges of unprofessional writers in this matter, and their limits, which we think it worth while to quote:—

"The writer of history," he says, "must speak of wars, of legislation, of religious disputes, of political economy, yet he cannot be at once soldier, seaman, &c. Clearly then there is a distinction to be drawn somewhere: there must be a point up to which an unprofessional judgment of a professional subject may be not only competent but of high authority, although beyond that point it cannot

venture without presumption and folly. The distinction seems to lie originally in the difference between the power of doing a thing and that of perceiving whether it be well done or not. . . . . It would appear that what we understand least in the profession of another is the detail of the practice. Applying this to the art of war, we shall see, I think, that the part which unprofessional men can least understand is what is technically called tactics. Let a man be as versed as he will in military history, he must well know that in these essential points of the last resort he is helpless; and the commonest serjeant, or the commonest soldier, knows infinitely more of the matter than he does. But in proportion as we recede from these details to more general points—first to what is technically called strategy, that is to say the directing of the movements of an army with a view to the accomplishment of the object of a campaign, and next to the whole conduct of the war, as political or moral questions may affect it—in that proportion general knowledge and powers of mind come into play; and an unprofessional person may, without blame, speak and write on military subjects, and may judge of them sufficiently."

So far Dr. Arnold, whose authority we are unwilling on this subject to dispute. His readers will, however, do well to remember that in this passage the Doctor is pleading his own cause, for it is well known that military transactions had for him the attraction which they often exercise on studious men. He might have added that the cases must after all be very few in which the strategical lucubrations of lawyers or divines can deserve or meet with from the initiated more than the indulgence which amateur actors receive from a polite audience. It is probably not often that unprofessional men are so unconscious of their own deficiencies as seriously to infringe on the limits traced out by this judicious guide. The late Rev. Sydney Smith, indeed, once informed us that he had been occupied with the perusal of a technical military work; and we found on inquiry that the attraction consisted not certainly in the subject or its treatment, but in the circumstance that it was written by a brother clergyman. If our memory be faithful—would it were more so for the convivial dicta of our departed friend—the title of the work was 'Dealtry on the Pike Exercise.' It was composed, we believe, at that period of expected invasion when curates were corporals, and Oxford tutors exercised in Christ Church meadow, and was described to us as bristling with such terms as 'to the left, push,'

&c. Such works are rare; but details of all kinds are dangerous; and when the unprofessional historian crowds his pages with attempts at vivid description of scenes in the like of which he never mingled, the result is very usually bulk without value and minuteness without accuracy. The sphere of action and scope of judgment which is claimed by such men as Arnold and Niebuhr, we nevertheless cheerfully concede to another writer with whom we are reluctantly compelled to renew a controversy commenced in a former number of this Journal. We are far from complaining of Mr. Alison for the unrestrained and frank expression of his opinions in matters of war and strategy. We do not object to him as a strategist. On this point we only reserve to ourselves the liberty of proving that he is a very bad one, and that he has totally misunderstood the subject which he has treated. We do complain of him as a historian. As such we have before objected to him the careless, rash, and credulous acceptance of statements which he ought to have suspected, and which we knew to be untrue: we now accuse him of inexcusable perseverance in error and other minor delinquencies, which, *pace tanti viri*, we shall by-and-by venture to specify.

But before we do so, the work of Captain Siborne demands a portion of our space. This officer's acquirements in a scientific branch of his profession, of which he has given evidence in his models of the ground of Waterloo, entitle his views of that conflict to much higher consideration than those of Mr. Alison. With great respect, however, for his zeal and honesty in the search for truth, and admitting that professional knowledge has saved him from the presumptuous blunders which disfigure Mr. Alison's chapters on Waterloo, still we must say that, viewed as a history, and not as a collection of anecdotes, his work is defective in one important particular.* It seems to us, as far as the British operations are concerned, drawn from every source except from the commander-in-chief and the few officers attached at the time to head-quarters who really knew or could know anything of value about the great features of the business. This imperfection is in our opinion very observable in one or two passages, which we shall shortly have occasion to quote.

We have, however, in the first instance to thank Captain Siborne for some passages in a note to his fifth chapter, page 164,

suggestive of a point of one of the main questions at issue between Mr. Alison and ourselves, which in our former remarks on that learned magistrate's Waterloo lucubrations we omitted to notice. If anything could add to the credit which the Duke deserves for those arrangements for the collection and movement of the force under his own command, which were calculated to meet every contingency and overcome every difficulty of his defensive position, it would be that, in a matter entirely beyond his control, these essential and unavoidable difficulties should have been aggravated by one of those accidents to which all military operations, but especially those of allied armies, are exposed. At five o'clock in the morning of the 15th it was apparent to the Prussians that the attack upon the advanced corps of General Ziethen was a serious one, a *bonâ fide* movement of Napoleon by Charleroi. This certainty was the one thing needful in the eyes of the Duke of Wellington; with it his course was clear, and without it he was, as we have seen, determined not to move a regiment from its cantonments. We cannot explain how it happened, but we are certain that it was by no fault of the British commander-in-chief, that no Prussian report of the transaction reached Brussels till five in the afternoon. The distance being about forty miles, there can be no question that the intelligence on which he acted might and ought to have reached him by ten A.M. As it was, the Prince of Orange, as we have stated in our former article, was the first to bring the news, soon after three o'clock P.M., having ridden in from the advanced posts at Binche to dine with the Duke. The latter was well aware, by accounts received from the direction of Mons, that the enemy was in motion, and for that reason had taken care to remain during the day at his head-quarters, or within a few yards of them, having declined a proposal to accompany His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland on a visit to the Duchess of Richmond, without, however, spreading premature alarm by assigning the true reason. Orders for the movement of the troops were issued on the receipt of these first accounts from the Prince of Orange, and further orders were issued at about five, after an interview with the Prussian General Muffling, who was stationed at Brussels, and had at length received his reports from General Ziethen. It is clear that—if a circumstance over which the Duke had no control had not thus

operated to his disadvantage, and directly in favour of his adversary—the orders which were issued at 5 P.M. might have been given out at 10 in the morning. We shall not follow the example of Mr. Alison and others, by indulging in worthless speculations as to what might then have occurred. It is sufficient to know that in spite of adverse accidents the Duke's arrangements for the collection of his troops were such as to enable him to inflict the next day a bloody defeat upon the force in his front. The accident in itself was a *purely* Prussian one; for the intelligence to be received was to come, not from Sir H. Hardinge and Blucher's head-quarters to the Duke, but from General Ziethen, at the advanced posts of the Prussian lines, to General Muffling; and the Duke is to be blamed for it precisely as much as he is for the more famous failure of the despatch to General Bulow von Dennewitz, which led to the absence of the 4th Prussian corps from the field of Ligny. After all it is desirable to see whether, after this failure of communication, there was cause for blame on account of delay in collecting the troops, or indeed at all, considering that the French army was not itself collected—that is to say, its columns closed up and in a state to commence an operation—till late in the day of the 16th, as is stated by Captain Siborne, writing from information from the French staff; and that even Marshal Ney had not joined the army and had not his horses and equipages, and had been under the necessity of purchasing horses from Marshal the Duc de Treviso, who was sick.

We find in chap. vii. vol. i. p. 247, a passage which indicates the defect we have noticed as pervading the volumes of Captain Siborne. It represents the Duke on the morning of the 17th as sharing the ignorance which probably prevailed in his army as to the condition, prospects, and intentions of his allies consequent on the affair of Ligny, and as obtaining after all very imperfect information on material points.

"The Duke had received *no intelligence of Blucher*, and probably judging from the advanced position of the (French) vedette in question, that, *whatever might have been the result of the battle of Ligny*, the Prussians could not have made any forward movement likely to endanger Ney's right, he came to the conclusion that it was quite possible that on the other hand Napoleon might have crossed the Namur road and cut off his communication with Blucher. His

Grace therefore desired Vivian to send a strong patrole along the Namur road to gain intelligence respecting the Prussian army. A troop of the 10th Hussars, under Captain Grey, was accordingly despatched on this duty, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Alexander Gordon, one of the Duke's aides-de-camp. As the patrole advanced along the road, the vedette before mentioned began to circle, evidently to give notice of the approach of an enemy. This induced the patrole to move forward with great caution, so as to guard against the possibility of being cut off. Nevertheless, it advanced four or five miles along the road, and Sir A. Gordon brought back word that the Prussians had retreated towards Wavre; that the French occupied the ground on which the battle had been fought; but that they had neither crossed nor even possessed themselves of the high road, along which the patrole had proceeded almost into the immediate vicinity of their advanced posts."

It is a mistake to suppose, as Captain Siborne does, that on the morning of the 17th (or even on the night of the 16th) the Duke was uninformed of what had occurred on the Prussian field of battle. He had at the Prussian head-quarters a staff-officer, the present Governor-General of India, then Colonel Sir Henry Hardinge, who sent him repeated reports during the battle. He had written one after he was himself severely wounded, which was brought to the Duke by his brother, Captain Hardinge of the Artillery, with a verbal message given after nightfall. Till nightfall, moreover, the Duke could see; and, need it be added, did see with his own eyes from Quatre Bras what passed on the Prussian field of battle. With his glass he saw the charge and failure of the Prussian cavalry, Blucher's disaster, and the retreat of the Prussian army from the field of battle. Captain Wood of the 10th Hussars, then at the outposts, pushed a patrole towards the Prussian field of battle at daylight, and ascertained and immediately reported to the Duke that the Prussians were no longer in possession of it. The Duke then sent, as Captain Siborne narrates, with another squadron of the 10th under Captain Grey, Sir A. Gordon, who had been with his Grace on the Prussian field of battle the preceding day, and therefore knew the ground, in order to communicate with the rear-guard of the Prussian army, and to ascertain their position and designs. Sir A. Gordon found the field of battle deserted, except by a few French vedettes: these were driven in, and Gordon with his squadrons crossed the field

of battle unmolested, and communicated verbally with General Ziethen, commanding the Prussian rear-guard, at Sombref, on the road to Namur, where the Prussian left had rested in the battle of the preceding day. Having accomplished this service, the Duke's aide-de-camp returned as he had gone, unmolested, to Quatre Bras. If Sir A. Gordon had lived, probably Captain Siborne might have learned the real account of the transaction from him, and would then have known that the patrole moved the whole way to Sombref, and brought back, not a vague report that the Prussians had retreated towards Wavre, but the most positive accounts of their movements and intentions.

As soon as Gordon returned with his patrole, the Duke gave orders for the army to occupy the position in front of Waterloo, of which he had a perfect knowledge, having seen it frequently, and of which no knowledge could have been had by any other officer in the army. The road to and through the village of Genappes having been cleared of all hospital and store carriages, and of every impediment, the infantry and artillery were put in motion in broad daylight in different columns, to cross the different bridges over the Dyle. These movements were as regular as on a parade. The outposts, particularly those of the riflemen, were kept standing, and movements were made by the British cavalry so as to attract the enemy's attention, and conceal the retrogade movement of the infantry. The cavalry remained on the ground, and the commander-in-chief with them, till between three and four of the afternoon. In this position he saw more than Captain Siborne appears to be aware of. He saw all that was done on and near the lately-contested ground of Ligny, the detachment of Grouchy's corps towards Wavre, following the retreat of Blucher, and the march of the main mass of the French army along the great road from Sombref. No movement was made in his front, and he did not order the retreat of his cavalry till the advanced patroles of the enemy had touched the vedettes on the high road on his left. The retreat of our cavalry was undoubtedly facilitated by a storm, which made it difficult for either party to manœuvre off the main roads. With the single exception, however, of the affair at Genappes with the French lancers, it was conducted with as much security as that of the infantry, and the army found itself

in the evening collected from every quarter on that famous and well-chosen ground, with every feature of which the Duke was familiar. The Duke was on the field at daybreak, in spite of weather, after having written some letters to the King of France and others. He visited the posts in Hougomont, and gave orders for the defensive works for musketry, which were formed in the garden. He rode thence to La Haye Sainte, and on to the extreme left of his position. It is a curious circumstance, not mentioned by the historians, that, having throughout the night, from the 17th to the 18th, communicated by patroles, through Ohain, with the Prussian corps d'armée on its march from Wavre, he saw the Prussian cavalry collected in a mass on the high ground on the Waterloo side of the defile of St. Lambert at an early hour of the day, at least an hour before the commencement of the battle—the very cavalry that is represented to have been seen from the French head-quarters in a letter written by Maréchal Soult to Maréchal Grouchy, dated at half-past one, which letter is printed by Grouchy in a pamphlet published in the United States, and given in a note to page 400 of Captain Siborne's first volume.

The course of our observations, which have insensibly almost degenerated into narrative, has brought us to a critical period of the drama. If we look back through the preceding acts we shall see that no passage of the Duke's campaigns is more pregnant with evidence of the omnipresent, indefatigable, personal activity, and imperturbable coolness which distinguished him, than the period which has come under our notice. We have seen that on the morning of the 16th, while Ney was preparing his attack and closing up his columns, which, when he took their command, extended for some twelve miles to his rear, the Duke found time for an interview with the Prussian General at Ligny. He returned to Quatre Bras in time for the opening of that conflict. He reconnoitred in person the wood of Bossu, and was indeed the first to discover that the attack was about to be made by a very large body of troops. A straggling fire had been going on since morning, but the officers whom he found on the spot still doubted whether a serious attack was impending. The Duke's quick eye, however, detected an officer of high rank reviewing a strong body, and his ear caught the sound, familiar to it as the precursor of such scenes, "L'Empereur récompensera celui qui

s'avancera." He instantly recommended the Prince of Orange to withdraw his advanced parties, and the few Belgian guns, which were in an advanced and exposed position. The attack instantly ensued, not to cease till nightfall. According to his uniform practice, and certainly with not less than his usual care, the Duke posted all the troops himself, and no movement was made but by his order. He was on the field till after dark, as long as any contest lasted. When at the close of that weary day others were sinking to rest on the ground they had so bravely maintained, and while the chain of British outposts was being formed for the night, far in advance of the ground originally occupied, one of the cavalry regiments, which were then arriving in rapid succession, reached the spot where the Duke was sitting. It was commanded by an intimate friend of the Duke—by one of the gentlest, the bravest, and most accomplished soldiers who ever sat in an English saddle, the late General Sir Frederick Ponsonby. He found the Duke reading some English newspapers which had just reached him, joking over their contents, and making merry with the lucubrations of London politicians and speculators on events.

The condition meanwhile of the said politicians at home, including the cabinet, was past a joke. It was one which the profundity of their ignorance alone made endurable. If hostilities were now in progress in Belgium and a British army in the field, steamers would be plying between Ostend and London or Dover, frequent and punctual as those which crowd the river from London-bridge to Greenwich in Whitsun week. A fresh lie and a new exaggeration would reach the Stock Exchange at intervals of a quarter of an hour. With such means of communication, Blucher's losses on the 16th would have been operating on the funds within a few hours of their report at Brussels, and the Prussian retreat from Ligny would have more than counterbalanced, in public opinion, the maintenance of our position at Quatre Bras. To a late hour of the 20th of June, however, the smuggler had been the only organ of intelligence to the English cabinet, and nothing but vague accounts that the French army was in motion had been conveyed by these lug-sailed messengers. It was thus that the first authentic intelligence, though it contained the bane of a serious disaster to the Prussian arms, was qualified not merely by the antidote of the Duke's success at

Quatre Bras, but by the following additional facts;—that the Duke was at the head of his own army collected in a position of his own choice, in high confidence and spirits, in military communication with Blucher, and on the point of engaging with Napoleon. The bearer of this stirring intelligence, which the nerves of Lord Castlereagh were better strung to receive than those of Lord Liverpool, was the Right Honourable Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry. Like many other civilians he had been attracted by the interest of the scene and hour to Brussels about a fortnight previous to the commencement of hostilities. As an old and valued friend of his illustrious countryman, he had been a constant guest at head-quarters; among other adventures of some interest, had visited the ground of Quatre Bras on the 17th, and had remained there till the commencement of the retreat of the cavalry, when he had returned to Brussels. Having been favoured by him with a memorandum of his recollections, we can now present, in words better than our own, the circumstances under which he became entrusted with such a communication, and the effect it produced on those who received it. Not being able, with reference to our limits, to insert the memorandum *in extenso*, we must premise that our friend had been induced by circumstances to leave Brussels at a very early hour on the 18th with the intention not of returning to England, but of endeavouring to reach the head-quarters of General Sir C. Colville, whose division was on the right of the British army. Ghent was his first object, but being advised that the direct route was encumbered, he proceeded thither by Antwerp. The Knight was accompanied by the late Marquis of Ormonde: and he says—

"We arrived at Antwerp about five in the morning, and, after refreshing ourselves and looking at the cathedral for about an hour, we proceeded to Ghent as fast as we could, and arrived there about two o'clock. We dined with the commanding officer of the 29th regiment, who had been an old acquaintance of Lord Ormonde. We engaged a carriage and arranged to proceed after midnight for the division of the army under General Colville. I was just entering the hotel between six and seven, in order to go to bed, when Sir P. Malcolm drove up from Brussels. I told him our plan, when he earnestly entreated me to wait till he had returned from the King of France, then at Ghent, to whom he was going to convey a message

from the Duke of Wellington. I waited accordingly; on his return he pressed me in the most earnest manner to proceed to London and communicate to the Government what had occurred. He argued the necessity of such a course, from the Duke of Wellington having declared to him that morning that he would not write a line until he had fought a battle, and from the false and mischievous rumours which had circulated and gone to England, and the total ignorance of the English Government as to what had taken place. He said that he was desirous of writing to the First Lord of the Admiralty, but that etiquette precluded his entering into any details on military subjects when the General had not written: that if I consented I would greatly relieve the Government and do essential public service, as, independent of the Prussian case, of which I knew more than any other individual could communicate to the Government, there were subjects of a most confidential nature which he would entrust to me to be told to Lord Castlereagh, our Foreign Minister; that he would put me into a sloop of war at Ostend and send me across at once. I, however, rather reluctantly assented. He then told me he had left the Duke at half-past ten that morning with the army in position on ground which he had already examined, determined to give battle, and confident of success, and that he was in military communication with Marshal Blucher.

"We accordingly changed our route, and proceeded at once to Ostend, where the Admiral wrote a few lines, merely saying that Buonaparte had defeated the Prussians with great loss, that the Duke was in position as described before, that he had prevailed on the Knight of Kerry to convey that despatch, who also could furnish all particulars which were as yet known, for the information of the Government. We had rather a slow passage. After we were under weigh a gendarme, with some mail bags in a boat, overtook the vessel, and said reports had just arrived that the Duke of Wellington was driving the French at all points. We proceeded at once, after landing at Deal, to town, and arrived at the Admiralty at half-past four (Tuesday, June 20th). Lord Melville had gone to the House of Lords, whither I followed him; and, on presenting the despatch, he immediately summoned the Cabinet Ministers from both Houses to meet in the Chancellor's room, which they did instantly.

"I was requested to communicate the particulars referred to in Admiral Malcolm's letter; I said (in order to avoid anything unnecessary) I wished to know how far the Cabinet was already informed of what had occurred; Lord Liverpool said that they knew nothing. I asked if they had not heard of the battle with the Prussians. He said 'No.' I then asked, had they not heard that Napoleon had moved his army? He said that reports by smugglers to that effect

had come across, but that nothing was certain. I then gave a detail of all the circumstances that had come to my knowledge, and endeavoured to impress on them the utmost confidence in the success of the Duke of Wellington in any battle that should take place. I stated the nature of the driving-in of the Prussians on the 15th, as explained to me by the Commandant at Mons. I was enabled to describe very particularly the glorious battle at Quatre Bras, as given to me by a gallant officer of the Rifle Brigade, who was near the Duke during its continuance, and who was wounded there; he gave me a very clear account of the action, and affirmed that he had never seen his Grace expose himself so much personally, or so thoroughly direct every part of the operations, in any of the Peninsular fights with which he was familiar. I explained, on Sir Colin Campbell's authority, the Duke's thorough knowledge of the ground which he had occupied on the morning of Sunday (the 18th).

"Ministers expressed their great relief and gratification at the intelligence I had furnished, as the town had been inundated with the most alarming and dangerous rumours, and that, from the length of time since they had received any positive communication from the Duke of Wellington, considerable anxiety undoubtedly existed, but that I had effectually removed it. On the following morning early I called on Lord Castlereagh before he went to his office. I asked him whether he thought I had impressed upon the Cabinet the perfect confidence which I myself felt as to the Duke's success. He said I had, but that he wished for a good deal of conversation with me. I then explained to him those particulars which Admiral Malcolm had desired me confidentially to convey, particularly as to what concerned the position and personal safety of the French king, and other points, which it is unnecessary to recapitulate. We had a most interesting discussion on the whole state of the two countries as relating to the war. It was certainly gratifying to me to have relieved the anxiety of Ministers, and, through them, of the public, but Sir P. Malcolm lost me the march to Paris."

To return to Captain Siborne. He criticises the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon for not following up with sufficient activity, on the 16th, the movement which he had made with so much success on the 15th; but a little reflection upon the information which he has obtained on the movements of the French army must have convinced him that the troops which had been on their extreme left in French Flanders, and which formed the rear of the column of which the head was engaged

on the Sambre on the 15th, could not be closed up till a late hour on the 16th. It is easy to speculate on possible consequences of supposed circumstances. Those who indulge in such speculations would do well to consider that rapidity is purchased by exhaustion.

Of the numerous critics of the Belgian campaign, some have been disposed to consider that the Prussians on the 18th were slow in bringing their columns to bear effectively on the French right. We have reason to believe that the individual who would have had most cause for complaint on this score would be the last to entertain this charge. We feel very certain that if the Duke could have exchanged commands with Blucher or Bulow on that day, he would have been very cautious how he brought into action by driblets even that portion of the Prussian troops which had not actually shared the discomfiture of Ligny. Captain Siborne judiciously avoids casting any reflection on the Prussians, though at pages 144 and 150 of volume ii. he states the fact that General Ziethen refused to detach any portion of his troops for the purpose of strengthening, by their partial aid, the British line of battle at a moment certainly of great pressure. We doubt not that Ziethen's orders on this head were strict. We believe them to have been dictated by a wise caution, and we look upon the conduct of the Prussians and their commander on the 18th with no feeling but that of admiration for the energy with which they had rallied after discomfiture, and the boldness with which they left General Thielman to make the best he could of it against Grouchy's superior force at Wavre. Before the retreat on the morning of the 17th speculation was busy among our officers on the outposts at Quatre Bras as to the probable results of the affair of the previous day to the Prussian force. A party of them was joined by Captain, now Colonel, Wood, who had just returned from the patrole service mentioned above. Will they stop before they reach the Rhine? was a question started by one. Captain Wood, who had seen much service with the Prussians, having been on the staff of Sir C. Stewart (now Lord Londonderry) in 1813 and 1814, replied, "If Blucher or Bulow be alive, you may depend upon it they will stop at no great distance." The young officer was right, as Napoleon found to his cost. We know that, whatever incompetent critics may say, the highest testimony to the co-operation

of the Prussians in every particular, that of the Duke, has been ever since unvaried and uncompromising; nor has he ever stopped or stooped to consider whether by doing justice to the fame of his allies he might give a handle to his enemies to detract from his own.

We do not on this occasion choose to enter upon any formal criticism of Napoleon as a general. We must, however, say that, if English writers were as much disposed to detract from his reputation as they are to cavil at the conduct of the Duke and Blucher, some documents under his own hand would afford them matter for animadversion. Take, for instance, Napoleon's two letters to Marshal Ney, written early on the 16th from Charleroi. They are addressed to a man who had just been placed at the head of some forty thousand men so much *à l'improviste* that he did not even know the names of his officers, or what the Germans call the dislocation of his troops, much less the nature of the country, or the amount of the force in his front; and who was so unprovided with staff-officers that he was obliged to select them at the moment from regiments of the line; yet this man, in the first of these letters, received at about eleven o'clock of the 16th, is directed to be at Brussels by seven o'clock the next morning; and in the second it is assumed as matter of high probability that the English had already retired from Brussels and Nivelles. Let it not be forgotten that Napoleon's means of learning or guessing at the Duke's dispositions were far greater than any which the Duke possessed of learning what passed within the French lines. We will venture, without blaming Napoleon in our ignorance of his grounds for belief, to say that, if at any one period of the Duke's career he had given orders so impracticable to execute, or displayed ignorance so complete, as is indicated in these two letters to Ney, his Dispatches would have been reprinted by the Radical press, and quoted in the House of Commons as evidence of his incapacity for command. With Mr. Alison, indeed, for an adviser, he might have rendered a *coup de main* on Brussels an easy exploit. As it was, and in the absence of such a good genius, his reply might have been that of Marmion to King James's proposal of a visit to Tamworth:—

> "Much honour'd were my humble home,
> If in its halls King James should come;

But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood.
And many a banner shall be torn,
And many a knight to ground be borne,
And many a sheaf of shafts be spent
Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent."

Marmion's reply, by the way, reminds us of one of General Alava's to an aide-de-camp of Junot who, under a flag of truce we believe, was dining at the Duke's table in Portugal at a period when Lisbon was in our possession. The Frenchman took occasion to observe that the Duchesse d'Abrantes, then at Ciudad Rodrigo, *comptait faire ses couches* at Lisbon in the autumn. "*Prevenez la,*" said General Alava, "*qu'elle prenne bien garde de ces trente mille diables d'accoucheurs en rouge qu'elle trouvera en chemin.*" However, Napoleon had not long to wait for an opportunity of estimating, in his own person, the difficulty of the task which, in his off-hand manner, he had suggested to his lieutenant. Numerically superior to his antagonist in cavalry and artillery, morally superior in the homogeneous composition and warlike experience of his army, he yet found himself unable, with the single exception of the capture of the farm of La Haye Sainte, to gain an inch of ground from some thirty thousand English and German infantry. Of this very body, which bore the brunt of the whole contest, be it remembered that not above six or seven thousand had seen a shot fired before. It was composed of second battalions to so great an extent that we cannot but imagine that this disadvantage would have been felt had the Duke attacked the French army, as he would have attacked it, at Quatre Bras on the 17th, if the Prussians had maintained their position at Ligny—as he would have attacked it on the 18th at Waterloo if the army with which he entered the south of France had been at his disposal. For purposes of resistance the fact is unquestionable that these raw British battalions were found as effective as the veterans of the Peninsula; but it might have been hazardous to manœuvre under fire, and over all contingencies of ground, with some of the very regiments which, while in position, never flinched from the cannonade or cavalry charges through the livelong day of Waterloo.

We find little occasion for remark on Captain Siborne's

minute narrative of that conflict. His positive additions of any importance to the facts stated by former writers consist chiefly in evidences of the incapacity of the greater part of the Dutch and Belgian, and some of the Hanoverian contingents, to face the storm of fire to which our line was exposed, or even to make a decent show of support to those engaged. Truth has demanded of Captain Siborne that these evidences should not be suppressed; but, with Captain Siborne, we are disposed to make every allowance for men whose introduction to such scenes had not been gradual, for regiments which, in many instances, were little better than militia, and who could not be expected to share that moral confidence in the skill and fortune of their commander-in-chief, which never for an instant forsook those who had served under him in the Peninsula—and which the electricity of patriotic pride conveyed entire to the British soldiers who first fleshed their steel at Waterloo.

It would be difficult to imagine a more varied test than that to which the resolution of those troops was subjected who really played their part in the action. Throughout the day the fire of the French batteries was only interrupted to give place to the most desperate attacks of infantry and cavalry. The great attack of thirty-seven squadrons of the latter force, described in page 77 of Captain Siborne's second volume, was unquestionably the least murderous, but perhaps, in the first instance, the most formidable; for it succeeded so far as to place the French squadrons in actual possession of the whole line of our advanced batteries, from where our right rested on Hougomont to our left centre. Much blame was afterwards thrown on Marshal Ney by Napoleon for the failure of this great and gallant attempt. We are not competent to settle the question between such litigants. It is possible that Napoleon may have been justified in repudiating its responsibility. It is certain that the French cavalry was sacrificed; and it may be true, as the Emperor asserts, that it was sent forward without his direct sanction. It is certain, however, that this great mass of horsemen was employed in a manner which had often, under Napoleon, decided the fate of battles—nay, that it actually effected an object which had hitherto, in the Imperial campaigning, been considered equivalent to the gain of a victory. The operation was one which, neither in intention nor execution, should be con-

founded with the sudden and rapid exertions of cavalry, which are the inspiration of the moment, descending at some critical instant upon bodies of men unprepared for the shock—such as the charge of the 23rd and German dragoons at Talavera—of Le Marchant, under Lord Combermere, at Salamanca—or of the heavy brigades at Waterloo. The operation we allude to is the steady, the organised, and not very rapid advance of a large mass of cavalry for the physical purpose of establishing itself on an important portion of an enemy's position, and with the moral object, in English phrase, of bullying its defenders into retiring to a sufficient distance to enable troops of other arms to come up and maintain the ground so acquired. As there is no surprise in the case, the latter and essential part of the operation clearly becomes a question of nerve and discipline, and both must be good in the first instance to enable even experienced troops to face such an array of lance and cuirass as succeeded in establishing itself on the ridge of our position at Waterloo. The English squares, however, were so far from retiring, that they were advanced by the Duke against the cavalry, which they slaughtered with their cross fire. Captain Siborne mentions one instance of a hasty discharge; and it may well have happened that, when that first long wave of battle burst upon the ridge, some of our raw recruits felt anxious. After a little experience, however, these attacks, during which the French batteries were necessarily as silent as our own, were felt as a positive relief. Our men came to look upon them with a coolness amounting to contempt, and the only anxiety of the officers was to check any natural impatience in the ranks, so as to allow the French squadrons to come near enough to feel the fire.

The only real gleam of success to the French arms was that occupation of the farm of La Haye Sainte, to which we have adverted. From Captain Siborne's narrative it is easy to infer the absurdity of the proposition maintained by some writers, that the loss of this post was one of small importance and little injury to the British army. It was a serious annoyance; it led to some additional loss of life and limb in our ranks—Lord Fitzroy Somerset's right arm is an instance—it gave facilities to the French for their repeated attacks on our centre; and, in the event of our being compelled to retire, it would have been of great advantage to them. It might have been avoided, for it

was occasioned by nothing but exhaustion of the ammunition for its garrison. There was but one communication with the farm, by a gateway on the road from Brussels to Genappes, and this was commanded by the French artillery. An easy remedy might have been, but unfortunately was not, adopted—namely, to break out a communication through the back-wall of the farm-house, which would have been available not only for the introduction of ammunition, but for the relief and reinforcement, if necessary, of the garrison. We doubt whether, in any continental service, the neglect of so minute a feature in a general action (whatever its eventual importance) would be laid to the account of a commander-in-chief. We have reason, however, to believe that the Duke has often volunteered to bear its responsibility; and, as it is the only confession he has had to make we shall not dispute the point with his Grace.

After the repulse of the various attacks made upon our centre, first by cavalry, then by infantry, and thirdly by the two combined, it was expected that the next would be made by cavalry, infantry, and artillery combined. It was obvious that our troops would require extension of line to engage with the infantry, and solidity to engage with the cavalry; but they could not have the necessary extension if formed in squares as before, nor the necessary solidity if formed in line in the usual order, two-deep. They were therefore formed four deep. With this formation they crushed with their fire, or scattered with the bayonet, every description of force which came against them: and yet some tacticians have been found to censure this feature also in the Duke's dispositions. When at last their long endurance was rewarded by their finding themselves in possession of the enemy's position, and of every gun of that artillery which had decimated their ranks, a singular, and we believe novel, feature of the scene served to disclose the sudden and complete nature of the rout of their antagonists. Where the French reserves had been posted in rear of the front line the muskets of considerable bodies of men were found piled and abandoned; a circumstance which shows how rapid may be the contagion of despair even in the ranks of a nation never excelled for exploits either of collective or individual bravery. The British troops soon made over the task of pursuit to their less exhausted allies. Very forward among the British horsemen at this period, riding

with a slack rein and somewhat of a Leicestershire seat, might be seen an English gentleman in the ordinary attire of that respectable but unmilitary character: this was Lord Apsley, the present Earl Bathurst, who had assisted at the battle as an amateur from its commencement, and who followed its fortunes to the last. Before the first shot was fired his Lordship had fallen in at the right of our line with Lord Hill, who in his own quiet and comfortable manner addressed him, "Well, my Lord, I think your Lordship will see a great battle to-day." "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed, my Lord; and I think the French will get such a thrashing as they have seldom had." A fair specimen of the spirit in which our old campaigners met the *prestige* of Napoleon's presence. It was the simple confession of faith and conviction founded on experience; for who ever heard boast or bravado from the lips of the Shropshire farmer? Lord Apsley, having ultimately ridden to the extreme of the English pursuit, was, we believe, on returning to head-quarters, the first to communicate to the Duke that the whole of the French artillery was in our possession.

The illustrative plates which accompany Captain Siborne's volumes are agreeable specimens of the anaglyptographic process; but we miss their assistance at one or two important periods of the transaction. An engraving of which Genappes should be the centre, is much wanted to illustrate the retreat of the 17th; and it would be well to mark distinctly the bridges and fords of the Dyle which were used in that operation. It might be more difficult to bring within compass the ground over which Blucher brought the three corps of his army to our assistance on the 18th, and their various routes might require more than one engraving for the purpose; but these additions, if attainable, would add much to the value of the work.

In matters of criminal legislation we are no advocates of the principle that the main object of punishment is the reformation of the offender. In the case of Mr. Alison, whom we have now to consider as coming before us, in French legal phraseology, *en récidive*, it is a satisfaction to us to reflect that, for special reasons, we never dreamt of such a result as that. Throughout his ten volumes there runs a serene satisfaction with his own dicta on military matters—an entire reliance on the dignity of an office held by self-appointment—and a more than Thucy-

dideau conviction of the value of a κτημα ες αει collected from such sources as 'Fouché's Memoirs,' which forbade the slightest apprehension of disturbing his complacency, or extracting from him any tardy confession of fallibility in matters of opinion. In this respect we have suffered no disappointment. Where demonstrable errors of fact were concerned we might, however, have expected that Mr. Alison would have pursued, in a revised edition, a course different in some particulars from that which he has adopted. Several were open to him with regard to the observations on his narrative of the Belgian campaign, contained in the 140th number of this Journal. Intrenched in the dignity of his high functions, he might have refused to read, or neglected to notice, the remarks of an anonymous, and, as he seems to believe, a youthful censor. He might have adopted our corrections where he found them valid, with a due acknowledgment of his obligations to the quarter from which they proceeded. Lastly, where he still found room for doubt, he might have applied ordinary industry and accuracy to the verification of the points in question, and thus have avoided a perseverance in certain errors—one of them, at least, not unimportant—which still deface the record. We regret, for Mr. Alison's own sake, that he has followed none of these modes. In most instances he has *silently* adopted our corrections; in the remainder he has persevered in his errors for want of information, which he might have had from ourselves for the asking, or, by common diligence, might have procured elsewhere.

We are unwilling to trouble our readers with a detailed comparison of the several passages in the two editions in establishment of our assertion that Mr. Alison has borrowed our corrections without acknowledgment. We can easily anticipate the apology, that the incidents so treated are minutiæ; and, as such, of no great importance. Such an apology would be quite conclusive if Mr. Alison's pretensions to accuracy and minuteness of detail, as a narrator of battles, were less ostentatiously put forward. If he had dealt with his subject-matter more in the style of Thucydides, and less in that of Captain Siborne, in the manner of that which he assumes to be, a contributor to general history, rather than of a contributor to the 'United Service Gazette,' he would probably have avoided liability to correction, and certainly would have escaped our censure. When Titian

painted flowers in his foreground he took the trouble to design them with Linnean accuracy. The author who cites Captain this and Major that for the *res gestæ* of individual regiments, ought to have known that, in the cavalry affair of the 17th, the 7th British hussars were engaged not with cuirassiers, but with lancers. The distinction may appear trifling, but the novelty and peculiarity of the circumstances make it of interest to a large class of readers, for whose special edification Mr. Alison has laboured. That we no longer hear of the Duke flinging himself occasionally into a square, is an amendment of small consequence on our credit side of the account; but it is of some importance to find Lord Hill restored to his functions as commander of the second corps in the action, and no longer detached, by the learned Sheriff's special order, to Hal, in charge of a body of 7000 men. We are happy also to find that Mr. Alison has seen reason to qualify his eulogies of the Prussian position at Ligny, and to appreciate the distinction between its strategical and tactical merits. For these, and one or two other rectifications of small moment, having received no thanks from Mr. Alison, we respectfully claim those of his innumerable readers.

We now proceed to a case in which Mr. Alison, after due warning, has acknowledged, indeed, our notice of his error, but only to repeat it and insist upon it. As it is one which involves gross injustice to a Prussian officer of great merit, we make no apology for dwelling upon it. In Mr. Alison's former edition he describes Marshal Grouchy as probably matched in force by the Prussians under Thielman, when he combated at Wavre. We took the liberty of telling him in our remarks, that he was mistaken to the amount of some 15,000 men; for that, in fact, Thielman had but 16,000 to oppose to Grouchy's 32,000. In Mr. Alison's revised edition he repeats his statement, with the appendage of the following note:—

"This has been denied as to the over-matching; and it has been said, the third Prussian corps, instead of rising, as Mr. Alison says, to 33,000, did not exceed 16,000 (Quart. Rev. lxx. 469, 470). In answer to this, it is only necessary to give the official return of the Prussian corps under Thielman, as given by Plotho:—Third corps d'armée, Thielman, 33,000 men, 96 guns. Thielman, it is true, was engaged at Ligny, but so was Grouchy, and the loss there could not

have materially altered their relative proportions.—*Plotho*, iv. 55, Appendix."

What has been said we now say again; and the only excuse we can suggest for Mr. Alison's perseverance in so gross a misstatement is, that having been helped by us to the existence of Plotho's work, he has by some sad accident stumbled on a defective copy thereof. Whatever was the original force of the third corps, it would have been worth while for Mr. Alison, before he contradicted his guardian angel, the 'Quarterly,' in this matter, to have inquired whether Thielman, when in position at Wavre, retained that corps in its integrity. We prefer to state the circumstances, with their explanation, in Captain Siborne's language. Speaking of Thielman's position at Wavre on the 18th, he says (vol. ii. p. 278):—

"Thielman intended that the 9th brigade should be posted in rear of this general position of his troops, so that its services might be made available according as circumstances might require; but, through some misunderstanding in the transmission of the order, General von Borcke was induced, after having moved along the Brussels road until near La Bavette, thence to turn off to his left, and continue his march, according to his original instructions, in the direction of Fromont, Bourgeois, and St. Lambert, towards Couture; being under the impression that the whole corps had already commenced this march in pursuance of the general plan, and that his brigade was destined to cover the movement. The departure of this brigade was not immediately discovered, and thus by this misunderstanding Thielman's force suffered an unexpected reduction of six battalions and the foot battery No. 18, and consisted therefore of only 15,200 men, with which number he had now to contend against Marshal Grouchy's force, amounting altogether to 32,000 men."

When we recollect that, under such circumstances of disproportion as these, Thielman maintained his position through the 18th, repelling thirteen different assaults on the town of Wavre, and that he did not retire until ten o'clock on the following morning, effecting his retreat with order and deliberation, and consoled by the knowledge of the result at Waterloo, we shall not fear contradiction when we reassert that no passage of the campaign did greater honour to the general and troops concerned than this defence of Wavre. If Mr. Alison's statement

of numbers were correct; few on the other hand would have been less creditable, because the position was strong and the Prussian was at last forced to retire. That statement, therefore, being, as it is, absolutely unfounded, involves a palpable injustice to a meritorious officer.

In a note to page 932 Mr. Alison writes:—

"It has been said (Quart. Rev. lxx. 466) that the Prussian loss at Waterloo is to be found in Plotho, and that the statement in the text on this point is erroneous; but this is a mistake. Plotho gives no separate account of the loss on the 18th, but the *whole loss* of each corps from the 15th of June to the 3rd of July, and it amounts to," &c.

It is no mistake. We have the tables before us as we write. Our copy of Plotho is dated Berlin, 1818. We are quite ready to lend it to Mr. Alison if he desires it, for his 4th or 40th edition. Facing pages 116 and 117 of the Appendix to the 4th volume, he will find tabular statements of the loss of the three Prussian corps, the first, second, and fourth, not only for the whole campaign, but distinguishing that incurred in their several actions, among them "the loss on the 18th." These tables are very minute, as they specify not only non-commissioned officers and privates, but the *spielleute* or musicians of the regiments, and horses. The only list wanting is that of the third corps, which, as even Mr. Alison probably knows, was not engaged at Waterloo. We may as well add that, though Mr. Alison's courtesy forbids him to substitute the word falsehood for mistake in this instance, we can hardly accept his indulgence. Our assertion, past or present, that the returns exist in Plotho's Appendix, might be a falsehood—it could hardly be a mistake. In such dry matters of fact, at least, a reviewer asserting the existence of a document which he had not seen, and which should turn out not to exist, would deserve harder language than that of Mr. Alison.

It would have been easy for Mr. Alison to have done full historical justice to the Duke of Brunswick by the simple statement that he fell gallantly fighting at the head of his troops. Mr. Alison's passion for particulars has, however, again led him astray in saying that "he nobly fell while heading a charge of his death's-head hussars in the latter part of the day." If there

is truth in Captain Siborne the facts are these:—"The Duke had personally superintended a change of position, not a charge, of his hussars. He had then headed a charge of his lancers which failed, and was accompanying a movement in retreat of the guard battalion of his infantry, and endeavouring to rally it when hard pressed, when the fatal shot struck him from his horse." (Siborne, vol. i. p. 116.) The "death's-head" hussars sounds better. Having dismissed these matters, of small account perhaps, but some of them of importance to us, for our own vindication from something worse than inaccuracy, we arrive at a topic which compels us to inflict on our readers a collation of certain passages as they stand in the second and third editions of his work. In the second (that formerly handled by us) Mr. Alison's language is this:—

"Wellington and Blucher, at this critical period, were relying almost entirely upon secret intelligence, which *was to be forwarded to them by Fouché.* This extraordinary delay in collecting the troops, when the enemy was close at hand, cannot be altogether vindicated, and it was well-nigh attended with fatal consequences; but the secret cause which led to it is explained in Fouché's Memoirs. That unparalleled intriguer," &c.

He then goes on to cite that authentic and veracious compilation in the manner we have before noticed. In the third and revised edition of Mr. Alison's "History" we read:—

"Wellington and Blucher, at this critical period, were either without correct information as to the enemy's real designs, or relying upon secret intelligence, which was to be forwarded to them from Paris, as to his movements. This delay in collecting the troops, &c., would furnish ground for a serious imputation on the Duke's military conduct, were it not that it is now apparent he had been misled by false information, perfidiously furnished, or as perfidiously withheld, *by his correspondents at Paris, who, unknown to him, had been gained by Fouché.*"

A juxtaposition of these two passages will show that Mr. Alison has retired before our attack from one position, as quietly as possible, in order to take up another. The manner in which this manœuvre is executed is further illustrated by a note to p. 881. After requoting the story of the female spy, from the production impudently called Fouché's Memoirs, Mr. Alison then proceeds:—

"Extraordinary as this story is, it derives confirmation from the following statement of Sir Walter Scott, who had access to the best sources of information, which he obtained at Paris a few weeks after the battle. 'I have understood,' says he, 'on good authority, that a person, bearing for Lord Wellington's information a detailed and authentic account of Buonaparte's plan for the campaign, was actually despatched from Paris in time to have reached Brussels before the commencement of hostilities. This communication was entrusted to a female, who was furnished with a pass from Fouché himself, and who travelled with all despatch in order to accomplish her mission; but, being stopped for two days on the frontiers of France, did not arrive till after the battle of the 16th. This fact, *for such I believe it to be*, seems to countenance the opinion that Fouché maintained a correspondence with the allies, and may lead, on the other hand, to the suspicion that, though he despatched the intelligence in question, he contrived so to manage that its arrival should be too late for the purpose which it was calculated to serve. At all events, the appearance of the French on the Sambre was at Brussels an unexpected piece of intelligence.' (*Paul's Letters.*) It is remarkable that Scott's sagacity had in this instance divined the very solution of the question which Fouché afterwards stated in his Memoirs as a fact. On the other hand, Wellington says: 'Avant mon arrivée à Paris au mois de Juillet, je n'avais jamais vu Fouché, ni eu avec lui communication quelconque, ni avec aucun de ceux qui sont liés avec lui.' (Letter to Dumouriez, Gurwood, vol. xii. p. 649.) If this statement was inconsistent with the former, the Duke's high character for truth and accuracy would have rendered it decisive of the point; but in reality it is not so. It only proves that the English general had had no communication with Fouché, or those whom he knew to be his agents."

Mr. Alison then goes on to show, from various passages of the Duke's letters, that he was in communication at various periods with persons at Paris, and cites one letter to a Mr. Henoul, in which a lady is mentioned.

It will appear from all the above that Mr. Alison has, in one of his tacit corrections, borrowed without acknowledgment from the Quarterly, withdrawn from his assertion that the Duke was knowingly in correspondence with Fouché. He now shapes his imputation in another form. He asserts that the Duke was not only in communication with certain puppets of Fouché's at Paris, but that he actually governed his own military schemes, the position and movements of his army, and rested the fate of Europe

on the expectation or possession of intelligence from such quarters. If, as Burke said, a man cannot live down these contemptible calumnies, he must put up with them. If the Duke's life and exploits cannot acquit him of such miserable simplicity in the eyes of Englishmen, we can give him little assistance. Because the Duke says, on the 13th of June, "I have accounts from Paris of the 10th, on which day Buonaparte was still there," it is seriously argued that he was very likely to believe that parties who supplied intelligence of a circumstance so recondite as the presence of Buonaparte at the Tuileriès, could and would also supply the programme of Buonaparte's intended campaign. Mr. Alison, however, still resting the weight of his structure on Fouché's Memoirs, props up the rubbish of such a foundation by the authority of '*Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk.*' What does the extract from such a work as 'Paul's Letters' prove? It proves that, when occupied in the agreeable pastime of picking up anecdotes for a volume of slight structure and momentary interest, Sir W. Scott gave a rash credence to one then current at Paris, which was afterwards elaborated by the literary forger of Fouché's name. It is on such authorities as these that the author of a *work of twenty years* fastens on the Duke of Wellington a charge of credulous imbecility. Whatever be the probabilities of the case, we have one sufficient answer, which we can give on authority—it is totally and absolutely false. We repeat, and are enabled and bound to say that we repeat on authority, that not one single passage of the Duke's conduct at this period was in the remotest degree influenced by such causes as those invented at Paris, and adopted by Mr. Alison. But the Duke had communications with Paris. To be sure he had. Common sense would indicate, if the despatches did not, that the Duke used what means the iron frontier in his front permitted to obtain all obtainable intelligence from Paris. He would have been wanting in his duty if he had neglected such precaution. Such facts as the Emperor's continued presence in Paris, the strength of mustering corps, their reputed destination,—these, and a thousand such particulars, he doubtless endeavoured to get at, when he could, through channels more rapid, if not more to be relied on, than the 'Moniteur.' It could strike nobody as improbable that in some of these transactions an agent of the softer sex might have been employed; though we happen to

know for certain that none such played a part of importance enough to secure her services a place in the recollection of any Englishman at head-quarters. Even for obtaining such information as this, the Duke was placed in a position which must have contrasted singularly with the advantages he had in these respects enjoyed in the Peninsula. It were but common fairness to scan for a moment the points of difference, and to observe how completely the relative positions of the two antagonists were reversed. The grounds of comparison are, however, pretty obvious, and an illustration may serve the purpose better than a disquisition.

On the night which preceded Sir Arthur Wellesley's first passage of arms in Portugal, the affair of Roliça, he was roused from his sleep in his tent by an urgent request for admittance on the part of a stranger. The request was granted, and a monk was introduced. "I am come," he said, "to give you intelligence that General Thomière, who commands the French corps in your front, intends to retire before daylight; and if you wish to catch him you must be quick." Such news, if true, justified the intrusion; and it occurred to Sir Arthur, who had not then attained the degree of drivelling which the Duke of Wellington had reached in 1815, to inquire, "How do you know the fact you acquaint me with?" The monk replied, "When Junot's army first entered Portugal, he was quartered in our convent, that of Alcobaça, and one of his staff shared my cell. The same officer is again my lodger; we are on intimate terms. This evening he was busily engaged in writing. I stole behind him and placed my hands over his eyes, as boys do in play, while he struggled to get loose, and held them there till I had read the contents of the paper he was writing. It was an order to General Thomière to move his column at such an hour and in such a direction. I have stolen from the convent, and made my way to your quarters, to tell you my discovery." We have sometimes thought that this incident would have made a good subject for Wilkie. For our purpose, it is not an inapt illustration of the facilities for information at the command of a general moving in a country where the peasantry and priesthood are heart and soul with the cause he serves. Such at least are not at the disposal of a commander compelled by circumstances to remain rooted for a period in the face of a hostile nation, fenced by a triple line

of fortresses, and their place is ill supplied by padded petticoats and the gossip of a metropolis. The plan of Buonaparte's campaign? Can anything be more childish than to suppose that the Duke could have relied, for this is the question, on French traitors for such a document? When a fleet is about to sail on a secret expedition a thousand circumstances are open to the inquiries of active agents. The very nature of the stores embarked, the name of some officer ordered to join, will often indicate its destination. The consequence generally is, that by the time the sealed orders are opened in a specified latitude, the enemy has enjoyed for weeks a full knowledge of the object of the expedition. We well remember, in the summer of 1840, hearing that certain intrenching tools were to be embarked for the Mediterranean, and that a certain officer, famous for his application of such materials at St. Sebastian and elsewhere, was to be picked up at Gibraltar. We wanted no paid spy or treacherous clerk to tell us that Acre, or possibly Alexandria, would feel the effect of these preparations. With respect to the general plan and scheme of the Duke's operations, as far as they depended on himself, they were open enough to discovery, if missed by conjecture. They were necessarily subjects of communication and concert with a dozen friendly powers mustering their forces on different points from Ostend to the confines of Switzerland. It so happened that the plan of Buonaparte's campaign, which could consist in nothing else but a choice of roads, was one which it was unnecessary for him to communicate to a single human being till he gave his orders from head-quarters for its prompt execution. We have, however, to apologize to our readers for delaying them so long on such a subject, for endeavouring to show the probability of a negative, which, probable or not, we assert without reserve, and with the confidence of positive knowledge.

Since the above was written we have found reason to believe that we can trace to its source the absurd figment of the Fouché correspondence. In our former article we avowed our belief, founded on a passage in the Dispatches, that a female had at some period or other been employed as a messenger. We have now learned that some ten days or more before the commencement of hostilities the Knight of Kerry, on his way to Brussels, fell in with an acquaintance of his own country who had just left

Paris, and obtained from him some information as to the amount of Napoleon's force, especially in cavalry, which, on arriving at Brussels, he reported to the Duke. We may remark that the information in this instance was precisely of the description which may be obtained by clever agents, mercenary or other. It stated that at this period Napoleon had collected about 90,000 infantry, and that he had dismounted some 12,000 gendarmes in order to mount his regular cavalry. There was more difficulty perhaps in conveying than in collecting such intelligence as this. Nothing short of Mesmerism could have obtained a plan of Napoleon's campaign. The Duke avowed that the information of the Knight of Kerry's acquaintance tallied with some he had lately received. The Knight states that he understood at the time that the Duke alluded to some intelligence which had been conveyed over the frontier by a female. Having less to remember, he has thus preserved the record of a fact which had been forgotten by those who were more busily occupied at the time. We have little doubt that this is the trifling incident which has been magnified into a circumstance decisive of the Duke's movements,—the petticoat which amused *Paul*, and obfuscated the solemn judgment of Mr. Alison.

It requires some knowledge of human nature to believe that a respectable man, in possession of his senses, can, on a review of the facts, continue to entertain the notion that *surprise* is a term applicable to the position and conduct of the Duke. Let us suppose the case of a country-house in Tipperary, a period of Rockite disturbance, and a family which has received intelligence that an attack is to be made upon it. The windows are barricaded as well as circumstances will admit, but the premises are extensive, and the hall door, the kitchen, and the pantry remain weak and assailable. The trampling of footsteps is heard in the shrubbery. There would be advisers enough and confusion enough in consequence, if the head of the family were a man who invited advice, but he is an old soldier whom few would venture to approach with suggestions. His nerves are absolutely impassive to the fact that the assault is conducted by Rock in person, but he knows that Rock has the initiative and the choice of at least three eligible points of attack. He makes such disposition of his force as leaves no point unwatched; he keeps it well in hand, and refuses to move a man till the sledge-hammer

is heard at the point selected. The attack is repulsed—all the objects of the defence are accomplished, not a silver spoon is missing—most of the assailants are killed, the gang dispersed, and its leader, who had escaped down the avenue, is ultimately captured, and transported for life—tranquillity is restored to the Barony—the master of the house is knighted for his gallant defence, and made a chief inspector of police by the Government, but is deprived of his office when the Whigs come into power. Thirty years afterwards an attorney of the county town, who has lived in the main street all his life, and has never handled a blunderbuss, writes an account of the transaction, collected from some surviving under-servants, to show, first that the master was surprised, and next that his force ought from the first to have been concentrated in the pantry, because it was there that the main assault was ultimately made. His informers have also succeeded in bamboozling him with an absurd tale of an old woman who had been hired to deceive the master by making him believe that the attack was postponed.

It is not matter of theory and speculation, but of absolute demonstration, that whatever were the merits or demerits of the Duke's proceedings, they were not an accident of the moment, the offspring of haste and surprise, but strictly in accordance with and part of a preconceived system of action, adopted, in concert with his allies, on deep study and full knowledge of every circumstance of his position. Mr. Alison has formed and persists in the opinion that he could have managed the whole thing a great deal better. We do not believe that any officer exists in her Majesty's service who will not rate that opinion at its proper value. It is not for such readers that, in spite of virtuous resolutions, we have been tempted to notice it further than will be thought justifiable by those whose duty it has often been in the field to check and restrain an unnecessary waste of powder and shot. Such men will perhaps have less patience with an *article* which they must think superfluous, than with the History which provokes it. By others, however, and especially by those who are willing to believe any nonsense which can tend to lower the hard-won reputation of the Duke and elevate that of Napoleon, this English Historian's theories and visions will be caught up and quoted—just as the testimony of a reluctant, and only so far an important witness is made the most of by an Old Bailey

counsel. If Mr. Alison were a foreigner, or, being our countryman, were anything less respectable than he is—if we had less faith in his good intentions, and more distaste for his politics—if we could have traced his detraction to any source more disreputable than a desire laudable in itself, but morbid in its excess, for the credit of impartiality, we should not have taken the trouble to point out his errors and rebuke his stolid perseverance in their support.

The duty of vindicating our own accuracy in particulars in which it has been directly impugned has led us to this renewed notice of Mr. Alison's statements of fact. On matters of opinion and inference we shall be more brief. We are sensible that our conclusions on strategics are worth, as ours, no more than Mr. Alison's, and such arguments as we can venture on such a subject have been set forth in a former article at some length. We shall, therefore, now content ourselves with one more quotation from Mr. Alison. It seems to us to embody the pervading fallacy which he has so rashly adopted and pertinaciously maintained.

"It results from these considerations that in the outset of the Waterloo campaign, Napoleon, by the secrecy and rapidity of his movements, gained the advantage of Wellington and Blucher."—p. 939.

We have but one objection to the language of this passage: the word *gained* obviously implies that the advantage specified was one not ready made to Napoleon's hands, and one of which human precaution on the part of his adversaries could have deprived him. It must not be forgotten, though we shall look in vain through Mr. Alison's and other superficial narratives for any distinct notice of the fact, that paramount political considerations had condemned the Duke to a position which, in a military point of view, no one but an idiot would have chosen, and no one but a master of his art could have maintained. The history of the wars of the French Revolution perhaps presents no instance in which so many circumstances, beyond the control of the one party, combined in favour of the other, to compensate for the single though important deficiency in numerical force. No man perhaps ever lived whose nervous system was less likely to be affected by the mere prestige of Napoleon's name than the Duke's; but we have reason to believe that in one attribute the Duke considered him pre-

eminent over every one who could by possibility come under any comparison—that of promptitude and dexterity in taking advantage of a false move. We may be permitted to doubt whether this quality was ever, in any single instance, more brilliantly exemplified by Napoleon than by Wellington at Salamanca; but at all events we know that it was considered by the English commander to be the leading characteristic of his opponent of 1815. The man to whom the Duke attributed this particular pre-eminence had collected an army of veterans on the frontier of the department of the North, one bristling with fortresses in which he might cover and protect, and through which he might in safety and secrecy move, hundreds of thousands of troops; while the allies, whether to correct or improve a position erroneously taken up, must have moved along the front of this formidable position, no part of which could have been attacked by them. Up to a given moment at least—the moment when the allied powers on the Rhine should be ready to move off in concert, and keep the step—Napoleon had the indisputable advantage of the first move. Secrecy, rapidity, and choice of direction on vulnerable points, were equally at his command with priority of movement. To rush at the centre, or to throw himself on the communications of a force which leant not on the country in its rear, but on Namur on the one hand, and Ostend on the other, were modes of action equally practicable. We are inclined to think that if by any magic the Duke could suddenly, with his own knowledge of his own difficulties, have been transformed into the adviser of Napoleon, he would have suggested an attack by the line of Hal on his own right. It is very certain that he considered such an operation as one which, from its advantages, might well have attracted his opponent's choice. We know this from the caution with which, even at Waterloo, he provided against such a contingency. With a view to this danger, also, every possible exertion had been made to put into a condition of defence Mons, Ath, Tournay, Ypres, Ostend, Nieuport, and Ghent. The state in which the Duke found these places had been such as to make it impossible, in the time allowed him, to complete their defences. Still such progress had been made as to justify him in endeavouring to compass the great object of the preservation of the Belgian capital by occupying a position in advance of it, which without the support

of those places he would, as we have reason to believe, not have ventured to take up. The Duke and Blucher certainly agreed to occupy this outpost of the armies of coalized Europe on a system of their own—one which they thought best calculated to meet the impending storm in each and every of its possible directions. In the moment of impending conflict the Duke certainly did not depart from it. The first breathless courier—who might perhaps have brought intelligence of a false attack—did not shake his calm and settled purpose.

It is Mr. Alison's decision that a different system altogether should have been adopted—that the Duke and Blucher might have neutralised all the advantages on the side of Napoleon by a concentration of their forces at a certain point or points, which Mr. Alison, if consulted, would doubtless have cheerfully undertaken to select at the time. It was the opinion of the two inexperienced men charged with the responsibility of the transaction, that by doing this, while the precise point of attack was yet uncertain, defeat and disaster would have been hazarded. Mr. Alison was not at hand; and they were obliged to do as well as they could without him.

It may well be, and we believe it, that no other man living could have retained the imperturbable coolness which the Duke exhibited during the 15th at Brussels, and still less could have put off to the last the moment of general alarm by going to a ball after having given his orders. Nothing was more likely at the moment to generate the idea of a surprise than the circumstance of this ball, from which so many dancers adjourned to that supper of Hamlet, not where men eat, but where they are eaten. The delusion, however, fades before the facts of the General Orders to be found in Colonel Gurwood's volume, and is not now worth further notice for purposes of refutation. The details of the case, however, are but partially known, and they are worth recording. The late Duke of Richmond, an attached and intimate friend of the Commander-in-chief, was at Brussels. He was himself a general officer; had one son, the present Duke of Richmond, on the staff of the Prince of Orange, one on that of the Duke, and another in the Blues, and was at the battle of Waterloo, but not in any military capacity.* The brother of

* The Duke of Richmond was seen riding about the field, sometimes in situations of imminent danger, in plain clothes, with his groom behind him, exactly as

the Duchess, the late (and last) Duke of Gordon, was colonel of the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders, which, with the 42nd and 79th Highland regiments, formed part of the reserve corps stationed at Brussels. The Duchess had issued invitations for a ball for the 15th. Among other preparations for the evening she had engaged the attendance of some of the non-commissioned officers and privates of her brother's regiment and the 42nd, wishing to show her continental guests the real Highland dances in perfection. When the news of the French advance reached head-quarters, it became matter of discussion whether or not the ball should be allowed to proceed. The deliberate judgment of the Duke decided that it should. There were reasons good for this decision. It is sufficient on this head to say that the state of public feeling in the Netherlands generally, and in Brussels in particular was more than questionable. It was a thing desirable in itself to postpone to the last the inevitable moment of alarm—to shorten so far as possible that critical interval which must occur between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, between the public announcement of actual hostilities and their decision in the field. Every necessary order had been issued; and such was that state of preparation and arrangement which wise men have since questioned and criticised, that this operation had been the work of minutes, and before the festal lamps were lighted the fiery cross was on its way through the cantonments. The general officers then in Brussels had their instructions to attend and to drop off singly and without *éclat*, and join their divisions on the march. The Duke himself remained later, occupied the place of honour at the supper, and returned thanks for the toast to himself and the allied army, which was proposed by General Alava. At about eleven a dispatch arrived from the Prince of Orange, shortly after reading which the Duke retired, saluting the company graciously. On that countenance, cheerful and disengaged as usual, none could read the workings of the calm but busy mind beneath. The state of things, however, most awful to those who could least distinctly be informed of it, had partially transpired, and the fête had assumed that complexion which has been perpetuated on the

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if taking an airing in Hyde Park. His Grace's appearance at one remarkable moment is picturesquely enough described by Captain Siborne.

canvas of Byron. The bugle had sounded before the orchestra had ceased. Before the evening of the following day some of the Duchess's kilted corps de ballet were stretched in the rye of Quatre Bras, never to dance again. Rough transitions these—moralists may sigh—poets may sing—but they are the Rembrandt lights and shadows of the existence of the soldier, whose philosophy must always be that of Wolfe's favourite song—

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy then,
Whose trade it is to die?"

In this instance they were results of a cool self-possession and control, for a parallel instance of which biography may be searched in vain. And yet this ball was a symptom and remains evidence of surprise.

We remember some years ago finding ourselves in company with General Alava and a very distinguished naval officer who had borne high command in the Tagus at the period of the occupation of the lines of Torres Vedras. The latter had been a guest at a ball which was given by Lord Wellington at Mafra in November, 1810, and he described the surprise with which the gentlemen of the navy witnessed a numerous attendance of officers some twenty miles from those advanced posts in front of which lay Masséna and the French army. General Alava's Spanish impatience broke out at this want of faith, *more suo*—that is in a manner much more amusing to his friends than complimentary to the excellent sailor whose ignorance of the habits of land service under the Duke had provoked his indignation. General Alava is gone, and has left behind him nothing *simile aut secundum* for qualities of social intercourse. We could have wished to have put him upon the subject of some passages in Mr. Alison's History. The "work of twenty years," would have been consigned without ceremony to the *quatro cien mil demonios*, who figured on such occasions in the many-languaged prose of our inimitable friend. Less eloquently, but in the same spirit of just indignation, will one volume of it be always spoken of by the men, while one of them is left to speak, who stand on tiptoe when the 18th of June recurs.

Since the preceding pages were penned, and at a moment when they had become too numerous to admit of any serious

addition, Colonel Mitchell's new book, 'The Fall of Napoleon,' has reached us. Although an extended notice of it is, under such circumstances, impossible, an old and not unfriendly reviewer's acquaintance with the author of the Life of Wallenstein has forcibly attracted our attention to that section of his third volume which bears the title of Waterloo. After stating that on all points of controversy discussed in this and our former article we have been happy to find ourselves in entire accordance with Colonel Mitchell, any praise of ours may be received with suspicion; but if our limits permitted, we could show cause for our general and decided approbation of this portion of the Colonel's labours. It is more to our present purpose, while we demonstrate the identity of sentiment of which we claim the advantage as against Mr. Alison, to complain that the Colonel's services to the cause of truth have in one point been less effectually rendered than we had a right to expect.

At vol. iii. p. 157, we find the following passage:—

"After what has been said in the present book, it should, perhaps, be needless to take any notice of the idle tale contained in the so-called Memoirs of Fouché. Nor should we do so, had not foreign writers, enemies of the glory of England, and General Grollman among the rest, endeavoured to give general circulation to this poor fable."

This passage, followed by observations much in the spirit of our own on the "poor fable," is not quite fair to General Grollman, Professor Arndt, and other continental writers who, without being necessarily enemies of the glory of England, have given rash credence to the nonsense which we have now for a second time exposed. In justice to them, but far more in justice to the English reading public, which is more likely to read Alison than Grollman, the Colonel should have added that an English writer of large volumes and vast pretensions had not only shared the delusion in the first instance, but had persisted in it with culpable obstinacy after due notice of his error. The Colonel's preface is dated from Edinburgh. We think it possible that personal acquaintance, followed, as we have no doubt it would be, by personal regard, may have induced this *veniam corvis*, this leniency to the Caledonian crow, which is quite inconsistent with his censure of the Prussian dove.

Colonel Mitchell was the more bound to notice Mr. Alison's delinquency, because he more than once quotes the History as a work of grave authority.

The equally unfounded, but less malignant and mischievous invention, by which the desertion of the French General Bourmont has been magnified into an event of importance, meets with brief and proper notice from the Colonel. Blucher's contemptuous rejection of all intercourse with Bourmont is matter of history. The Duke of Wellington has no recollection of having heard the name or rank of the personage from whom, as French writers would make us believe, he obtained the plan of Napoleon's campaign. He did hear that some French officer had deserted, but no intercourse of any kind ensued.

We purposely avoid entering into any detailed discussion of certain leading theories which Colonel Mitchell omits no opportunity of bringing forward, and of incidentally supporting by inferences from facts in his narrative. In support, however, of one of these theories, the inadequacy of infantry as now armed to resist a home charge of cavalry, the Colonel, speaking of Waterloo, mentions a curious negative fact, vol. iii. p. 119:—

"Fifteen thousand cavalry were defeated in the course of this long day's battle, mostly by the fire of infantry, yet was not there a single French horseman—soldier or officer—who perished on a British bayonet; not one from first to last."

The Colonel's inference, that cavalry attacks so feebly conducted do not prove the power of resistance which he denies to infantry, is logical enough. It ought, however, to be mentioned in any discussion of the question, and for the credit of the British cavalry, that their attacks have not always been so feebly conducted. They have charged home, and the records of the Peninsular war show with various success. At Waterloo, the attack of the 10th Hussars on a square of the French Guard, in which Major Howard fell, is certainly not a conclusive instance. The failure was that of a handful of men, hastily collected, and exhausted by previous attacks. If it had succeeded, there would have been much excuse for infantry so surrounded as were the French by confusion and defeat. The conditions of the Colonel's theorem are evidently an open plain, a formed square, men on

both sides—and horses too—in good working condition. In the Peninsula the charge of Bock's German horse is fair evidence on the Colonel's side. An affair in the Peninsula, of July 11, 1810, in which the 14th Light Dragoons lost their Colonel killed, and some thirty men killed and wounded, shows, on the other hand, that cavalry may charge home and yet be repulsed. The particulars will be found in General Craufurd's letter, published in vol. iv. p. 164, of Colonel Gurwood's enlarged edition. The Appendix, p. 808, contains Marshal Masséna's report of the transaction. He says, "12 baïonnettes attestent qu'elles ont été enfoncés dans le poitrail des chevaux." With all respect for Colonel Mitchell, we venture still to doubt whether the cavalry exists which can break into an English square of infantry under the conditions assumed; and we do not think the probability much increased by the substitution of detonators for the old flint-lock which sufficed at Waterloo.

Colonel Mitchell's work will be thought by the world extremely, even wildly, unjust to Napoleon as a military leader: but many of its censures, even on the Imperial movements in their grandest and most successful scenes, are so well put that we may hereafter discuss them in a deliberate manner. Meanwhile the general ability and energy of the Colonel's style, with the high and patriotic spirit of his sentiments, authorize us in recommending to all who relish real manly description and discussion an attentive perusal of 'The Fall of Napoleon.'

We beg to suggest to Colonel Mitchell that he will do well in any future edition either to correct the press himself, or employ a French scholar for the purpose. Such havoc with the orthography of continental names we never witnessed. In one of his little woodcut maps, out of thirteen names, five are killed or wounded by the remorseless compositor; and the text is equally disfigured.

One more word at parting with Mr. Alison. In the preface to the last edition of his work, p. lxi., we find the following passage:—

"What the historian does to others, he willingly accords to himself; and certainly he feels no sort of impropriety in a youth of twenty making his first essay in letters by the criticism of the work of twenty years."

If no indiscreet vanity mislead us, these mysterious words contain a dark allusion to ourselves, and convey Mr. Alison's impression that we, his reviewers, have not attained our legal majority. We of "the gentle craft" claim upon this point the indulgence usually conceded to Mr. Alison's favourites, the gentle sex. Whatever be the amount of youth and inexperience which we have brought to the task of criticising a production so awfully designated as "the work of twenty years," we venture to remind its author that our observations have hitherto been strictly confined to a special portion of that work, and principally to inaccuracies, misstatements of facts, and errors of judgment, which an Eton boy of the lower school would, with twenty minutes' study of the documents in our possession, have been able to detect and expose. Even for handling the work *in extenso*, however, a reviewer of twenty years might in some respects be better qualified than one of older standing. We have a conscience in these matters; before we review a book we usually read it, and with greater attention than may be necessary merely to certify its general character — to discern for instance the prevalent evidences of shallowness, verbosity, and self-satisfaction. Youth has its faults, but it is the season for hard work of all kinds, and heavy reading among others. Adult and reviewing man shrinks from twenty average octavos compressed, not by the author, but by the binder, into ten. We have already intimated that we have read enough to convince us that in all our own leading doctrines—moral, political, and religious—we have an ally in Mr. Alison. The importance and interest of his subject cannot be rated too high. By and by, therefore, we may perhaps screw up our courage. If it be true that the present Lord Rector of Marischal College has announced a prize for the best essay on 'Alison's History of Europe,' we may possibly be reserving ourselves for that struggle. Meanwhile, and in return for Mr. Alison's liberal concession, we can only promise that, whenever our majority takes place, the learned Sheriff of Lanarkshire shall have received due notice, and an invitation to the festivities with which the public will expect that an event so remarkable should be celebrated. Everything will be on a scale of the greatest magnificence, and an author will be roasted whole on the occasion.

X.—VOYAGE TO THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, JUNE, 1847.(a)

THIRTY years have elapsed since one of our colleagues first addressed himself to the task of directing the public mind to the subject of Arctic exploration.* He has lived to see many of his expectations justified, and we hope he may yet see others of them realised. During the interval, those so long honoured with the fruits of his *horæ subsecivæ* have never been inattentive to the progress of that system of discovery which owes so much to the suggestions and official encouragement of that veteran. Few greater pleasures, indeed, are ours than when, from our literary signal-post we can make the number of one of those gallant vessels, returning "rough with many a scar" of bloodless conflict with the floe and iceberg, and with its log one continuous record of danger and difficulty vanquished by courage and intelligence, and of triumphs unpurchased by other human suffering than the voluntary endurance of the wise and brave in pursuit of noble ends. Well pleased have we lingered so long within the confines of that Arctic circle which has been penetrated by so many expeditions, and with interest which accumulates by the hour do we watch for the return of those two vessels which are, perhaps, even now working their southward course through Behring's Straits into the Pacific. Should the happiness be yet allowed us of witnessing that return, we are of opinion that the

* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii. p. 199.

(a) 1. *A Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions during the Years* 1839-43. By Captain Sir James Clark Ross, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1847.

2. *Notes on the Botany of the Antarctic Voyage conducted by Captain Sir J. C. Ross.* By Sir W. J. Hooker. London, 1843.

Erebus and Terror should be moored henceforth on either side of the Victory, floating monuments of what the Nelsons of discovery can dare and do at the call of their country in the service of the world. Meanwhile these two portentous names, whatever be the fate of the vessels which own them, are associated with services as brilliant and discoveries as striking, at the extremity of the globe antipodean to the region of their present employment, as any which have yet invited the notice of our columns. That such notice has not been sooner invited we can only ascribe to the fact, that between the task of collecting scientific materials and that of arranging them for publication—of overcoming danger and difficulty, and reciting their Odyssea to the public—there is all the difference to men of action and enterprise that lies between catching a hare and cooking it. We know no other reason why three years should have been suffered to elapse between Sir James Ross's safe return and the present publication, or why no authorised details of the expedition should have been made known, other than were sparingly afforded in Sir W. Hooker's botanical work of 1843. The purely scientific results have doubtless meanwhile been privately accessible to those who could turn them to account. They have, we may be sure, occupied the attention of Gauss, and Humboldt, and Sabine.* They may have supplied new elements for those wondrous calculations which enable the former from his study at Berlin to prick off on the map, to a near approximation at least, the place of the magnetic pole; they have probably suggested paragraphs for a new volume or a new edition of the 'Cosmos.' To guide the investigations, to correct the conclusions of such minds as these, is a privilege of which a British sailor may be proud.

The more popular results of this expedition, such as are appreciable by the mass of the reading public, lie in a narrow compass. The record is not diversified by any encounter with any southern counterpart to those secluded tribes of the human family who burrow in the farthest regions of the North, habitable as these regions are, and civilised in comparison with the volcanic deserts of the South. No northern explorer has, we believe, yet passed the limits of vegetable life. Even on Melville Island the lichen and the alga yet retain their place in the scheme of Nature. But

* See on this subject, Quart. Rev. vol. lxvi., art. 'Terrestrial Magnetism.'

on the ice-clad peaks of the land discovered by Sir James Ross not the minutest trace of a cryptogamous plant is discernible, and the ocean, which freezes to their base, is equally barren of aquatic vegetation. Some features, however, of the Antarctic region have a character of far greater sublimity than attaches to any scenery yet observed in the North. A continent of vast and, as yet, unmeasured extent, the northern extremity of which is situated in the 71st degree of south latitude, sheathed in eternal ice from where its sea-line gives harbour to the seal and the penguin, to where its summits, attaining three or four times the height of Hecla, like Hecla give vent to subterranean fires;—extending at nearly a right angle to this continent a precipice of ice, varying from 100 to 150 feet in height, and presenting for some 500 miles an impervious barrier to the bowsprits of

> "Those sons of Albion who, with venturous sails,
> On distant oceans caught antarctic gales:"—

these are in themselves objects which, however briefly described or roughly sketched, must take at once the highest rank among the natural wonders of the world.

Before we proceed to cite the passages in which these and other memorabilia of Sir James's expedition are described, we think it advisable to give, as far as we are able, a measure of this officer's performance by a sketch of those of his predecessors. With respect to the Arctic circle, this task has afforded Sir John Barrow the materials of a valuable volume, to which, perhaps, some additions might be obtained from the recent researches of the Society of Danish Antiquaries into the records of early Scandinavian navigation. A few lines may suffice to convey all we know of Antarctic discovery anterior to the period of Wilkes, D'Urville, and Ross. Many obvious causes have contributed to direct the attention of governments and independent navigators rather to the North Pole than the South. The dream of an available passage to Cathay has been, like many other visions, pregnant with practical results. In England, after these visions of mercantile advantage had lost their influence, the official directors of maritime enterprise have still been stimulated by the desire to resolve the geographical problem of the North-west passage, and also to map out the configuration of the continent

of North America, and of the great adjacent masses of land—thus to finish off, as it were, a work which has been in progress since the days of Baffin and Hudson—rather than to break up new ground and seek for the conjectured Terra Australis. With the exception of the expedition of Captain Cook, of which the exploration of the higher southern latitudes formed but an episode, the Antarctic department has, down to a recent period, been principally left to the casual efforts of the whale and seal hunter. The earliest exploit of importance in its annals of which any record has come under our notice is the discovery of the islands which now rather unfairly bear the name of the South Shetland, situated about the 62nd degree of south latitude. They should in justice bear the name of the honest Dutchman Dirck Gerritz, who, in his vessel of some 150 tons, was driven to them by storms in 1599 from the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan. It is true that, nearly a century earlier, the French navigator De Gonneville had acquired the reputation of having discovered a Terra Australis far to the south of Africa. Doubts, however, have always hung over the precise position of the country visited, if not discovered, by De Gonneville. It was reported extensive and well inhabited, and he brought away with him a son of its sovereign, an article of export which could hardly be obtained from the neighbourhood of the Antarctic circle. This prince was adopted by the Frenchman who had imported or kidnapped him, married, and had descendants in France, one of whom, a grandson, became a canon of Lisieux and an ambassador. It is to this person we owe an account of the voyage of De Gonneville. He was, however, unable to bring any evidence of the position of the land in question, which, having long been traced *ad libitum* on the maps of the Southern Ocean, remains still uncertain, though the probabilities of the case appear to be in favour of Madagascar. It was mainly in pursuit of this land, of which distance and uncertainty had magnified the extent and resources, that the Breton Kerguelen in 1772 embarked on the expedition which led to the discovery, three years afterwards acknowledged and confirmed by Cook, of Kerguelen Island. Of Captain Cook's expedition, thumbed as its record has been, and, we hope, continues to be, by schoolboy hands, it is unnecessary to speak in detail.

Down to 1840 we believe that no navigator of any country

but his own had penetrated beyond the point marked as Cook's farthest on the maps, or, with the exception of the Russian Bellinghausen, made any material addition to his discoveries in those latitudes. Indeed of our own countrymen one only had fulfilled the former of these conditions. This was Captain Weddell, who, in the year 1822, in a small vessel fitted for the whale and seal fishery rather than for discovery, first disproved the existence of a continental range which had been supposed to extend itself immediately to the south of the islands discovered by Gerritz and rediscovered by Smith, and then, pursuing his fortunes between the 30th and 40th degrees of longitude, ran down to the highest southern latitude yet attained by man, 74° 15′. A passage in Weddell's narrative, in which he takes occasion to lament that he was ill provided with instruments of scientific observation, may have given a pretext for the doubts which some foreign authorities have entertained as to the reality of this exploit. He told the world, however, that he had spent 240*l.* on the purchase of three chronometers, all of which performed well; and the whole tone of his narrative and of his observations on the subject of polar navigation, seemed to us to bespeak the man of instruction and research as well as enterprise. Taking into account all the circumstances of his expedition, we venture to pronounce that his performance comes nearer to those of the giants of old time, the Baffins, the Davises, and the Hudsons, than any voyage of the present age accomplished without the assistance of governments. We endeavoured at the time to set him in a proper light before his countrymen:*—if it be true, as we fear it is, that a man of such achievement died in neglected poverty, let others bear the blame.

A Russian expedition was fitted out from Cronstadt in 1819, consisting of two ships, the Vostock and the Mirui, under the command of Captains Bellinghausen and Lazarew. An account of this expedition, in two volumes, with an atlas, was published at St. Petersburgh; but, as far as we know, it still remains locked up in the Russian language. In January, 1821, they reached the latitude of 70° 30′, which, in the 'Russian Encyclopædia,' is stated to be the highest hitherto attained—but the statement is incorrect, for it falls short of Cook's farthest. An

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xxxiii. p. 280.

island was discovered in latitude 68° 57′ and longitude 90° 46′ W., and called the island of Peter I. Floating ice prevented the vessels from approaching this land nearer than fourteen miles, but its insular character appears to have been ascertained, and the height of its summits was calculated at 4200 feet. Their next discovery appears on the maps as Alexander's Island, in latitude 68° 43′, longitude 73° 10′ W. It would appear, however, that Bellinghausen was unable to trace the prolongation of this land to the south, and it has been considered as not improbable that it is continuous with the land afterwards discovered by Captain Biscoe, and designated as Graham's Land. Bellinghausen himself took care to call it Alexander's Land, not Alexander's Island. Be this as it may, to the Russian undoubtedly belonged the honour, previous to 1840, of having discovered the southernmost known land.

In 1830 and 1831 the brig Tula, of 148 tons, commanded by Captain Biscoe, prosecuted the task of discovery under special instructions from its enterprising owner, the great promoter of the southern whale-fishery, Mr. C. Enderby. Biscoe did not, like Weddell, succeed in passing beyond the degree of south latitude which had formed the limit of Cook's progress, but, to use the words of the Journal of the Geographical Society, vol. iii. p. 122, he "made two distinct discoveries, at a great distance the one from the other, and each in the highest southern latitudes which, with a few exceptions, had yet been attained, or in which land had yet been discovered." These were, first, that of Enderby's Land, in lat. 65° 57′, and long. 47° 20′ east; and next, that of a range of islands, and of land of unknown extent, situated between the 67th and 63rd degrees of south latitude, and between the 63rd and 71st degrees of west longitude. The principal range of these islands bears the name of Biscoe.

We find the distinguished name of Mr. Enderby again associated with Antarctic discovery in the case of Balleny's voyage, 1839. This voyage demands our more particular notice, because its track was followed by Sir James Ross for special reasons in his two first cruises; because some questions have arisen between the American and English expeditions, in which the precise position of the islands discovered by Balleny is concerned; and lastly, because there is every reason to suppose that land which D'Urville, in ignorance of Balleny's voyage, claims to

have discovered, had been in fact seen by Balleny. We have, indeed, little doubt that should subsequent researches prove that the south pole is the centre of a vast continent, the outworks of which in some longitudes are to be found in the neighbourhood of the 70th degree of south latitude, but indented by at least one bay to the height of the 79th, the first and second claimants to its discovery will be the gallant agents of Mr. Enderby, Captains Biscoe and Balleny. The schooner Eliza Scott, of 154 tons, commanded by Mr. John Balleny, and the dandy-rigged cutter Sabrina, of 54 tons, Mr. H. Freeman, master, sailed from the southern end of New Zealand, January 7, 1839, fitted for sealing purposes, but with Mr. Enderby's usual liberal instructions to lose no opportunity of pushing as far as possible to the south. They crossed the track of Bellinghausen on the 24th, and continued without material impediment a southward course over the very spot where the Russian navigator in lat. 63° had been compelled by ice to alter his course to the eastward in 1820. On the 1st of February they had reached the parallel of 69° in long. 172° east, 220 miles to the southward of the extreme point which Bellinghausen had been able to attain in this meridian. This evidence of the shifting character of the ice in this direction was the circumstance which induced Sir James Ross to select this quarter for his first attempts. Here the packed ice compelled them to work to the north-west; and on attaining the 66th degree, in long. 163° east, they discovered a group of islands, which turned out to be five in number. A landing was with much risk effected by Mr. Freeman on one of these, the summit of which, estimated to rise to the height of 12,000 feet, emitted smoke, as if to corroborate the evidence of volcanic origin furnished by the fragments of scoriæ and basalt mixed with crystals of olivine collected from the beachless base of its perpendicular cliffs. In their further progress the vessels must have passed within a short distance of Cape Clairée, a projection of the land to which M. D'Urville in the following year gave the name of Adelie, in right of his supposed discovery. On the 2nd of March, in lat. 69° 58′, long. 121° 8′, land was again discovered, which now figures on the map by the name of Sabrina. We cannot omit to mention that on this voyage a phenomenon was observed, which strikingly illustrated that transporting power of ice to which so extensive an influence has been attri-

buted by some eminent geologists. At a distance of 1400 miles from the nearest known land, though possibly within 300, or even 100, miles from land which may hereafter be discovered, an iceberg was seen with a block of rock, some twelve feet in height, attached to it at nearly a hundred feet from the sea-line. We cannot here pursue the train of reflection and theory which the appearance of this luggage-van of the ocean is calculated to suggest. Mr. Darwin on this, and other similar evidence, observes that "if one iceberg in a thousand, or ten thousand, transports its fragment, the bottom of the Antarctic sea, and the shores of its islands, must already be scattered with masses of foreign rock, the counterpart of the erratic boulders of the northern hemisphere." It must be gratifying to the writer in the Journal of the Geographical Society, vol. ix. p. 517, to whom we are indebted for what we know of Balleny's voyage, to find that his anticipations of its proving useful to the success of Sir James Ross's greater expedition have been so fully borne out.

The services of Ross and his gallant companions covered a space of three years, exclusive of the passages to and from the Cape of Good Hope. During this period three distinct voyages were accomplished. Their first departure from Simon's Bay took place on the 6th of April, 1840, and pursuing a course to the northward of, and nearly parallel to, the 50th degree of south latitude, they reached Van Diemen's Land on the 16th of August, after having passed two months and a half of the winter season at Kerguelen's Island. On the 12th of November, 1840, they left Hobart Town, and, after some stay at the Auckland Islands, finally sailed in a direct course towards those entirely unexamined regions which were the main points of their ambition. They returned to Hobart Town late in the autumn of that latitude, April 7, 1841. During this cruise was accomplished the discovery of the vast extent of mountainous continent which now bears the gracious name of Victoria; the active volcano, Mount Erebus, and the extinct one, Mount Terror; and the icy barrier, probably an outwork of continued land, which, running east and west for some hundred miles in the 78th degree of south latitude, prevents all approach to the pole on either side of the 180th degree of longitude. Between July and November the vessels visited Sydney and New Zealand, remaining three months at the latter.

The second voyage commenced on the 15th of November, 1841, and was pursued towards the region explored in the former trip, and with nearly the same success. From the 18th of December to the 2nd of February, the ships were employed in forcing their way through pack-ice from the 62nd to the 68th degree of south latitude; and when, on the 23rd of February, they at length reached the icy barrier, in long. 162° west, the season was too far advanced to admit of further attempts to find an opening. Having approached within a mile and a half of the barrier, in lat. 78° 10′ south, some six miles farther to the southward than the limit of their former voyage, they commenced their reluctant retreat, and, not having seen land for 138 days, gained a winter anchorage in Berkeley Sound, off the Falkland Islands, on the 6th of April, 1842. The spring season of this year, between September and December, was occupied by a cruise to Cape Horn, and back to Berkeley Sound.

The third polar voyage was commenced on the 17th of December, 1842, in a direction nearly opposite to that of the two former years, and towards the region explored by Weddell. The difficulties and dangers encountered in this last attempt appear to have exceeded those of the two former voyages, and the lat. 71° 30′, long. 15° west, formed the limit of their southward cruise. The ships gained the Cape of Good Hope on the 4th of April, 1843, within two days of three years after they had first quitted those parts.

We do not profess in the above summary to have enumerated all the commanders who, between the period of Cook's expedition and the year 1840, had attained high southern latitudes in various directions, or even made discoveries of land. We believe, however, that from it our readers may derive a correct general notion of the condition and progress of Antarctic discovery down to the period when the French and American expeditions, under D'Urville and Wilkes, gained, nearly simultaneously, some ten months' start of Ross in these seas. The result of these expeditions, so far as concerns our present subject, may best be given in the following passages from Sir James Ross's work:—

"The most interesting news that awaited us on our arrival at Van Diemen's Land [August, 1840] related to the discoveries made, during the last summer, in the southern regions by the French expedition, consisting of the Astrolabe and Zelée, under the command of

Captain Dumont D'Urville, and by the United States expedition, under Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, in the frigate Vincennes.

"The accounts published, by the authority of Captain D'Urville, in the local papers, stated, that the French ships sailed from Hobart Town on the 1st of January, 1840, and discovered land on the evening of the 19th; and on the 21st some of the officers landed upon a small islet lying some distance from the mainland, and procured some specimens of its granitic rock. D'Urville traced the land in a continuous line one hundred and fifty miles, between the longitudes of 136° and 142° east, in about the latitude of the Antarctic circle. It was entirely covered with snow, and there was not the least appearance of vegetation: its general height was estimated at about one thousand three hundred feet. M. D'Urville named it Terre Adélie. Proceeding to the westward, they discovered and sailed about sixty miles along a solid wall of ice, one hundred and fifty feet high, which he, believing to be a covering or crust of a more solid base, named Côte Clairée. It must have been extremely painful to the enterprising spirit of D'Urville to be obliged to relinquish a more extended exploration of this new-discovered land; but the weakly condition of his crews imperatively demanded of him to discontinue their laborious exertions, and return to a milder climate to restore the health of his enfeebled people, upon finding that the western part of the Côte Clairée turned away suddenly to the southward. He accordingly bore away on the 1st of February, and reached Hobart Town on the 17th of the same month, after an absence of only seven weeks. Although the western point of Côte Clairée had been seen by Balleny in the preceding summer, it was mistaken by him for an enormous iceberg, and the land he at first imagined he saw behind it he afterwards thought might only be clouds. These circumstances are mentioned in the log-book of the Eliza Scott, but are not inserted here with the least intention of disputing the unquestionable right of the French to the honour of this very important discovery.

"The result of the American expedition was, in compliance with the instructions of the government, kept profoundly secret on their return to Sydney, and nothing appeared in the local papers respecting their extensive operations but uncertain conjectures and contradictory statements. I felt, therefore, the more indebted to the kind and generous consideration of Lieutenant Wilkes, the distinguished commander of the expedition, for a long letter on various subjects, which his experience had suggested as likely to prove serviceable to me, under the impression that I should still attempt to penetrate to the southward on some of the meridians he had visited; a tracing of his original chart accompanied his letter, showing the great extent

of his discoveries, and pointing out to me those parts of the coast which he thought we should find most easily accessible. These documents would indeed have proved of infinite value to me had I felt myself compelled to follow the strict letter of my instructions; and I do not the less appreciate the motives which prompted the communication of those papers because they did not eventually prove so useful to me as the American commander had hoped and expected: and I avail myself of this opportunity of publicly expressing the deep sense of thankfulness I feel to him for his friendly and highly honourable conduct.

"The arduous and persevering exertions of this expedition, continued throughout a period of more than six weeks, under circumstances of great peril and hardship, cannot fail to reflect the highest credit on those engaged in the enterprise, and excite the admiration of all who are in the smallest degree acquainted with the laborious and difficult nature of an icy navigation: but I am grieved to be obliged to add, that at the present time they do not seem to have received either the approbation or reward their spirited exertions merit. The narrative of their comprehensive labours is now in the hands of the public; I need, therefore, make no further remark here on the subject.

"That the commanders of each of these great national undertakings should have selected the very place for penetrating to the southward, for the exploration of which they were well aware at the time that the expedition under my command was expressly preparing, and thereby forestalling our purposes, did certainly greatly surprise me. I should have expected their national pride would have caused them rather to have chosen any other path in the wide field before them, than one thus pointed out, if no higher consideration had power to prevent such an interference. They had, however, the unquestionable right to select any point they thought proper at which to direct their efforts, without considering the embarrassing situation in which their conduct might have placed me. Fortunately, in my instructions, much had been left to my judgment under unforeseen circumstances; and, impressed with the feeling that England had ever *led* the way of discovery in the southern as well as in the northern regions, I considered it would have been inconsistent with the pre-eminence she has ever maintained if we were to follow in the footsteps of the expedition of any other nation. I therefore resolved at once to avoid all interference with their discoveries, and selected a much more easterly meridian (170° E.), on which to endeavour to penetrate to the southward, and, if possible, reach the magnetic pole.

"My chief reason for choosing this particular meridian, in prefer-

ence to any other, was its being that upon which Balleny had, in the summer of 1839, attained to the latitude of 69°, and there found an open sea; and not, as has been asserted, that I was deterred from any apprehension of an equally unsuccessful issue to any attempt we might make where the Americans and French had so signally failed to get beyond even the 67° of latitude. For I was well aware how ill-adapted their ships were for a service of that nature, from not being fortified to withstand the shocks and pressure they must have been necessarily exposed to had they ventured to penetrate any extensive body of ice. They would have equally failed had they tried it upon the meridian I had now chosen, for it will be seen we met with a broad belt of ice, upwards of two hundred miles across, which it would have been immediate destruction to them to have encountered; but which, in our fortified vessels, we could confidently run into, and push our way through into the open sea beyond. Without such means it would be utterly impossible for any one, under such circumstances, however bold or persevering, to attain a high southern latitude."—vol. i. pp. 113–118.

Any detailed notice of the published voyages of the two able and distinguished navigators with whom the pursuit of a common object brought Captain Ross into a generous and peaceful rivalry, is beside our present purpose. We must pay, however, our tribute of admiration to the skill of French artists and the liberality of French Government patronage, as illustrated in the splendid atlas of D'Urville. Nor can we omit to lament the dreadful and untimely death, by the catastrophe on the Versailles railroad, of the man whose genius and enterprise furnished the materials for such a work. To Captain Wilkes we must also acknowledge our obligations for many agreeable hours of pleasant reading, which have left upon us a strong impression of the professional merits of the author and his gallant associates. We are, moreover, bound to say, on the evidence which he does not scruple to furnish, that we consider the merits of his exploits much enhanced by the circumstance that the naval departments of his country appear to have acted with negligence, at the least, towards the brave men whom it sent on the service in question. Between the officers and men of the United States and England, respectively, we are as incompetent as we should be reluctant to draw any comparison which should strike a balance in favour of either. We rest satisfied with the general conviction that there is no service, warlike or scientific, which they will not

be found qualified and zealous to discharge to the extreme limit of human ability. We cannot, however, but entertain, on the evidence of Captain Wilkes' own pages, a complacent conviction that, however rivalled by our Anglo-Saxon relations in blue water, we as yet manage matters better in the dockyard. If, with respect to an isolated occurrence in this instance, a controversy has arisen in which the evidence appears to us conclusive in favour of Sir J. Ross, we are the less inclined to leave unnoticed the fact that the American ships appear to have been not only insufficiently strengthened for this Polar navigation—which in their case, as in that of Captain Cook, formed but an episode of their instructions—but ill-found for an extensive voyage of discovery in any direction.

It was on the 11th of January, 1841, and in that 71st degree of south latitude which formed the limit of Cook's southward course, that the first distinct vision was obtained by Ross's expedition of the vast volcanic continent which bars access to the southern magnetic pole, and probably to the pole of the earth. Appearances of land there had been some days earlier, sufficiently plausible to have deterred less experienced navigators, and perhaps to have left spurious traces on maps which might have waited long for correction. On this day, however, Mount Sabine rose conspicuous in the view, attaining, as was afterwards ascertained, the height of nearly 10,000 feet, at a distance of some thirty miles from the coast. A long range of mountains of scarcely less elevation was perceived towards the north-west. The magnetic observations taken here placed the magnetic pole in lat. 76°, long. 145° 20′ E., therefore in the direction true south-west from the position of the ships, and distant some 500 miles. The land, however, Sir James says—

"interposed an insuperable obstacle to our direct approach to it; and we had to choose whether we should trace the coast to the north-west, with the hope of turning the western extreme of the land, and thence proceed to the south, or follow the southerly coast-line, and thence take a more westerly course. The latter was preferred, as being more likely to extend our researches into higher latitudes, and as affording a better chance of afterwards attaining one of the principal objects of our voyage; and although we could not but feel disappointed in our expectation of shortly reaching the magnetic pole, yet these mountains, being in our way, restored to

England the honour of the discovery of the southernmost known land, which had been nobly won by the intrepid Bellinghausen, and for more than twenty years retained by Russia."—p. 187.

The mainland, fenced by a projecting barrier of ice, on which a tremendous surf was breaking, defied all attempts at access, but at much risk a hasty landing was effected on one of a group of islands situated in lat. 71° 56′, and long. 171° 7′ E. The usual ceremonies of taking possession were solemnized under a heavy assault from the aboriginal inhabitants, the penguins, who disputed with their beaks the title of Queen Victoria. Not a trace of vegetation was perceived; but that of our Australasian colonies may one day profit by the accumulated guano of ages, which annoyed the stoutest of the invaders by its stench. Whales were swarming in all directions, unconscious that the spell of that long security which they had enjoyed in this remote region was probably broken; thirty were counted at one time. We can hardly, however, share Sir James's anticipations as to the future success of our whale-fishers in this quarter. For the present, at least, we believe that in such distant regions the whale-fishing can only be pursued with profit in conjunction with the chase of the seal. The precipitous cliffs of the circumpolar continents, or islands, would appear in no instance to afford that line of beach which is essential for the capture of the seal; and we cannot believe that underwriters would insure on moderate terms against the chances of packed ice, beyond a certain latitude. From this date the ships struggled on to the southward, generally against adverse winds, to the 73rd degree, discovering and naming, after various official and scientific individuals, new mountains and islands. In a moment of calm the dredge was let down in 270 fathoms; and the result was a variety of living plunder, the Captain's remarks whereupon must be quoted:—

"It was interesting among these creatures to recognise several that I had been in the habit of taking in equally high northern latitudes; and, although contrary to the general belief of naturalists, I have no doubt that from however great a depth we may be enabled to bring up the mud and stones of the bed of the ocean, we shall find them teeming with animal life; the extreme pressure at the greatest depth does not appear to affect these creatures. Hitherto we have not been able to determine this point beyond a thousand

fathoms; but from that depth several shellfish have been brought up with the mud.—p. 202.

On the 22nd of January the reckoning of the ships gave the latitude 74° 20′ south, and a double allowance of grog was issued to celebrate the first attainment of a higher latitude than that accomplished by Weddell. After struggling through the heavy packed ice which fringed the coast for 50 miles, they gained clear water on the 20th; Mount Melbourne, a peak some 12,000 feet high, being visible at a distance of perhaps eighty miles. A landing was with much difficulty effected on an island twelve miles long, honoured with the name of Franklin; and this proceeding led Ross to the conclusion that the vegetable kingdom has no representative whatever in those latitudes. Animal vitality, however, triumphs here over all obstacles, both on land and in the ocean; and the petrel, the gull, and the seal swarm about precipices of igneous rock, which leave no ledge on which the footboard of a captain's gig can be planted. In the night of January 27, the ship stood in clear weather towards some land which at first seemed an island, but which turned out to be the peak of a volcano 12,600 feet in height, in full activity, upon the continent. This magnificent and impressive object was named Mount Erebus; and an extinct, or at least inactive neighbour, of about 11,000 feet in elevation, was called Mount Terror. We find what follows in the Notes to the 'Botany of the Antarctic Expedition,' drawn up by Sir W. Hooker, from the journal of his son, the accomplished naturalist to the expedition:—

"It was on the following day, Jan. 28, in lat 76° 57′, long. 169° 25′, that was first descried that active volcano which could not fail to form a spectacle the most stupendous and imposing that can be imagined; whether considered in regard to its position, 77° S. lat., or in reference to the fact that no human eye had gazed on it before, or to its elevation of 12,600 feet above the level of the sea. What increased the wonder is, that it is but one of a stupendous chain of mountains—a portion of a new continent, of vast but undefined extent—the whole mass, from its highest point to the ocean's edge, covered with everlasting snow and ice; the sun at that season never setting, but day and night exhibiting the same spectacle of the extremes of nature's heat and cold. In mentioning such a phenomenon I may be allowed to make the following extract from my son's letter:—'The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather

more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfectly unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colours of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward. This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it really caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and, at the same time, an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of his hand.'"

Another great natural feature of these regions was met with on the following day, and is thus described by Captain Ross:—

"As we approached the land under all studding-sails, we perceived a low white line extending from its extreme eastern point as far as the eye could discern to the eastward. It presented an extraordinary appearance, gradually increasing in height as we got nearer to it, and proving at length to be a perpendicular cliff of ice, between 150 and 200 feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its even seaward face. What was beyond it we could not imagine; for, being much higher than our mast's head, we could not see anything except the summit of a lofty range of mountains, extending to the southward as far as the 79th degree of latitude. These mountains, being the southernmost land hitherto discovered, I felt great satisfaction in naming after Captain Sir William Edward Parry, R.N., in grateful remembrance of the honour he conferred upon me by calling the northernmost known land on the globe by my name. . . . . Whether 'Parry Mountains' again take an easterly trending, and form the base to which this extraordinary mass of ice is attached, must be left to future navigators to determine. If there be land to the southward, it must be very remote, or of much less elevation than any other part of the coast we have seen, or it would have appeared above the barrier. Meeting with such an obstruction was a great disappointment to us all, for we had already, in expectation, passed far beyond the 80th degree, and had even appointed a rendezvous there in case of the ships separating. It was, however, an obstruction of such a character as to leave no doubt upon my mind as to

our future proceedings, for we might with equal chance of success try to sail through Dover cliffs as penetrate such a mass."—p. 217.

In the course of this and the following voyage this barrier was traced through some thirty degrees of longitude, or for nearly 450 miles; the vessels taking every opportunity which winds, currents, and icebergs permitted of standing in towards it. But no symptom of indentation, save one, presented itself in the compact and even precipice. In long. 187° east, the appearance of a bay invited investigation, and the barrier was approached on February 9, to the distance of a quarter of a mile. Gigantic icicles pendent from the cliffs proved that the operation of thawing was not absolutely unknown to the locality. Still the thermometer, at a season of the year equivalent to an English August, ranged at noon no higher than 14°, and in this sheltered recess young ice was forming so rapidly, that the ships had the narrowest possible escape from being frozen up. On the 14th of February the main pack of ice was reported in every direction, except to windward, and the ships were hauled to the wind to make their retreat—amid blinding snow, and with frozen decks and rigging—from a chain of icebergs, probably aground, one of which was nearly four miles long. The wind afterwards changed to the eastward, and the ships sailed before it with the intention of making another attempt to reach the magnetic pole, and of seeking a winter harbour in its vicinity. But hopes, which none but such navigators as Ross could now have had the fortitude to entertain, were frustrated. The only position observed which would have answered the latter purpose was found to be fenced by an outwork of 15 miles of solid ice, and on February 17 the two commanders reluctantly concurred in the impossibility of making a nearer approach to the magnetic pole, from which at this moment they were distant 160 miles:—

"Had it been possible to have found a place of security upon any part of this coast where we might have entered, in sight of the brilliant burning mountain, and at so short a distance from the magnetic pole, both of these interesting spots might have been reached by travelling parties in the following spring; but all our efforts to effect that object proved quite unsuccessful. Although our hopes of complete attainment were not realized, yet it was some satisfaction to know we had approached the pole some hundreds of miles nearer

than any of our predecessors; and, from the multitude of observations that were made in so many different directions from it, its position may be determined with nearly as much accuracy as if we had actually reached the spot itself. It was nevertheless painful to behold, at a distance, easily accessible under other circumstances, the range of mountains in which the pole is placed, and few can understand the deep feelings of regret with which I felt myself compelled to abandon the, perhaps, too ambitious hope I had so long cherished of being permitted to plant the flag of my country in both the magnetic poles of our globe."—p. 246.

In the course of his northward progress, Sir J. Ross takes occasion to notice a circumstance which must make the task of a navigator of these seas far more unenviable than that of the Arctic explorer;—this is, the more constant prevalence of a swell so heavy as to make the calm, in the vicinity of land or iceberg, more dangerous even than the gale, preventing the use of boats to tow the ship from danger, and frustrating the effects of such feeble airs as would give her steerage-way in the smooth water of the Arctic seas. The dangers of gale and calm were alike overcome by the admirable management and unflinching perseverance of officers and men. On March 2, for instance, while the Terror's bows and rigging were encrusted with ice, some of the hands were slung over the latter for two hours, drenched at every plunge of the ship, while repairing the shackle of the bobstay, broken by rough contact with the pack-ice. At this date they fell in with some of the islands discovered by Balleny, and had the satisfaction of verifying the accuracy of his observations. On the 16th they sailed over the precise spot which, on the chart furnished by the kindness of Captain Wilkes, had been marked as *mountainous land*. It is unfortunate that the liberality with which that officer communicated to his British competitors the information which he conceived might be useful for their guidance, should have led to a result which has occasioned him some annoyance. For the details of the controversy which has arisen, we must refer our readers to Sir James Ross's volumes. We cannot doubt that Captain Wilkes was mistaken, and that his mistake originated in a too ready acceptance of a supposed observation of land by one of his subordinates,—an accident to which the deception of fog and the interruptions of ice must often expose even experienced and scrupulous

navigators. On the 6th of April the ships were moored in safety in the Derwent, Van Diemen's Land, bringing back in health and safety every individual who had embarked in them there in November of the former year.

The second cruise of the expedition was directed towards the eastern extremity of that icy barrier which had repelled the attempt of the preceding year. The barrier was again reached, and the extreme southern limit of the former voyage was passed; but the track now followed led to no such discoveries of land as had immortalised that voyage, and a detention of fifty-six days in packed ice from the 60th to the 67th degree of south latitude lost them the best part of the season for the prosecution of their intended survey, or for penetrating or turning, perchance, the flank of the icy barrier. Their detention in the pack-ice was not merely one of those trials of patience of which Arctic voyages of discovery present so many examples, but of the strength of timber and iron, of rope and canvas, and still more of every resource of human courage, skill, and nautical experience. The narrow pools in which the vessels floated were no mill-ponds protected by the surrounding ice from the fury of the Antarctic tempests. These narrow spaces combined the mountain-swell of the open ocean with all the horrors of a lee shore and an intricate navigation. Lifted by ice one moment, and thrown on their beam-ends the next by sudden squalls—exposed in one instance for twenty-eight hours to a combination of influences, which at any instant of those weary hours would have crushed to fragments any ship of ordinary construction—the gallant vessels still held their own. The hawsers snapped by which at the commencement of the gale they endeavoured to moor themselves to the nearest floe. The rudders were torn from the stern-posts—the masts quivered to every collision with the grinding masses of ice—the storm-sails, by backing and filling which they could alone avoid or mitigate such collision, strained to the gale—the vessels were tossed in dangerous proximity to each other; but Providence helped those who helped themselves, and the gale had scarcely abated when the spare rudders had been fixed and due examination had shown that the skilful construction of the vessels and the compact stowage of their holds had enabled them to ride through every danger without any vital injury. At length, on the 1st of February, in latitude 67° 29′ S. and

longitude 159° W., they emerged from their stormy prison into a comparatively clear sea. Under ordinary circumstances the appearance of stars to men, who for five weeks had scarcely seen the bowsprit from the quarter-deck through fog and blinding snow, would have been welcome enough, but this apparition told them that the season for navigating those seas was fast drawing to a close. On the 16th of February, in latitude 75°, though cheered by the prospect of a clear sea, they could not but remember that two days anterior to this date in the former year the young ice had enforced a retreat. The present temperature, indeed, indicated a milder season than the last, but on the 21st, with the thermometer at 19° and a clear sea, the waves froze as they fell on the decks and rigging, and while the people of the Terror were cutting it away from her bows, a small fish was found in the mass, which must have been dashed against the ship and instantly frozen fast. Being laid aside for preservation, it was unfortunately pounced upon by an unscientific cat. On the 23rd the great barrier was seen from the mast-head. It was approached within a mile and a half, but young ice prevented a nearer approach, and every indentation was frozen up. In latitude 78° 9′, six miles in advance of the former year, with strong indications of land, but without that certainty required by such an observer as Sir James Ross, he was again compelled by the advanced state of the season to close his operations—which, but for their unlooked-for detention, and the time spent in forcing their way through more than a thousand miles of pack-ice, might have led to far greater results.

It was now determined to shape the most direct course the pack would admit for the Falkland Islands, at which Sir James proposed to refit previous to a third trial of his fortunes on that meridian of 35° W. longitude, on which Captain Weddell had reached the 75th degree of latitude.

It was found impossible to effect a short passage through any opening in the body of the ice, but the flank of the pack was successfully turned, and, in latitude 64°, on the 7th of March, the first specimen of the vegetable kingdom was hailed in the appearance of small pieces of sea-weed. An awful moment of danger yet remained to try the skill and courage of both ships' companies. It is due to them to quote entire the vivid description of their commander:—

"During the next three days we made rapid progress to the eastward, experiencing strong southerly winds and severe weather, but we met only four or five bergs during a run of several hundred miles, and began to think we had got to the northward of their latitude. On the afternoon of the 12th, however, several were seen during thick weather, and whilst we were running, under all the sail we could carry, to a strong north-westerly breeze. In the evening the wind increased so much, and the snow-showers became so incessant, that we were obliged to proceed under more moderate sail. Numerous small pieces of ice were also met with, warning us of the presence of bergs, concealed by the thickly falling snow. Before midnight I directed the topsails to be close-reefed, and every arrangement made for rounding-to until daylight, deeming it too hazardous to run any longer. Our people had hardly completed these operations when a large berg was seen ahead, and quite close to us; the ship was immediately hauled to the wind on the port tack, with the expectation of being able to weather it; but just at this moment the Terror was observed running down upon us, under her topsails and foresail, and as it was impossible for her to clear both the berg and the Erebus, collision was inevitable. We instantly hove all aback to diminish the violence of the shock; but the concussion when she struck us was such as to throw almost every one off his feet: our bowsprit, fore-topmast, and other smaller spars, were carried away; and the ships, hanging together, entangled by their rigging, and dashing against each other with fearful violence, were falling down upon the weather-face of the lofty berg under our lee, against which the waves were breaking and foaming to near the summit of its perpendicular cliffs. Sometimes she rose high above us, almost exposing her keel to view, and again descended as we in our turn rose to the top of the wave, threatening to bury her beneath us, whilst the crashing of the breaking upperworks and boats increased the horror of the scene. Providentially they gradually forged past each other and separated before we drifted down amongst the foaming breakers—and we had the gratification of seeing her clear the end of the berg and of feeling that she was safe. But she left us completely disabled; the wreck of the spars so encumbered the lower yards, that we were unable to make sail, so as to get headway on the ship; nor had we room to wear round, being by this time so close to the berg that the waves, when they struck against it, threw back their sprays into the ship. The only way left to us to extricate ourselves from this awful and appalling situation was by resorting to the hazardous expedient of a stern-board, which nothing could justify during such a gale and with so high a sea running, but to avert the danger which every

moment threatened us of being dashed to pieces. The heavy rolling of the vessel, and the probability of the masts giving way each time the lower yard-arms struck against the cliffs, which were towering high above our mast-heads, rendered it a service of extreme danger to loose the mainsail; but no sooner was the order given than the daring spirit of the British seaman manifested itself. The men ran up the rigging with as much alacrity as on any ordinary occasion; and although more than once driven off the yard, they, after a short time, succeeded in loosing the sail. Amidst the roar of the wind and sea, it was difficult both to hear and to execute the orders that were given, so that it was three-quarters of an hour before we could get the yards braced bye, and the maintack hauled on board sharp aback—an expedient that, perhaps, had never before been resorted to by seamen in such weather; but it had the desired effect. The ship gathered stern-way; plunging her stern into the sea, washing away the gig and quarter-boats, and with her lower yard-arms scraping the rugged face of the berg, we in a few minutes reached its western termination. The 'under tow,' as it is called, or the reaction of the water from its vertical cliffs, alone preventing us being driven to atoms against it. No sooner had we cleared it, than another was seen directly astern of us, against which we were running; and the difficulty now was to get the ship's head turned round and pointed fairly through between the two bergs, the breadth of the intervening space not exceeding three times her own breadth; this, however, we happily accomplished; and in a few minutes after getting before the wind, she dashed through the narrow channel, between two perpendicular walls of ice, and the foaming breakers which stretched across it, and the next moment we were in smooth water under its lee.

"The Terror's light was immediately seen and answered: she had rounded-to, waiting for us, and the painful state of suspense her people must have endured as to our fate could not have been much less than our own; for the necessity of constant and energetic action to meet the momentarily varying circumstances of our situation left us no time to reflect on our imminent danger.

"We hove-to on the port tack, under the lee of the berg, which now afforded us invaluable protection from the fury of the storm, which was still raging above and around us; and commenced clearing away the wreck of the broken spars, saving as much of the rigging as possible; whilst a party were engaged preparing others to replace them.

"As soon as day broke we had the gratification of learning that the Terror had only lost two or three small spars, and had not suffered any serious damage; the signal of 'all's well,' which we

hoisted before there was light enough for them to see it, and kept flying until it was answered, served to relieve their minds as speedily as possible of any remaining anxiety on our account.

"A cluster of bergs was seen to windward, extending as far as the eye could discern, and so closely connected, that, except the small opening by which we had escaped, they appeared to form an unbroken continuous line; it seems, therefore, not at all improbable that the collision with the Terror was the means of our preservation, by forcing us backwards to the only practicable channel, instead of permitting us, as we were endeavouring, to run to the eastward, and become entangled in a labyrinth of heavy bergs, from which escape might have been impracticable."—vol. ii. pp. 217-221.

The harbour of Port Sims was reached on the 7th of April; and the interval from this date to the close of the year was occupied in the refitting of the ships, in the prosecution of scientific occupations, and in a voyage to and from Cape Horn.

We shall not at present offer any detailed remarks on the last and least successful of the three voyages. The lottery, in which Weddell had drawn the prize of a mild season and an open sea, presented to Ross nothing but the blank of pack-ice, contrary gales, and, in one quarter, a barrier much resembling that of the 78th degree, though of inferior altitude. Before these obstacles, and the near approach of the Antarctic winter, the ships were finally put about in the 71st degree, on the 7th March. They came safely to anchor at the Cape of Good Hope on the 4th of April, 1843.

One sailor, washed overboard near Kerguelen Island, and a quartermaster, James Angelly, who fell from the mainyard on their return from the second cruise, make up the whole list of fatal casualties for the three years of toil and danger. The sick list is equally compendious—a single officer and sailor invalided, and since recovered. These statistics are the best commentary on the management, as well as the outfit, of the expedition.

One important branch of the commission intrusted to it has been admirably carried out by its botanist, Mr. S. D. Hooker, a worthy son of the learned Director of the Kew Gardens. It must be remembered that the operations of the expedition, though they were extended beyond the regions of vegetable life, were not confined to such barren latitudes. The ships were in no instance frozen up, and the long intervals of nautical inaction

were fertile in employment for Mr. Hooker, in such localities as the Falkland Islands and New Zealand. We believe that a moderate government grant was never more scrupulously and ably applied than the 500*l.* allotted for his publication of the 'Flora Antarctica'—a book which must find its place in every botanist's library, and which contains much matter interesting to other classes of readers.

The extracts which we have given may save us the trouble of commenting on Sir James Ross's work, as respects literary execution. They will speak better than we could for the plain, modest, and manly taste of the author—which seems entirely worthy of his high professional character and signal services.

We must beg a parting word with those who persevere in asking the old utilitarian question, What good is to result from these discoveries? What interest shall we receive for the expense of outfit, pay, and allowances? We are not about to make a flourish about national reputation, the advance of science, or other topics of small interest to such questioners. Let them study the pamphlet of Mr. C. Enderby in connexion with the description of the Auckland Islands given in the sixth chapter of Sir James Ross's first volume. They will learn that this little group is singularly adapted, by position and other natural features, to assist the revival of a most important, though at present, to all appearance, moribund department of British industry, the Southern Whale-fishery. We care not whether the term be used in that extensive sense which it has derived from the circumstance that the vessels destined for it take a southern departure from England, or whether it be used with more limited reference to the southern circumpolar regions. In the former sense, it may be said to embrace the whole extent of ocean *minus* the Greenland seas. If the time should arrive, perhaps some symptoms of its approach are discernible, when Englishmen can find capital, leisure, and intellect, for any object and any enterprise other than that of connecting points in space by intervening bars of iron, we believe that few speculations will be found more sound, more profitable, and more congenial to our national habits than that suggested by the present grantee of the Auckland Islands, which were discovered under his auspices—the industrious, the liberal, and the eminently sagacious and practical Mr. Enderby.

XI.—BORNEO AND CELEBES.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, SEPTEMBER, 1848. (*).

THE Poet of Madoc has expressed in language more elevated than we could summon, but not more faithful than our humblest prose, the feelings with which we a few months ago witnessed the departure from Spithead of H. M. S. Meander:—

Now go your way, ye gallant company;
God and good angels guard ye as ye go!
Blow fairly, winds of heaven; ye ocean waves,
Swell not in anger to that fated fleet!
For not of conquest greedy, nor of gold,
Seek they the distant world. Blow fairly, winds;
Waft, waves of ocean, well your blessed load!

Most of our readers will be aware that this vessel conveys back from a brief sojourn in England, to the scene of those exploits which have been noticed in a recent number of this Journal, the Rajah of Sarawak and Governor of Labuan, and that she is commanded by his gallant associate Captain Keppell, whose work we then reviewed. A worthy successor of Captain Keppell has taken up the wondrous tale of Bornean adventure. We would fain hope that our appreciation of the unexhausted interest of the subject will be shared by our readers—not excepting those who have honoured with their attention our previous endeavours to bring it under public notice. What it has lost in novelty

(*) 1. *Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes, down to the Occupation of Labuan, from the Journals of James Brooke, Esq., Rajah of Sarawak and Governor of Labuan; together with a Narrative of the Operations of H. M. S. Iris.* By Captain Rodney Mundy, R.N. Two volumes, 8vo. London, 1848.

2. *Sarawak, its Inhabitants and Productions: being Notes during a Residence in that Country with H. H. the Rajah Brooke.* By Hugh Low, Colonial Secretary at Labuan. 8vo. London, 1848.

it has gained in importance. Those who have watched through Captain Keppell's pages the establishment of the strange dominion of the solitary English adventurer, will recognise with satisfaction in Captain Mundy's continuation of the narrative of occurrences down to a later period, the evidence of its healthful progress, and the confirmation of those impressions of the character of Mr. Brooke (now Sir James Brooke, K.C.B.), and the value of his achievements, which we and all derived from the work of Captain Mundy's predecessor in naval command and authorship.

The personal narrative of Captain Mundy occupies only a latter portion of his two volumes; the whole of the first and four chapters of the second consist of the English Rajah's Journal. We believe that it has required strong persuasion to induce him to give to the public those memoranda of his actions and his thoughts which were intended for no eye but his own. It often happens that authors have little reason to thank the friends by whose mild compulsion they have been induced to forego their original intentions; and we have but to look through the columns of any critical journal to see how often such persuasion has been alleged as an apology for acts of desperate publication which no such plea could justify. The absence of art and deliberation is in itself no recommendation, and the record of insignificant adventure or superficial observation can derive no claim on our respect even from the valuable qualities of truth and simplicity which belong, or ought to belong, to a diary. Where, however, the field of observation is new and remote, where the diarist has to record not only strange sights but strong actions, we then recognise an obligation to those who bring to light the unadorned log of his career, and are glad that the distinction between the writer and the maker of history is for the moment obliterated.

The earlier part of the Journal in question is occupied by a voyage in the Royalist schooner to Celebes, justly designated by Sir Stamford Raffles as "that whimsically-shaped island." Since the date of Sir Stamford's address to the Batavian Society, 1813, we believe that little has been added to our knowledge of the extensive seaboard presented by its fantastic indentations, and still less to that of its interior. The account given in that address of the curious and somewhat Polish elective monarchy, with a Venetian council, prevalent among the numerous inde-

pendent states into which the island is divided, is confirmed by Sir J. Brooke:—

"The state of Boni;" he writes (vol. i. p. 39), "now the most powerful in Celebes, is of recent origin, and presents the curious spectacle of an aristocratic elective monarchy. The king is chosen by the ara pitu, or rajah pitu, or seven men or rajahs; the ara pitu, besides being the elective body, hold the great offices of state, and thus, during the life-time of a king of their own choice, continue the responsible rulers of the country; the tomarilalan is prime minister and treasurer, and, though not a member of the elective body, is the sole medium of communication with the king. Upon the death of one of the ara pitu, his successor is appointed by the remaining six; so that, in fact, the aristocratic body not only elects a king, but is likewise self-elective."

It appears that the king so elected has only a deciding voice where the council is not unanimous:—

"We perceive," says Brooke, "the rudiments of improvement—a glimmering of better things—in this constitution of Boni; but we must not for an instant suppose that it works any benefit to the community generally; an irresponsible and self-elective aristocracy rules with as despotic and corrupt a sway as any monarch; and, from my information, I am led to conclude that life and wealth are as insecure as in any other Malayan state, and the people as greatly oppressed."

It might have been difficult to make the authorities of countries more frequented by strangers comprehend and credit the motives and objects of the appearance of an English gentleman in their harbours. War, commerce, or piracy could probably alone suggest themselves to the Malay mind, and none of these were professed or practised by the visitor. His real object, the gratification of a legitimate and enlightened curiosity, was hence at first somewhat impeded by the very natural jealousy of government officials; but this obstacle once removed by a judicious system of speaking the truth, Mr. Brooke's reception seems generally, as he crept along the coast, to have done credit to the goodnature and hospitality of the natives. We cannot but suspect that, if his views had permitted him to choose Celebes as the scene of his longer residence, his singular power of fascination would have been exercised at Boni or Bajow with the success which has elsewhere attended it. When he left the

country a civil war was impending; a few hours sufficed to afford him a clear insight into the bearings of the wrangle and a decided opinion as to the best mode of settling the difficulties of Bugis politics. A faith in the English character and a taste for English protection seem to have somehow been generated in these regions, so seldom visited by the British flag. The ara pitu, for which the qualification is hereditary, can hardly be open to one of foreign extraction. Possibly the same positive bar to the pretensions of a foreigner may not exist in the case of the tomarilalan; and if not, the *candidature* of Mr. Brooke would have been as reasonable—and, to say the least, as hopeful—as that of Lord Brougham for the department of the Var. Fate, however, and the good fortune of Borneo, decreed it otherwise.

The following description of one of Mr. Brooke's princely entertainers shows that Royal Malay nature is as susceptible of the passion for the chase as that of Bourbon sovereigns or English squires:

"The late ara-matouh visited us after breakfast: an elderly good-looking savage, whose propensity for wild life and the pleasures of the chase is so strong that he cannot bring himself to bear the restraint of an occasional residence at Tesora for the discharge of his kingly functions. He resides entirely in this wild country, holding little communication with the other chiefs, and, with his followers, devotes himself solely to the chase and opium-smoking. His habits are eccentric, and he despises all the luxuries and conveniences of life: his fare is homely, and derived from his favourite pursuit: home he has none, a temporary shed or an adjacent hut serving him as occasion requires. The manners of this old man, like those of fox-hunting squires of our own country, have a degree of frankness and bluntness, mixed with an expression of sovereign contempt for all other men and all other pursuits save those attached to the sports of the field. On the inherent obtuseness of his own nature he seems to have engrafted some portion of the sagacity of the dog and the generosity of the horse; and as his affection is centred in these animals, they are the objects of admiration and imitation. A mistress, young and beautiful, follows the fortunes of this old sporting chief, and perhaps the link which binds him to her is her participation in his pursuits; she hunts with him, lives with him, and even smokes opium with him. It grieved me to see so pretty a creature lost to better things, for the expression of her face bespoke so much sweetness and good temper that I am sure she was intended for a happier, a better, fate."—*Mundy*, vol. i. p. 127.

The practice of these Eastern Nimrods appears to resemble that of German princes and nobles so far as it consists in enclosing large districts of forest to prevent the escape of the game. Instead, however, of driving the deer within range of a pavilion erected for the purpose, the Bugis chief adopts the method, more congenial to our notions, of pursuing them on horseback with a spear and noose. It is on these occasions that a practice prevails which has exposed the Bugis race of Celebes to the imputation of cannibalism. The heart and some other portions of the slaughtered animal are eaten raw with chilies and their own blood. It has been imagined that this, the *lor dara*, or feast of blood, is occasionally practised on the field of battle with human victims—a supposition which Mr. Brooke rejects as quite unfounded. He partook of the lor dara without difficulty or disgust. It must, however, be admitted that the practice savours of a barbarous origin, particularly as the climate affords no such natural reason for its observance as in those countries of Northern Asia in which Mr. Erman observes that severe cold tends to favour the adoption of raw animal food. There is no doubt that among the Battas of Sumatra the practice still exists of eating their near relations when dead, and of devouring criminals alive and piecemeal. The lor dara may probably be but a mitigated form of worse practices which prevailed among the aborigines of the country previous to that unknown period when the civilization of the Indian continent was partially communicated to the island.

The etiquette of the court of Boni is inconvenient; for it exacts a servile imitation of every action of the sovereign, or patamankowe. If he fall from his horse, all about him must do so likewise; and if he bathe, all within sight must rush into the water without undressing. This potentate was attended by a body-guard, uniformly attired, of between three and four thousand men.

A six months' cruise, rendered anxious by the reefs and shoals of an unknown coast, exhausted the provisions, and with them the patience, of the Royalist's crew, if not that of their commander. She arrived at Singapore in May, 1840, and she conveyed Mr. Brooke for a second time to Sarawak. He found his friend the Rajah Muda Hassim closely pressed by rebel subjects and hostile tribes, and disposed to court the assistance and accept the counsels of his adventurous guest. It is unnecessary here to recur to the

events which confirmed the influence so happily acquired over the mind and affections of the weak and amiable Muda Hassim and his brother Budruddeen. Captain Keppell has chronicled the campaign, which was brought to a successful issue by a charge of Mr. Brooke's army of twelve Englishmen and one Illanun auxiliary. The power acquired by this service afforded Mr. Brooke free access to the contiguous districts, and their wild but hospitable inhabitants. The friendly intercourse which ensued, and the observations collected of the resources of the country and its capabilities for improvement under a better system of administration, confirmed him in his project of becoming a settler, though he still hesitated as to accepting the sovereignty, which Muda Hassim had now become anxious to transfer to his abler hands. In February, 1841, he obtained the documents which gave him the privileges of a commercial resident, and again betook himself to Singapore, there to make preparations for his intended commercial operations, and digest his plans for a solid and sweeping reform of the system of exaction, fraud, and oppression pursued by the Malay aristocracy with respect to the Dyak aborigines. The necessary cargo was soon collected, a second vessel purchased, and in April he landed for a third time at Sarawak, to meet with a reception which would have damped the enterprise of an ordinary trader, or the enthusiasm of an Exeter Hall philanthropist. The house which had been promised against his reappearance was not begun; the antimony ore, which was to form the profitable return for the goods he imported, was not forthcoming; the Rajah was confined by shammed sickness to his harem; and Mr. Brooke, with three English companions, found himself engaged in an apparently hopeless struggle with the obstinate indolence of the Rajah and the intrigues of his Malay advisers, who could not but foresee in our countryman's success the downfall of the abuses on which they lived. Gradually, though slowly, the prestige of his personal influence over Muda Hassim prevailed; his house was built; some antimony, inadequate as a return, but sufficient for a shipment to Singapore, was obtained; a piratical expedition up the river was arrested by his remonstrances; and time was well employed in gaining information as to the unknown interior. Meanwhile a well-timed visit of a Company's steamer and the return of his own vessels had their effect. We must give in the words of Mr. Brooke's Journal the conclusion of this struggle

between the principle of good, and that of evil represented in the person of one Makota:—

"Now, then, was my time for pushing matters to extremity against my subtle enemy, the arch-intriguer Makota. I had previously made several strong remonstrances, and urged for an answer to a letter I had addressed to Muda Hassim, in which I had recapitulated in detail the whole particulars of our agreement, concluding by a positive demand either to allow me to retrace my steps by repayment of the sums which he had induced me to expend, or to confer upon me the grant of the government of the country according to his repeated promises; and I ended by stating that, if he would not do either the one or the other, *I must find means to right myself.* Thus did I, for the first time since my arrival in the land, present anything in the shape of menace before the Rajah, my former remonstrances only going so far as to threaten to take away my own person and vessels from the river. My ultimatum had gone forth, and I prepared for active measures; but the conduct of Makota himself soon brought affairs to a crisis: he was determined, at all hazards to drive me from the country, and to involve Muda Hassim in such pecuniary difficulties as effectually to prevent his payment of my debt. He dared not openly attack me, so he endeavoured to tamper with my servants, and by threats and repeated acts of oppression actually prevented all persons who usually visited me either on board or on shore from coming near me. Finally, some villain had been induced to attempt to poison my interpreter by putting arsenic in his rice. The agents of Makota were pointed out as the guilty parties. I laid my depositions before the Rajah, and demanded an investigation. My demand, as usual, was met by vague promises of future inquiry, and Makota seemed to triumph in the success of his villany; but the moment for action had now arrived. Repairing on board the yacht, I mustered my people, explained my intentions, and, having loaded the vessel's guns with grape and canister, and brought her broadside to bear, I proceeded on shore with a detachment fully armed, and, taking up a position at the entrance of the Rajah's palace, demanded and obtained an immediate audience."—*Mundy*, vol. i. p. 260.

This demonstration had its immediate effect. The Chinese remained neutral, the Siniawan Dyaks pronounced in Mr. Brooke's favour, the Makota party shrank into a band of twenty paid followers, and on the 24th of September, 1841, Muda Hassim signed and delivered the document by which Mr. Brooke was declared Rajah and Governor of Sarawak. The Journal continues:—

"Dec. 31.—From the date of my accession to the government I have remained quietly at Sarawak. What I have already been enabled to do in the work of improving the condition of the Dyaks is consolatory. I have obtained the release of the wives and children of the Siniawans, more than a hundred in number; I have arrested a party in the interior while plundering sago from an inoffensive tribe; I have succeeded in opening a regular court of justice, at which I preside."

After speaking of the dangers and difficulties of his new profession, he proceeds:—

"I feel within me the firm unchangeable conviction of doing right, which nothing can shake. The oppressed, the wretched, the enslaved have found in me their only protector. They now hope and trust; and they shall not be disappointed while I have life to uphold them. God has so far used me as an humble instrument of his hidden providence; and, whatever be my fate, I know the example will not be thrown away. He can open a path for me through all difficulties, raise me up friends who will share with me in the task —I trust it may be so; but if God wills otherwise—if the time be not yet arrived—if it be the Almighty's will that the flickering taper shall be extinguished ere it be replaced by a steady beacon, I submit, in the firm and humble assurance, that His ways are better than my ways, and that the term of my life is better in His hands than my own."

We have quoted these passages, although they advert to occurrences more fully detailed in Captain Keppell's work, because, extracted as they are from a journal intended for no eye but that of the writer, we recognise in them the spirit which has won for him the deliberate approbation and sympathy of the civilized world, and the hero-worship of the grateful savage. The Scripture tells us that peradventure for a good man one might be found to die: we have heard, on good authority, that many a Dyak may be found ready to make that sacrifice for Brooke. To learn with what ability, personal daring, and untiring perseverance, the principles with which he embarked on his arduous task were reduced to practice, the Journals themselves must be consulted. We pass to an epoch to which former narratives have not extended:—when in April the news reached Sarawak of that explosion of treachery at the capital of Borneo which involved Muda Hassim, his brother, and eleven other principal

friends of Mr. Brooke and of British interests in one sudden and common destruction, and threatened the existence of the fabric of civilization and humanity he had toiled so long to raise—

"Oh, how great," he writes, "is my grief and rage! My friends, my most unhappy friends, all perished for their faithful adherence to us. Every man of ability, even of thought, in Borneo is dead. But the British Government will surely act; and if not, then let me remember I am still at war with this traitor and murderer. One more determined struggle, one convulsive effort, and, if it fail, Borneo and all I have so long, so earnestly laboured for, must be abandoned, and ——"—vol. ii. p. 93.

Here closes the Journal. The determination it evinces was not the bravado of unreasoning indignation. A few pages earlier will be found a calm and detailed recapitulation of the means of defence of the parties against whom this declaration of war to the knife was issued. Most assuredly, if Mr. Brooke had been left to his own resources, the issue would have been tried. The circumstances, however, were such as to justify and demand the interposition of the naval power of England, and that interposition was prompt and effective.

It is no reflection on the general character of Her Majesty's naval service to say that Mr. Brooke has been fortunate in those whom the chances of that service have designated as his associates and coadjutors. If it contain in its ranks men content with the strict but the unenthusiastic performance of their duty, ready enough to seek promotion or prize-money at the cannon's mouth, but incapable of appreciating high objects and noble characters, such were not the men, from the Admiral (Sir Thomas Cochrane) downwards, with whom the Rajah of Sarawak has been associated. Of Captain Keppell we have not now to speak: he was at this period in England, but had left his gallant spirit behind him in those who succeeded him on the Indian station. When Captain Mundy of the Iris was ordered in 1845 to leave the dull cruising-ground on the coast of China for the Straits station, *i. e.* the more immediate vicinity of Borneo, the summons found him not unprepared. Amid a file of newspapers which had reached him some two years earlier on the African coast, a paragraph, headed "Borneo and Mr. Brooke," had attracted his attention, and he had watched the

subsequent operations of Captain Keppell with an interest stimulated by a closer vicinity to the scene of actions in which he longed to participate:—

"It was therefore with peculiar pleasure," he writes, vol. ii. p. 99, "that I found, on our arrival at Hong Kong, the Iris had been nominated for this duty. Every one on board was delighted at the idea of changing the eternal struggle against the adverse monsoons for the more exciting chance of a struggle with the Borneo pirates. The Iris left Hong Kong early in October, 1845, and anchored in Singapore roads on the 9th of November. Here I found a letter from Captain Keppell, announcing the arrival of the Dido in England. To this I particularly allude, as my friend, divining the possibility of my succeeding him on this station, especially called my attention to the position of Mr. Brooke at Sarawak, and urged me to visit the coast of Borneo at the earliest opportunity, and to give him that assistance which his then precarious situation might demand. Early in January I received my first communication direct from Mr. Brooke, which announced that, though the country was enjoying peace, the people happy, and the town rapidly increasing in population, the piratical tribes of Sarelus and Sakarran were again in movement, and would probably in the spring make another attempt to destroy the rising commerce of Sarawak; he therefore suggested the propriety of my visiting the coast towards the end of March, by which time the intentions of the pirates would be more fully known."

The interval was employed by Captain Mundy in a visit to Sumatra, where he learned from a native Mahometan rajah that the neighbouring Batta tribes unquestionably continue the practice of eating their fathers and mothers when old, and the chief minister added that he had frequently seen them eat human beings alive—facts which we commend to the attention of those philosophers, if any such still exist, who maintain the superior purity of morals of man in his savage state, or the natural excellence of human nature in general when uncorrupted by civilization. On the 14th of March, while standing in to Singapore to take in provisions for his intended visit to Sarawak, Mundy had to undergo a severe, though temporary, disappointment in the shape of an order from Sir T. Cochrane to accompany the flag-ship to India. From Madras, being despatched with treasure to Calcutta, he there received the alarming news of the massacre at Bruni. Rightly conjecturing

the impression which this intelligence would make on the Admiral, he lost no time in endeavouring to rejoin the Agincourt. His officers were suddenly recalled from the attractions of a ball at Barrackpore, and in a few hours the Iris was working out of the Hooghley against a gale so fresh that a Company's steamer was unable to go before them to show the soundings. At Pinang he fell in with the Admiral, and on the 24th of June the squadron—consisting of the Agincourt, 74, flag-ship, the Iris, the Spiteful steamer, the Hazard, and the Phlegethon, Company's steamer, which had previously been despatched to Brooke's assistance—anchored off the Sarawak river. On the following day Mundy's wishes, so long cherished, were gratified by an invitation from the Admiral to accompany him on a visit to the man whose singular career and perilous position had excited so warm an interest in the minds of all concerned. The spectacle which presented itself, and the reflections which it suggested to Captain Mundy as he walked up the avenue of jasmin in flower which led to Mr. Brooke's residence, are thus described:—

"The town itself, by the lowest computation, now contained 12,000 inhabitants, including about 150 Chinese, while, before the supreme authority had been vested in Mr. Brooke, it was limited to a few mud huts with about 1500 persons, most of them being either the relatives or armed retainers of the native princes. What a change had been wrought in a few short years! The order had been issued by the English Rajah that the persons and property of every race should henceforth be equally protected, and that the wretched Dyak, hitherto the victim of the more enlightened Malay, should no longer be forced to yield for a nominal price the fruits of his daily toil. Further to insure the practical working of this important measure, Mr. Brooke had visited the interior, and passed many weeks among the wildest hordes, establishing confidence in every quarter, explaining the necessity of union among the various tribes themselves, without which it would be impossible for him to carry out the great object he had in view. Already had this earnest appeal been attended with success in several districts; ancient family feuds had been quelled, animosities suppressed, and the first germs of a rational freedom instilled into their minds."—Vol. ii. p. 109.

The time allowed by the eager Admiral for enjoyment of social intercourse and natural beauties in the garden of their

Alcinous was short. On the very next morning the Phlegethon was steaming down the river with the welcome addition of Mr. Brooke to its gallant company; and though the official taciturnity of the Admiral remained unbroken, the reports brought by refugees from Bruni were pregnant with hints sufficient for those who understood the Admiral's character. They spoke of formidable defences and levies at that capital—of plans for the assassination of Mr. Brooke; and no one entertained a doubt as to the course which would be adopted to baffle these benevolent intentions and exact due retribution for the bloody past.

The details of the operations which followed will fill a creditable chapter in that continuation of Mr. James's Naval History which we trust either has been or will be undertaken by some competent writer. Our function confines us to a briefer notice. The Phlegethon had received on board at Sarawak one Jaffer, a confidential servant of the murdered brother of Muda Hassim, Budruddeen, who had witnessed, and with difficulty escaped from, the massacre. The facts of the tragedy were carefully collected during the voyage to Bruni from the examination of this man. It appeared that the scheme of destruction had been deeply laid and vigorously executed. The victims were completely taken by surprise, surrounded in their dwellings by night, and overpowered by numbers. Budruddeen, after confiding to Jaffer a ring and an affecting message to Mr. Brooke, destroyed himself, his sister, and female attendant, by exploding a cask of gunpowder in the women's apartment. Muda Hassim performed a similar act of desperation, after a gallant but hopeless struggle, in a boat to which he had retired with his surviving brothers and sons, but, not being killed by the explosion, finished himself with a pistol. Altogether, thirteen persons of the royal family perished. These horrors, which, with greater caution on the part of the instigators, might have been alleged as acts of internal Malay administration, in which no foreign power could rightfully concern itself, were followed up by proceedings which left no fair ground for cavil at English interference. The Sultan openly proclaimed that he had killed Muda Hassim and the others because they were friends of the English. When the Hazard arrived, a vessel was sent down the river with Muda Hassim's flag flying to allure Commander Egerton on shore with

a view to his assassination. A man was also engaged to take an order to Makota for the murder of Mr. Brooke and the overthrow of his government. The Sultan of Borneo had, throughout these transactions, been a mere tool in the hands of the piratical faction. Nature, which had gifted him with a superfluity of thumbs, had denied him an average allowance of brains, and what he possessed had been deteriorated by opium and debauchery. From such a man, if left to the promptings of his own imbecility and cowardice, penitential and abject submission to the first actual display of British force might have been expected. The circumstance, however, of his notorious imbecility made it unsafe to speculate on his cowardice, for it placed him a passive agent in the hands of men who had not hesitated to provoke, and were now prepared to defy, the power of England. The leader of this party, and probably the prime mover in the massacre, was one Hajji Saman, who appears to have shown both judgment and resolution in his arrangements for defence, though in supposing that the difficulties of the narrow channel might be turned to such account as to baffle all attempts of a British naval force to approach the capital, he was wofully deceived. It is clear, indeed, from Captain Mundy's narrative, that if our attack of his advanced position had been conducted solely by the instrumentality of oar and sail, unassisted by steam-power, its success could only have been purchased by a considerable loss of life during the slow advance of boats under the fire of powerful artillery. All the calculations of the defence, however, were baffled by the rapid and direct advance of the two steamers attached to the squadron. After the entrance of the river had been effected, and before hostilities commenced, the Agincourt was boarded from a prahu by two individuals assuming by their dress and attendance the rank and character of pangerans or nobles. They were bearers of a letter containing some questionable compliments and mendacious references to past transactions. They were further instructed to deliver a verbal message to the Admiral, that the Sultan would be delighted to see him at the capital, but could not allow him to come up with more than two small boats. It is hardly conceivable that their employers could have expected success from so transparent a repetition of the attempt to entrap Commander Egerton. Mr. Brooke's quick eye and local know-

ledge detected the pretended pangerans for impostors of low condition. The very act of sending such men on such a mission was, according to their own etiquette, a flagrant insult. They were very properly detained, and their vessel disarmed and secured.

For the naval and military operations which, after a struggle of a few hours, ended in the occupation of the capital, deserted by its court and population, we must refer our readers to the narrative of Captain Mundy. His account of the subsequent exertions in pursuit of the royal fugitive will more especially repay the perusal. The chase of the Arimaspian by the Griffin, as described in Milton's immortal verse, was emulated by the seamen and marines under Captain Mundy's immediate command in their advance to the Sultan's reported place of refuge, Damuan. The pursuit was close, stores and trophies were captured, the stronghold was burned; but in respect of speed, the Arimaspian in this case maintained the advantage of some hours' start, and escaped. The moral effect, however, on his Majesty's nerves was such as to lead to ultimate results perhaps more beneficial than could have been attained by his death in action or by our possession of his person, for it eventually produced his formal ratification of the cession to England of the island of Labuan. Appearances in such cases become essentials. When this act was completed the sovereign was restored to his throne and capital, and surrounded by his courtiers. No actual British force was present but the boats of the Wolf and Iris. It is hardly necessary to inquire how far a very reluctant signature was accelerated by the circumstance that the palace was upon the river, and commanded by the guns of the boats—circumstances which may certainly have assisted his Majesty's recollection of his recent defeat and flight.*

This important act took place in December, 1846, by which time the Admiral had received his full instructions from the British Government to effect its accomplishment. Meanwhile our force had not been idle, on the coast and in the rivers to the north of Bruni, in the pursuit of the great object of clearing

* The scene at the moment of the signature is the subject of a very clever sketch by Mr. Frank Marryat, in a volume concerning Bornean and other Eastern adventures, which shows that this young officer inherits much of the talent of his late lamented father, the eminent novelist.

from pirates the main highway between Singapore and China. Two notorious Illanun nests, Tampassuk and Pandassan, were destroyed by the crews of the Iris, Dædalus, and Ringdove. Messrs. Quin and Ray of the Royalist had shown much skill as well as daring in the destruction of two pirate prahus in Malladu Bay, where Sheriff Osman, a distinguished freebooter, had been signally chastised by Captain Talbot of the Vestal in 1845. The great enemy of England, Hajji Saman himself, was run to ground in a position which he had strongly occupied in the Mambakut river. This chief contrived to escape, but, falling afterwards into the hands of the Sultan of Bruni, was placed at our disposal. The judicious humanity of Admiral Cochrane permitted him to live unmolested. On this last occasion Captain Mundy and Rajah Brooke, whose propensity for risking his person would have made him an excellent pirate if he had been born an Illanun, had a narrow escape, the coxswain of the crowded boat in which they sat being hit by a musket-ball. In this action also several men were struck by the poisoned arrows of the native sumpitan or blowpipe. At 20 yards the barbed fish-bone of this weapon would penetrate unprotected flesh some inches, and might be fatal; beyond that distance the force is small; the extreme range is 90 yards. In all the cases which here occurred, prompt suction prevented any bad effects from the poison. In estimating the moral effect of these operations, we must take into account that they not only frightened and scattered the piratical tribes, but rallied and encouraged a strong native party opposed to them. The expedition met with effective and voluntary co-operation from large bodies of natives attracted to the scene of action by the name of Mr. Brooke. At Mambakut this auxiliary force amounted to 90 prahus containing 500 men and 30 swivel-guns. Among these impromptu and unexpected assistants Brooke ventured with perfect confidence, and found them zealous and obedient. For reward they seem to have been contented with the saint-like patience, as Captain Mundy terms it, with which "the White Rajah," after the victory was gained, listened to their tales of their own exploits. In more civilised circles resignation to the infliction of a long story may often find its compensation on this side the grave, to which, as Mr. Sydney Smith supposed, that infliction had a tendency to hurry the sufferer. It has seldom been practised with a higher or more beneficial

object than by the White Rajah in conciliating the affections of his savage auxiliaries.

To the above general but incomplete summary of the principal operations in which Captain Mundy was personally concerned, we must append some notice of an encounter after his departure between the Nemesis steamer and a fleet of eleven prahus. Of the latter, one was captured and four destroyed. Six contrived to make sail for their home in the Sulu islands, but of these, as was afterwards ascertained, three foundered on the passage. As an action this was highly creditable to Captains C. Grey and Wallace and their followers, for the pirates fought dexterously and bravely, not one man being taken alive. The affair was also useful in its consequences, as illustrative of the value of the influence we had established over the councils of the Sultan at Bruni. Under the administration of the anti-English party the pirate crews which escaped to the jungle from their shattered vessels would have found an assured refuge in that capital: in this case they were hunted down, captured, and executed, to the number of forty. Their Chinese and Malay prisoners, on the other hand, were not only released and relieved, but were offered the privilege of executing their captors with their own hands—a favour of which, to their credit, they declined to avail themselves. The pirates well deserved their fate; less, indeed, for labouring in the vocation to which they were born and educated, than for the atrocious cruelty with which they had practised it. They had been a year at sea, made the circuit of Borneo, and at one moment contemplated an attack upon Sarawak, from which the reported vicinity of some English men-of-war had deterred them. In one instance they had burnt a Chinese prisoner alive. They had nearly finished their long and successful cruise, and were shaping their course homeward with much spoil and upwards of 100 prisoners, when fortune played them the trick of bringing them within sight of the little iron steamer so well known in China by the name, on this occasion specially appropriate, of the Nemesis.*

We have no inclination to exaggerate the beneficial consequences of these various exhibitions of civilized power. On the

* Captain Hall's Narrative of the earlier services of the Nemesis (2 vols. 8vo.) is full of interest, and will, we are sure, be valued hereafter as affording most curious materials for the history of steam-navigation.

contrary, we would rather warn our readers against rash conclusions as to the early extinction of piracy, by reminding them that the seas to which our floating police has hitherto extended its beat are only the occasional cruising-ground of the Illanun. We have already done much to abrogate the impunity with which he has till lately prosecuted his ravages on the west coast of Borneo. Much probably remains to be done for the extirpation of the nuisance even in this quarter; rivers are to be ascended, wild tribes to be civilised, admonished, or chastised. The root of the evil is as yet beyond our reach, and it is not improbable that repression in one quarter may increase its virulence to the eastward, where the gun-boats of the Spanish stations already hold their own with difficulty against the marauders, who, from their main strongholds in the Sulu islands, infest the sea to the extremity of New Guinea. By far the fullest account of those parties is to be found in the eighth chapter of Captain Sir E. Belcher's Narrative of the Voyage of the Samarang, a work which we have only refrained from naming at the head of this article because we see that it well deserves a separate notice:—

"The following particulars" (he writes, vol. i. p. 263) "relative to the history of the pirates infesting these seas, and known under the name of Illanun, or Lanoon, or Ballignini pirates, have been drawn up from information obtained from officers commanding the Spanish gun-boats, and particularly from conversations with my friend Captain Villavicentio, commandant of the arsenal of Cavite, who received his promotion about the year 1838 for gallantry displayed during his employment in the suppression of piracy amongst the Southern Philippines. The Illanuns are a distinct race, inhabiting the great bay of Illanun, on the southern part of Mindanao, having for its capital the city of that name, where the Sultan resides, and where, even in the pirate's nest, European and other traders meet with hospitable reception and protection! The shores of this immense bay, the eastern arm of which forms a peninsula with a very narrow neck, is closely wooded with mangroves, running out in most instances into six or nine feet water, and affording sudden shelter or concealment to vessels drawing about six feet water. These trees, springing from roots which firmly support their main trunks at a height of about seven or eight feet above the flow of high water, cover the swampy ground which intervenes between them and a spacious lagoon. It is this lagoon which is the strong-

hold of the Lanoon pirates, and gives to them the appellation of Los Illanos de la Laguna. . . . Throughout the vast range of the bay connected with this lagoon the Illanuns have constructed numerous substantial escapes, being ways of timber, which permit of their hauling their vessels into the lagoon upon any sudden emergency; and so amazingly expert are they in this manœuvre, that, when in hot chase my informants have pressed them close and considered their escape impossible, they have seen them dash suddenly into one of these escapes, and before their feluccas or launches could reach the entry the prahus had been hauled out of sight, and the Spaniards, on presenting themselves at the opening, were saluted by a discharge of round and grape from heavy brass guns placed in battery, and so far within this dangerous jungle that attack was impossible. It is a well-known fact also that the whole line of the bay is rigidly watched by vigias, or small look-out houses, built on lofty trees, and immediately on the alarm being given, ropes are led to the point of entry, and the home population in readiness to aid in hauling them through the mangroves. The method of constructing these escapes is very simple: strong mangrove-trees are driven at opposite angles obliquely into the mud, and their upper ends securely lashed to the growing mangroves, forming a V-shaped bed, at an angle of 120 degrees. These trees, being stripped of their bark, are kept very smooth, and, when wet, spontaneously exude a kind of mucilage, which renders them very slippery. The outer entrance of this angular bed is carried into deep water, and at so gradual an inclination that the original impetus given by the oars forces the vessels at once high and dry; and by the ropes then attached they are instantly drawn by their allies into the interior, at a rate probably equal to that at which they were impelled by oars."

We can hardly be surprised should we be unable, on further information, to disprove the assertion of the American navigator Wilkes, that the British traders and authorities have hitherto been rather inclined to conciliate this formidable power by winking at its proceedings, than to undertake the task of its forcible suppression. Captain Wilkes gives a long list of other similar establishments on these islands, which present so many natural facilities for the fatal purposes to which they are thus applied. The forests of their interior, unlike those of Borneo, bear a formidable reputation as the abode of beasts of prey and the largest class of reptiles. D'Urville, who touched at a Dutch settlement, mentions that the forest-tracks from one station to

another were only traversed in large parties for the sake of mutual protection from the tiger and the boa.

"The limit of their cruises" (says Sir E. Belcher, p. 267) "is not confined to the Sooloo or Mindoro Archipelago; they have been traced entirely round the islands of New Guinea on the east, throughout the Straits, and continuous to Java on its southern side, along the coast of Sumatra, and as far up the Bay of Bengal as Rangoon, throughout the Malay peninsula and islands adjacent, and along the entire range of the Philippines. Their attacks are not confined to small vessels, for we have instances, as late as 1843, of their molesting the Dutch cruisers off Java. Along the entire coast of the Philippines they attack villages, and carry off boys and girls for slaves; and in some instances do not hesitate in kidnapping a padrè, for whom they demand heavy ransom, as upon a late affair they obtained upwards of 1000 dollars. In the Bay of Manilla, within the Corregidor, where there is a gun-boat establishment, they fought a very severe action with this force, commanded by a Lieutenant Eliot, an Englishman in the service of Spain. The result was the crippling of the Spanish force so severely that only the commander himself, though wounded, remained to serve his gun, and he was not displeased to see the enemy draw off; had they attempted to close with him, he had no further means of resistance."

Of the ultimate triumph of that great agent of civilization, steam, over these tribes we have no doubt; but, from the above curious descriptions and accounts, we do not believe that we have spare naval force on the Indian station, sufficient even for an attempt upon strongholds so inaccessible, and manned by garrisons so resolute and desperate.

The last duty on which Captain Mundy was employed was a pleasing one—that of taking solemn possession of the ceded island of Labuan in the name of Her Majesty. An important feature in this ceremony, of which a spirited description is given, was the presence of the prime minister and representative of the Sultan, Mumim. An act of the British Government involving an extension in any direction of our colonial empire is justly liable to jealous investigation. We are convinced that no such act will better stand scrutiny than the occupation of this little island: certainly none bears less the stamp of precipitancy or lust of useless dominion. If we could suppose the Isle of Wight to be uninhabited—Southampton the capital of a semi-barbarous

throne exercising a precarious dominion over the area of two or three counties—and the rest of Great Britain occupied by pirates on the coast and savages in the interior, we could imagine no occurrence more favourable to the best interests of humanity than the establishment in Cowes roads of the delegates of some great, distant naval power, with no interest but the promotion of peaceful commerce and the development of civilization. The advantage would greatly be enhanced if the island afforded a secure station midway between two main seats of a commerce already established and flourishing. In all these respects there are striking analogies between the Isle of Wight, under the circumstances supposed, and Labuan. Fronting the mouth of the Bruni river, at some 15 miles distance, it commands the access to the Malay Southampton, and that of numerous other rivers, some of which have hitherto given refuge to "water-thieves," but which also afford safe and ready means of approach to fertile countries, inhabited by people who have long groaned under the evils of piracy, and are anxious to cultivate intercourse with us as friends and liberators. Midway between Singapore and Hong Kong, it forms a centre from which protection against violence and relief to shipwreck will radiate in all directions. Last, but not least, to advantages of position as a naval station, which may hereafter entitle it to rank with Aden, it adds the mineral wealth of a Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The coal which crops up to its surface is of a quality which will neither choke the fire-bars nor damage the plates of our marine steam-furnaces; while in power of generating steam it bears comparison with the best production of our own mines, at least after the latter has undergone the friction of an Indian voyage. The following sentences are from a report furnished by Capt. Wallace, in command of the redoubted Nemesis, dated Sarawak, June 10, 1847:—

"The Nemesis anchored within 120 yards of the shore in 3½ fathoms, low water spring tides, at the N.E. end of Labuan, and received 40 tons of coal, bringing it from the mouth of the pit and shipping it with our own crew without difficulty. The coal appears to belong to the kind called Cannell. In using we found it kindle easily; in burning it runs into cakes, emitting much heat and flame, and leaving a small quantity of light white ash, and no clinkers are found in the bars. The fires after being well made did not require

raking or poking, and were only cleared out once every four hours, usually done every two hours with English, and more often with Indian coal. The quantity burnt is 14 or 15 tons in twenty-nine hours, or at the same rate as English coal received on board at Singapore. Steam is easily kept up. I have no hesitation in stating that the coal received at Labuan is equal to any English coal I have seen on board steamers in India, and decidedly better than any coal worked in India for steam purposes."

This is practical evidence as to quality. When we call to mind that the mineral, however near the surface, as yet has only been obtained by rude methods and native labour, and remember further the difference between the feeble and indolent Malay, or even the more submissive and industrious Chinese, and the trained labourers of Lancashire, Scotland, or Northumbria, we might well be prepared for disappointment, in the first instance at least, as to the economical part of the question. In spite, however, of all these difficulties and disadvantages, a contract has been taken by a English party, Mr. Miles, to excavate and stack 900 tons for 925*l.*, which includes the expense of sheds and other incidentals. The contract price at Singapore for 900 tons, exclusive of cost of depôt, would be 1567*l.*, showing a difference in favour of Labuan of 642*l.*—or about 14*s.* a ton. If such are the results of our mining in its infancy, we cannot consider as unreasonable Captain Mundy's expectations of a considerable eventual reduction of price. The actual discovery of this seam of coal, full ten feet in thickness, appears to be due to Captain Heath of the Wolf man-of-war; and its direction was traced for a mile and a half with much assiduity by that officer and Lieutenant Forbes.

That ministers have been fortunate and wise in their selection of a Governor for this promising settlement in Sir James Brooke, few will be found to doubt. We have reason to hope that, in framing the necessary regulations for his conduct, Earl Grey has turned to good account those records of the Colonial Office which detail the successes and the failures of former experiments in *pari materiâ*. If the great purposes of the acquisition be answered to any extent consistent with our own expectations, even should Labuan not become at once a second Singapore, an estimated annual charge of some 6000*l.* will not be much to set against the increase and security which will accrue to commerce.

There seems, however, no reason to doubt that the island itself will develope internal sources of revenue which, after a time, will more than meet the charges of its civil establishment and of a garrison of some 200 men to be borrowed for the present from India. Meanwhile there is *tabula rasa* for Sir James, and his experienced coadjutor Mr. Bonham, to proceed upon. The good sense of Sir T. Cochrane prevented from the first any rash intrusion of adventurous settlers calculated to embarrass the local Government by the claims of premature establishments and disputable possessions. In our poor judgment all departments of the public service have done their duty; and no precaution which prudence and experience could suggest has been neglected to secure the advantages which nature and man have, in this fortunate instance, placed at our legitimate disposal.

We cannot venture on extracts from Mr. Low's work. We must, however, thank him for an acceptable supplement to that of Captain Mundy—but more especially for having given the fullest and best description we have yet met with of the natural productions, vegetable and mineral, of Borneo, and of the population of that island. Knowledge on the latter subject has hitherto been nearly confined to the Dutch, for, whether from policy or indifference, they have not favoured the world with the results of their observations. Much information will be found in Mr. Low's pages as to the distinguishing features of character and customs of the various tribes of the Dyak race. His descriptions must leave on the mind of every reader a predilection for the Hill Dyak of the interior, as contrasted with the Coast or Sea Dyak, whose morals have suffered from contact with Malay tyranny and corruption, and the example of the Illanun.

To that Providence "which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," we consign the future. From all sinister speculations we refrain; but even should Sir James Brooke's fabric sink with the builder, we believe that, even in that case, such fame as such men consider a reward will attach to his memory, that in many a Dyak village the rude songs and oral traditions of a grateful people will preserve the name of the Manco Capac who came from a distant land to rescue their fathers from oppression and ignorance.

We cannot conclude without remarking that, soon after the foregoing pages were written, we had in the London newspapers

a brief notice of an evidently important and highly successful operation of the Spaniards against the Illanun pirates. We infer from the account a strong probability that the very nest described in our extract from Sir E. Belcher's Narrative has been stormed and destroyed. It is understood that the Spaniards landed a thousand men for the operation. We congratulate that nation on this sudden and creditable exhibition of vitality in the extremities of her system.

XII.—THE SKERRYVORE LIGHTHOUSE.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, MARCH, 1849.(*)

THERE is pleasure in the pursuit, and pride in the discovery, of any fragment of the literature of Greece or Rome. There is joy in the Vatican over the discovery of a Palimpsest. Such feelings are legitimate, and we should be sorry to disclaim them for ourselves, ashamed to depreciate them as entertained by more devoted slaves of the lamp. We confess, however, that our own sympathies with such are tempered by the conviction that, so far at least as works of fancy and imagination, of poetry and eloquence, are concerned, the best productions of the best authors are already in our possession. In these departments we might hail additions with a sober joy, but we have no intense craving for any large accession to the creditable stock which has survived the sentence of Omar, and escaped the baths and wash-houses of Alexandria. It may be, for is it not written in Niebuhr—that Virgil made a mistake when he attempted hexameters, that his true vocation was lyrics, and that he should have studied to emulate Pindar rather than Homer; we are, however, content with such mistakes as the Æneid and the Georgics. If, indeed, we were privileged to select for resuscitation from the list of works no longer extant, but of which the authors and subjects are known, any one production, we suspect that our choice would rest upon the narrative of the construction of the Parthenon by its

(*) 1. *Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse, with Notes on the Illumination of Lighthouses.* By Alan Stevenson, Engineer to the Northern Lighthouse Board. Edinburgh and London. 4to. 1848.

2. *An Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse.* By Robert Stevenson, Civil Engineer. Edinburgh. 4to. 1824.

3. *Narrative of the Building and Description of the Construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse with stone.* By John Smeaton, Civil Engineer, F.R.S. Second Edition. Folio. 1813.

architect Ictinus. Much of interest would assuredly attach to the record of a process every step of which was evidently founded on deep thought, and directed by high intention, till that result was attained which neither decay nor mutilation has deprived of its matchless grace, and which common consent has pronounced to be the nearest approach to perfection accomplished by human artificer.

Apart from the charm which attaches to classical associations and to remote antiquity, something of kindred interest belongs to the narratives now before us. It is indeed among the noblest functions of genius to devise forms of beauty and sublimity for the structures destined for the performance of man's homage to his Maker. Within those limits which, fortunately for the purification of that homage, were exceeded by Leo, it has been a wise devotion of wealth which has enabled that genius to embody its bright visions in enduring and costly materials. Next, however, to the great testimonials which men like Ictinus and Buonarotti have reared to the consciousness of our spiritual nature and immortal destinies, we can imagine no triumph of constructive skill more signal, no labours more catholic in their purpose, and more deserving in their success of human gratitude and applause, than those recorded in the trilogy of works enumerated in our title—the labours of Smeaton and the two Stevensons, father and son, men of whom Father Ocean, could he exchange for articulate language the ανηριθμον γελασμα of his summer calm, or the sterner accents of his equinoctial mood, might say—

"Great I must call them, for they conquer'd me."

There is a passage in Byron, often selected for quotation, in which, towards the close of his greatest poem, he brings the power and immensity of the sea into contrast with the weakness and littleness of man. The charm of verse has, in our opinion, seldom been more abused than in this splenetic pæan to the brute strength of winds and waves, leaving, as it does, unnoticed the great fact of their habitual submission to the moral and intellectual powers of man. To make the pervading sentiment of these famous stanzas as sound as their cadence is sonorous, shipwreck should be the rule, and safe passage the exception. Among the greatest assertors of that qualified supremacy which

Providence has delegated to the human race over the destructive agencies of the billow and the storm, the architects of such buildings as the Eddystone and the Bell Rock Lighthouses are pre-eminent; and the story of their construction is well worthy of the minute detail and costly illustration with which it has been recorded.

We cannot be surprised at the cordial satisfaction with which the narrators have evidently discharged a task of justice, not to themselves alone, but to many brave and skilful coadjutors and subordinates. It must be remembered that in all these cases the presiding genius had to struggle not only with difficulties which would have foiled the skill, but with toils and dangers which would have cowed the spirit and exhausted the endurance of ordinary mortals. Bloody battles have been won, and campaigns conducted to a successful issue, with less of personal exposure to physical danger on the part of the Commander-in-chief, than for considerable portions of successive years was hourly encountered by each of these civilians. They could not and did not sit apart from the field of action, and send their staff with orders into the fire. They were the first to spring on the lonely rock, and the last to leave it. They had to test the solidity of their own contrivances in their own persons, to take up their quarters in the temporary barrack, and to infuse by example their own high courage into the breasts of humble workmen unaccustomed to the special terrors of the scene. It will be found that if these edifices were not, like the Pyramids of the Pharaohs or the canals of Mehemet Ali, completed at a cost of human life, that immunity was obtained, under Providence, by the constant presence, the cool and judicious directions, and the prompt resources of the architect. Like Desdemona, we listen to the tale, and admire the narrator for the perils he has passed, as well as for the benefits he has conferred. What these benefits are, those best can tell who have neared their country's coast in a season of starless nights and wintry gales—who have had experience of the navigator's struggle between hope deferred and the fear of unknown danger and sudden wreck. These know the joy and confidence infused into every bosom by the first gleam of that light which, either by its steady lustre, its colour, or its periodical occultation, identifies the promontory or the reef. In that moment, when the yards

are braced, and the good ship put upon her course, which she can thenceforward pursue with confidence towards the Sound, the Forth, the Mersey, or the Clyde, the merits of the Smeatons and the Stevensons will best be felt, their eulogy may best be spoken.

Our especial business being with the last in date of the three constructions above enumerated, we have cited the two former chiefly for the sake of occasional reference and comparison. In position, the tract of foul ground infamous under the name of the Skerryvore Reef offers in many particulars a pretty exact counterpart to the famous Inchcape or Bell Rock. Placed in the same parallel of latitude, it presented the same obstacles in kind and degree to the navigation of the west coast of Scotland as the Bell and Carr Rocks opposed to that of the east. While the access to the Forth and the security of the northern coasting trade were mainly affected by the one, the great issue to the Atlantic from the Irish Channel and the Clyde was endangered by the other. It would require deep study of a wilderness of Blue Books to pronounce what annual amount of tonnage was affected in either case, so as to strike the exact balance of anxiety and inconvenience. The statistics of actual loss, previous to the erection of the works in question, would perhaps be even more difficult to collect with precision. The list of ascertained wrecks is a long one in either case, but the fishers of Tyree took little note of the comminuted fragments which reached their coast, and many a good ship has left no traces for recognition after a few minutes' collision with the gneiss of Skerryvore. Situated considerably farther from the mainland than the Bell Rock, it is less entirely submerged, some of its summits rising above the level of high water, but the extent of foul ground is much greater, and hidden dangers even in fine weather beset the intervening passage between its eastern extremity and Tyree, from which island it is distant some 11 miles. In rough weather the sea which rises there is described as one in which no ship could live. This terrible relic of a volcanic æra had long attracted the attention of the Northern Commissioners, under whose direction the Bell Rock and other Lighthouses had been constructed, and so long ago as 1814 an Act was obtained for a light on Skerryvore, in which year Mr. Robert Stevenson landed on the rock, in company with several members of the Commission, and

Sir W. Scott, who has noted the visit in his diary. The difficulty of the undertaking appears however to have deterred the Commissioners from any active proceeding till the autumn of 1834, when Mr. Alan Stevenson received directions to commence a preliminary survey, which he was only able to complete in 1835. That difficulty was not confined to the position and character of the reef itself. The distance from land, strictly speaking, was some three miles less than in the case of the Bell Rock, but the barren and over-peopled island of Tyree afforded neither the resources of the eastern mainland, nor a harbour like Arbroath. It was necessary to construct, at the nearest favourable station in Tyree, a pier and harbour, and the buildings for workmen and stores of all descriptions—all materials for which, except the one article of stone, and after a little stone too, were to be transported from distant quarters. The gneiss quarries of the island did, in the first instance, supply a stock of stone fit both for rubble and masonry; and the liberality of the proprietor, the late Duke of Argyll, who took from the first the interest which became him in the proceedings, gave every facility to the architect. This supply, however, soon failed.

The younger Stevenson's narrative bears, as might be expected, continually recurring testimony to the advantage he enjoyed in the instruction afforded by the example of his father's operations, who in many respects was under similar obligations to Smeaton. In neither case, however, was the imitation servile, nor did either fail to adopt such changes in design and contrivance as were indicated by the variations, slight in the main, between the local peculiarities of the respective sites. These changes are ably detailed and justified by Mr. A. Stevenson in a preliminary chapter.

The earliest, and about the most anxious, of the many questions which present themselves to the engineer intrusted with such a work are those of height and mass. In Smeaton's time, when the best light in use was that of common candles, elevation beyond a certain height could do no good. The application of the mirror or the lens to oil enables us now to illuminate the visible horizon of any tower which, in Mr. A. Stevenson's words, "human art can hope to construct." The question of mass is affected by other considerations, and principally by the greater or less facility of communication with the shore—

which must govern the question of space for stowage of supplies. The extent of the Skerryvore reef, some three miles to seaward of the spot available for the base of the edifice, indicated the expediency of a greater elevation than had been attained in the case of the Bell Rock, which is little more than 100 yards in its extent. It was determined that the light should be elevated about 150 feet above high water, so as to command a visible horizon of 18 miles' radius; and it appeared that for interior accommodation a void space of about 13,000 cubic feet would be required.

These elements settled, the question of general proportions came next. This was partly dependent on the preference to be given to one or the other of the two principles, by applying which the solidity of a compacted and unelastic mass can be obtained—the principle of vertical pressure, in which the power of gravity supplies the strength required—or that of artificial tenacity, involving the more elaborate and costly contrivances of dovetailing, joggling, &c. It appears clear that, in the construction of buildings in which resistance to a recurrent action of disturbing forces is a main object, the principle of vertical pressure is to be preferred. The power of a given weight to resist a given force is calculable and constant—the strength which results from the artificial connexion of component parts is less enduring, and cannot even at first be so accurately estimated. These considerations had influenced the Commissioners in their rejection of a plan for an iron pillar, and they governed Mr. A. Stevenson in the design which he was called upon to execute for an edifice of masonry, and justified him for some departure from that of either Smeaton or his father.

"There can be little doubt," he says, "that the more nearly we approach the perpendicular, the more fully do the stones at the base receive the pressure of the superincumbent mass as a means of retaining them in their places, and the more perfectly does this pressure act as a bond of union among the parts of the tower. This consideration naturally weighed with me in making a more near approach to the conic frustum, which, next to the perpendicular wall, must, other circumstances being equal, press the mass below with a greater weight, and in a more advantageous manner, than a curved outline, in which the stones at the base are necessarily further removed from the line of vertical pressure of the mass at top. This

vertical pressure operates in preventing any stone being withdrawn from the wall in a manner which, to my mind, is much more satisfactory than an excessive refinement in dovetailing and joggling, which I consider as chiefly useful in the early stages of the progress of a work when it is exposed to storms, and before the superstructure is raised to such an height as to prevent seas from breaking right over it."—p. 64.

Of the three works the principle of vertical pressure has been most consulted in the case of Skerryvore, and least in that of the Bell Rock. In the Eddystone, indeed, as well as in the Bell Rock, Mr. A. Stevenson is of opinion that the thickness of the walls towards the top has been reduced to the lowest limit compatible with safety. Proportions were therefore adopted for the tower at Skerryvore which, involving a less projection of the base as compared with the summit, afforded a nearer approximation to the form of greatest solidity, the conic frustum. It does not, however, follow that the curve resulting from the proportion taken at Skerryvore could have been advantageously substituted at the Bell Rock for the curve there adopted. The latter is covered to the height of fifteen feet at spring tides. For two winters the lower part of the tower was exposed not merely to wind and spray, but to the direct action of the sea, without the advantage of any superincumbent weight. During this period the architect had to rely on the compactness, not on the weight of his structure, and it became necessary to give the portion thus periodically submerged the sloping form least likely to disturb the passage of the waves.

On the interesting question of the best shape for such buildings, Mr. A. Stevenson thus sums up a singularly clear explanation of his views:—

"In a word, the sum of our knowledge appears to be contained in this proposition—that, as the stability of a sea-tower depends, *cæteris paribus*, on the lowness of its centre of gravity, the general notion of its form is that of a cone, but that, as the forces to which its several horizontal sections are opposed decrease towards its top in a rapid ratio, the solid should be generated by the revolution of some curve-line convex to the axis of the tower, and gradually approaching to parallelism with it."—p. 56.

This is nothing more nor less than the conclusion which Smeaton reduced to practice in the case of the Eddystone, and, for aught

we are aware, for the first time.* The process of reasoning, however, by which Alan Stevenson arrived at his results is far different from that by which Smeaton describes himself to have been influenced. He thinks that Smeaton's famous analogy of the oak, which has been often quoted and extolled for its felicity, is unsound, and was only employed by him for the purpose of satisfying readers incapable of understanding the profounder process by which he had really arrived at truth :—

"There is no analogy," says the modern architect, "between the case of the tree and that of the lighthouse—the tree being assaulted at the top, the lighthouse at the base; and although Smeaton goes on to suppose the branches to be cut off, and water to wash round the base of the oak, it is to be feared that the analogy is not thereby strengthened; as the *materials* composing the tree and the tower are so different, that it is impossible to imagine that the same opposing forces can be resisted by similar properties in both. . . . It is very singular that throughout his reasonings on this subject he does not appear to have regarded those properties of the tree which he has most fitly characterized as its elasticity and the coherence of its parts."—*Ibid.*

A choice remained to be made between at least four different curves, which would each comply with the conditions specified in Mr. Stevenson's conclusion—the logarithmic, the parabola, the conchoid, and the hyperbola. The logarithmic, though not unfavourable to the condition of vertical pressure, was dismissed as clumsy; the parabola displeased the eye from its too rapid change near the base; the similarity between the conchoid and the hyperbola left little to choose between them, but the latter obtained the preference. The shaft of the Skerryvore pillar, accordingly, is a solid generated by the revolution of a rectangular hyperbola about its asymptote as a vertical axis. Its exact height is 120·25 feet; its diameter at the base 42 feet, and at the top 16 feet (p. 61). The first 26 feet from the base are solid, and this portion weighs near 2000 tons. The walls, as they spring from the solid, are nine feet thick, and gradually

* The only great work we know of, antecedent to Smeaton's Eddystone, and resembling it in situation and exposure, is the Tour de Cordouan, in which the conical principle is not adopted. Mr. Rudyard's tower on the Eddystone was a rectilinear frustum of a cone—a form suitable to his principal material, which was wood.

diminish to two. Mr. A. Stevenson considered himself safe in dispensing generally with the system of dovetailing, which had been adopted throughout the building in the two preceding instances. By an improved construction of the floors of the chambers he also supplied the place of the metal chains which Smeaton had used to restrain any disposition to outward thrust in the circle of masonry, and the copper rings by which the cornice of the Bell Rock building is strengthened. The above are some of the principal features of the differences suggested by study and experience between the three works. We must refer our readers to p. 63 for a diagram which makes them sensible to the eye. The following table, however, may be sufficient:—

	Height of Tower above first entire Course.	Contents.	Diameter.		Distance of Centre of Gravity from Base.	Height of Centre of Gravity.
			Base.	Top.		
Eddystone . .	68	13,343	26	15	15·92	4·27
Bell Rock . .	100	28,530	42	15	23·59	4·29
Skerryvore . .	138·5	58,580	42	16	34·95	3·96

The last column shows the ratio which the height of the centre of gravity above the base bears to the height of the tower.

Those who have perused the 'Diary' of Mr. R. Stevenson's voyages to and fro, and long residences in anchored vessels at the Bell Rock, will anticipate that much of the difficulty with which the father had to contend was obviated in the case of the son by the application of steam-power to navigation. The first year's operations at Skerryvore were, however, not assisted by this new auxiliary. A steamer was advertised for, but the river and harbour craft offered for sale were quite unfit to encounter the seas of Tyree, and it was found necessary to build a vessel for such rough service, of 150 tons, with two engines of 30-horse power each. Mr. Stevenson found, as he conceives, compensation for the delay in the accurate knowledge of the reef and surrounding waters which constant trips in the Pharos sailing-vessel of 36 tons procured for him.

One peculiarity of the Skerryvore, in which it differs from the Bell Rock, was found from first to last to occasion much incon-

venience. The sandstone of the Bell Rock is worn into rugged inequalities. The action of the sea on the igneous formation of Skerryvore has given it the appearance and the smoothness of a mass of dark-coloured glass, which made the foreman of the masons compare the operation of landing on it to that of climbing up the neck of a bottle. When we consider how often, by how many persons, and under what circumstances of swell and motion this operation was repeated, we must look upon this feature of the spot as an obstacle of no slight amount.

The 7th of August, 1838, is noted as the first day of entire work on the rock. It consisted in preparations for the temporary barrack, which in this case, as in that of the Bell Rock, was considered a necessary preliminary, and was in most respects a copy of its predecessor. Little more than the pyramidal pedestal of beams for this building could be accomplished before the 11th of September—the last day of work for that season—and this commencement was swept away in the night of the 12th of November:—a calamity which mortified those whom it could not daunt nor discourage, and which only led to various improved devices for reconstruction. The quarriers meanwhile had been busy in Tyree, but the experience obtained during this winter, 1838 and 1839, of the gneiss-rock of that island led Mr. Stevenson to resort for further supply to the granite-quarries of Mull. In specific gravity the gneiss has a trifling advantage, but it is less fissile and far more uncertain in quality. Of the quantity hitherto obtained in Tyree not more than one-tenth was found fit to be dressed as blocks for the tower.

The next important operation was that of excavating the foundation. This occupied the whole of the working season of 1839, from the 6th of May to the 3rd of September. The gneiss held out stoutly against iron and gunpowder, and Mr. Stevenson calculates the labour at four times that which granite would have required. In the case of the Eddystone, Smeaton was compelled to follow the shape of the rock, and to adapt his lower courses of masonry to a sort of staircase of successive terraces carefully shaped for the adjustment. The formation of Skerryvore enabled Mr. Stevenson to avoid this delicate and expensive process, and to mark out a foundation-pit of 42 feet diameter, the largest he could obtain at one level throughout. This basin, however, required for its excavation the labour of 20

men for 217 days, the firing of 296 shots, and the removal into deep water of 2000 tons of material. The blasting, from the absence of all cover, and the impossibility of retiring to a distance farther in any case than 30 feet, and often reduced to 12, demanded all possible carefulness. The only precautions available were a skilful apportionment of the charge and the covering the mines with mats and coarse netting made of old rope. Every charge was fired by or with the assistance of the architect in person, and no mischief occurred. The operations of 1840 included the reconstruction of the barrack, in which, though rather more pervious to wind and spray than what Mr. Robins in his boldest mood would have ventured to designate a "desirable marine villa," the architect and his party were content to take up their quarters on the 14th of May. "Here," says the gallant chief,

"during the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments with water, &c. On one occasion also we were fourteen days without communication with the shore or the steamer, and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which was at times so loud as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed on my mind, on being awakened one night by a heavy sea which struck the barrack, and made my cot swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and the tremor, sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea." —p. 153.

This spell of bad weather, though in summer, well nigh outlasted their provisions; and when at length they were able to make the signal that a landing would be practicable, scarcely twenty-four hours' stock remained on the rock.

As yet nothing of weight but iron and timber had been landed. The first trial of the landing of heavy stones from the lighters, on the 20th of June, was a nervous one. It succeeded, but difficulty and hazard in this operation were of constant recurrence;

and as the loss of one dressed stone would frequently have delayed the whole progress of the building, the anxiety was incessant. Eight hundred tons of dressed stone were, however, deposited on the rock this season without damage. On the 7th of July the ceremony of laying the foundation stone was performed by the Duke of Argyll, attended by a party of relations, including the Duchess and Lady Emma Campbell, and many friends.

The summer of 1840 was a stormy one, and it required some habit to contemplate calmly, even from the height of thirty feet, the approach of the Atlantic wave. The exhibition of its power was more formidable during that period of ground swell which follows a protracted gale than amidst the violence of the actual storm. Cool and careful observation led Mr. Stevenson to conclude that the height of an unbroken wave in these seas does not exceed fifteen feet from the hollow to the crest; but this was magnified to thirty or forty in the estimation of less scientific watchers—some of whom could scarcely familiarize themselves even by repeated experiences of safety to the illusive appearance of imminent destruction. The greatest trial of such a residence was doubtless the occasional inaction resulting from the violence of the weather, which sometimes made it impossible to land a sufficient supply of materials on the rock, and at other times made it impossible to use them. At such intervals the architect's anxiety was great for the safety of the stones deposited on the rock, but which they had as yet been unable to move beyond the reach of the surf. The loss or fracture of any one of these would have occasioned much delay. The discomfort of wet clothes, and scanty accommodation for drying them, after exposure to sleet and spray, was severe. And yet the grandeur and variety of the surrounding scene, combined with the deep interest of the work in hand, were sufficient not only to compensate for the tedium of occasional inaction, but, in the words of the narrator, "to reconcile him to, nay, to make him actually enjoy, an uninterrupted residence on one occasion of not less than five weeks on that desert rock."

In addition to the magnificent phenomena of inorganic nature, an object of interest was afforded by the gambols of the seal, which is said by report of the neighbouring islanders to attain a remarkable size in the neighbourhood of the reef. There is

something to our apprehension very human in the seal. The voice, the expression of the eye, its known affection for musical sounds, and its docility, and even attachment to individuals, when caught young, give it claims to better treatment than it usually receives from man. The greatest living authority in matters of zoology has conjectured that the strange animal seen from the Dædalus frigate was a seal of the largest (sea-lion) species; that it had probably been drifted into warm latitudes on an iceberg which had melted away, and swimming, poor brute, for life, had neared the strange object, the ship, with some faint original hope of shelter and rest for the sole of its flipper. If Captain M'Quhae could admit a theory which attributes to him and to his officers so large an amount of ocular deception, we are sure he would share our regret at his inability to accommodate so interesting a stranger. The seals of Skerryvore made no such demand on Mr. Stevenson's hospitality. They enjoyed the surf which menaced him with destruction, and revelled in the luxuries of a capital fishing station—

> "They moved in tracks of shining white;
> And when they rear'd, the elfish light
> Fell off in hoary flakes."

Perhaps, like the Ancient Mariner, he "blessed them unaware;" but thus he writes of them:—

"Among the many wonders of the 'great deep' which we witnessed at the Skerryvore, not the least is the agility and power displayed by the unshapely seal. I have often seen half a dozen of these animals around the rock, playing on the surface or riding on the crests of the curling waves, come so close as to permit us to see their eyes and head, and lead us to expect that they would be thrown high and dry at the foot of the tower; when suddenly they performed a somersault within a few feet of the rock, and, diving into the flaky and wreathing foam, disappeared, and as suddenly reappeared a hundred yards off, uttering a strange low cry, as we supposed of satisfaction at having caught a fish. At such times the surf often drove among the crevices of the rock a bleeding cod, from whose back a seal had taken a single moderate bite, leaving the rest to some less fastidious fisher."—p. 157.

In July, 1841, as the masonry rose to a height which made the stationary crane difficult and even unsafe to work, that beau-

tiful machine, invented for the Bell Rock, and which rises with the building it helps to raise, the balance crane, was brought into requisition with all the efficiency and success described in the narrative of the elder Stevenson. With such aid the mass of masonry built up during this working season amounted to 30,300 cubic feet—more than double that of the Eddystone, and somewhat more than that of the Bell Rock tower. Such was the accuracy observed in the previous dressing of the stones in the workyards on shore and in their collocation by the builders, that the gauged diameter of each course did not vary from the calculated and intended dimension one-sixteenth of an inch, while the height exceeded that specified by only half an inch. Mr. A. Stevenson only does justice to his father in stating that much of the comparative rapidity of his own work was due to the steam attendance at his command. No death from accident or injury occurred during the entire progress of the work—but the loss of Mr. Heddle, commander of the steamer, who died of consumption in the course of the winter, was probably due to exertion and exposure in that service. On the 21st of July the last stones for the tower were landed under a salute from the steamer. On the 10th of August the lantern was landed. It was, however, impossible to do more this season than to raise and fix it, and cover it with a temporary protection from the weather and the dirt of sea-fowl for the winter.

The summer of 1843 was occupied in repointing the joints of the building—a tedious operation conducted from suspended scaffolds—and in fitting the interior. It was not till the 1st of February, 1844, that the light was first exhibited to mariners. For reasons most ably and minutely detailed in a concluding chapter, the apparatus adopted was identical in its general arrangements with that—in the main dioptric, but combining some of the advantages of the catoptric system of illumination—which had been applied some years before to the Tour de Cordouan. The light is revolving, appearing in its brightest state once in every minute. Elevated 150 feet above the sea, it is well seen as far as the curvature of the earth permits, and even at more than twice the distance at which the curvature would interfere were the eye of the observer on a level with the sea; for it is seen as a strong light from the high land of the Isle of Barra, thirty-eight miles distant.

In a chapter which Mr. Stevenson devotes to the general history of lighthouses, he has collected the few and meagre notices which remain to us of those constructed by the nations of antiquity. We can hardly doubt that some must have existed of which no record has been preserved. The torch in Hero's tower, and the telegraphic fire-signals so magnificently described in the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, could hardly have failed in times anterior to the Pharos of Ptolemy to have suggested the use of continuous lights for the guidance of the mariner. In later periods, when the coasts of France and Britain were more frequented by the predatory Northman than by the peaceful merchant, and when the harvest of shipwreck was considered more profitable than the gains of commercial intercourse, it probably often appeared to the inhabitants of the seaboard more their interest to increase than to diminish its dangers. It is related of one of the Breton Counts St. Leon that, when a jewel was offered to him for purchase, he led the dealer to a window of his castle, and, showing him a rock in the tideway, assured him that black stone was more valuable than all the jewels in his casket. The only modern work of consequence anterior to the Eddystone, cited by Mr. Stevenson, is the Tour de Cordouan, situated in the mouth of the Garonne some two leagues from Bordeaux, which in respect of altitude and architectural grandeur and embellishment, remains, as Mr. Stevenson says, the noblest edifice of the kind in the world. Whether that embellishment be as well suited to the subject-matter as the severer grandeur of the curvilinear towers of Smeaton and the Stevensons, may be questioned. Commenced by Louis de Foix, A.D. 1584, in the reign of Henry II., and finished in 1610, under Henry IV., it exhibits that national taste for magnificence in construction which attained its meridian under Louis XIV. The tower does not receive the shock of the waves, being protected at the base by a wall of circumvallation, which contains also casemated apartments for the attendants. Hence a construction in successive stages, and angular in the interior, consequently less adapted for solidity, but more susceptible of decoration than the conical, has for two centuries stood uninjured. In this, as in our own lighthouses, the inventions of science have been gradually substituted for the rude original chauffoir, or brazier of coal or wood, such as, within memory, was in use in

the Isle of May. In the latter case it is supposed to have led to the destruction of two frigates, which mistook for it some kilns on the coast, and ran ashore on the same night near Dunbar. The Tour de Cordouan has, in our times, been made illustrious by the first application of the dioptric contrivances of Fresnel, which Alan Stevenson has borrowed, not without ample acknowledgment, nor without some improvements, for the service of his own country.

Mr. Stevenson, while treading in the footsteps of Smeaton and his father as historians of their great works, has largely availed himself of the progress which has taken place in the art of engraving. It is amusing in Smeaton's folio to observe the costume of days when the rough business of life was transacted under wigs and in shorts and shoebuckles; but the lapse of time is no less apparent in the delicacy and beauty of the modern illustrations. On no part of his work has Mr. Stevenson been more lavish of this useful and instructive adjunct to a pregnant text than in the treatise which he devotes to the curious subject of the illumination of lighthouses. No such assistance, indeed, can bring a disquisition so profound and such an array of mathematical science within the grasp of the unlearned. It needs, however, but an uninstructed glance at these pages to show that when the engineer rests from his architectural labours he has further difficulties to encounter and problems to solve, which require an extraordinary combination of theoretical science and practical skill. The Promethean task remains to which the construction of the corporeal frame is but subsidiary. It may at first appear a simple matter to accumulate within a limited space instruments and materials of luminous combustion, and to trust to the unassisted laws of radiation for the diffusion of the light produced. The result, however, of this process would be to direct an immense proportion of the rays in sheer waste towards the zenith or the centre of the earth. It becomes the business of the engineer—no longer an architect, but an optician—to control the rays and to direct their divergence on the system best suited to the local conditions of the edifice, to adapt the range of visibility to the circumstances of the navigation, and to give a specific character to the flame which shall enable the mariner, without hesitation or mistake, to distinguish it from others. It is laid down by Mr. A. Stevenson that no

two lights similar enough to be confounded should be placed on the same line of coast nearer than one hundred miles to each other.

The various inventions which have been, with a view to these various objects, substituted for the candles of Smeaton and the brazier of the Isle of May, are of recent date. Many of them were, as is usual, preceded by those vague suggestions which often put in a claim for original invention, but scarcely diminish the honour of successful accomplishment. Among the names of those who have contributed most effectually to the present efficiency of the system of marine illumination, Argand, Borda, and Fresnel are conspicuous. The hollow cylindrical wick of the first was a sudden and immense advance in the art of economical and effective illumination. The second applied the parabolic mirror to the light of Cordouan—an invention which has multiplied the effect of the unassisted flame in the case of a fixed light by 350, in that of a revolving light by 450. For the merits of that great master of the more complicated system of the refracting lens, termed the dioptric, Fresnel, we must refer our readers to Mr. Stevenson's pages and their elaborate engraved illustrations. It may, however, for the benefit of that portion of our readers whose comprehension of optical contrivances cannot be assisted by the use of Greek terminology, be permitted to us to state here in few words some of the leading and distinctive features of these two systems of illumination. In the catoptric, a certain number of Argand lamps are disposed on a framework, each in front of a metallic reflector, which latter is always moulded to a parabolic curve. Both in this and the dioptric system the first great division adopted for the important purpose of distinction and indentification is into fixed and revolving lights. The catoptric system, by the aid of various contrivances, has been made susceptible in practice of nine conspicuous and unmistakeable varieties; for which differences of colour, periodical gradations of splendour, and absolute temporary occultation are the means employed. The relative arrangement of the lamps with their reflectors to each other differs according as the light is fixed or revolving. In the fixed light the lamps and reflectors are disposed on a circular frame with the axes of the latter inclined to each other at such an angle as shall enable them to illuminate as completely as possible every quarter of the horizon. The revolving light is pro-

duced by the revolution on a central shaft of a frame with three or four sides, on each of which the reflectors are disposed with their axes parallel. One variety, indeed, the flashing light, is produced by a somewhat different arrangement, involving an inclination of the axis of each reflector to the perpendicular. In the dioptric system a powerful burner is placed in the centre of a frame, usually octagonal, fitted with a refracting lens to each of the sides.

Contrivances of great ingenuity and complexity have been superadded by Messrs. Fresnel and Stevenson both for reflection and refraction of much of the light, which, without their aid, would be wasted in an upward or downward direction, entitling the whole apparatus, combining, as it then does, the qualities of the two systems, to the designation of Catadioptric. We are sorry to confess that, in spite of the removal of those vexatious excise regulations which so long paralyzed the glass manufacture of England, we are still dependent on France for the glass used in the construction of our dioptric lights. Mr. Stevenson has entered fully into the subject of the comparative merits of the two systems. For lights of the first order in range and importance, specified by him—as those which are first made on oversea voyages—and which embrace within their action a large portion of the horizon—it seems clear that the dioptric system is to be preferred. In respect of intensity, equable diffusion of light in the direction required, and economy of oil, it has decidedly the advantage—in the latter particular in the proportion of three and a half to one. The consequence, however, of extinction from accident is, as Mr. Stevenson terms it, infinitely great in the case of the one central burner of the dioptric system as compared with that of the numerous lamps of the catoptric. There are also cases, such as those of fixed lights in narrow seas, where it is only needful to illuminate a limited segment of the horizon, in which he prefers the reflected light. He condemns the employment of coloured media on the score of absorption, and considers it only admissible in the case of a line of coast crowded with lighthouses in which the other and better processes of revolution and temporary occultation have been exhausted. In such the red glass may be used, but blue and green, from their greater absorption, are not entitled to promotion from the shop of the apothecary.

The critical position and permanent requirements of the light-house make it improbable that the oil-lamp will soon be supplanted on the sea-girt tower either by gas or by any of those still more recondite devices which are almost daily engendered by the advancing chemical science of the age. Gas, indeed, has sometimes been applied to marine lights on the mainland. For the dioptric light, where there is one large central flame, it possesses, at least, two decided advantages—the form of the luminous cone is less variable, and the inconvenience of mechanism in the lamp is avoided. These advantages are, however, more than compensated in all positions to which access is difficult and precarious, by the difficulties of the manufacture of the gas and transport and storing of fuel; perhaps in all cases by the risk, however reduced by modern inventions, of explosion. For the catoptric revolving light it is obviously unsuited.

To the Drummond and Voltaic lights there are other objections than those which adhere to any process involving delicacy of adjustment and manipulation. A full exposition of those objections would require some of that mathematical disquisition and graphic illustration which Mr. Stevenson has lavished in his pages for the use of the learned. It is sufficient here to explain that, to fulfil the purpose of a marine light, whether fixed or revolving, some degrees of divergence are essential—that to produce this divergence, and to control and direct it either by the mirror or the lens, a body of flame, as distinguished from a luminous point, is equally necessary. Such operators as the Fresnels and Stevensons leave nothing to chance—to any chance, at least, but that of fog or violent accident. That effect, whether of slowly increasing and waning splendour, or of fixed radiance, which at the distance of twenty miles cheers the spirit and directs the judgment of the mariner, is previously calculated and rigorously governed by so small a quantity as the measured diameter of the cylindrical wick placed in front of the mirror, or behind the lens. If this diameter, as in the case of the Drummond and Voltaic processes, be reduced to a luminous point, of however concentrated and increased intensity, practical utility is annihilated. An experiment was made by Mr. Gurney in 1835 for adding power to the flame of oil without reducing its dimensions by a combination with oxygen, but the plan was rejected by the Trinity House.

Such, however, is the intensity of the light produced by some of these processes, that we cannot despair of their ultimate application to purposes and situations which afford a safer field for ingenuity, where accident is of less consequence, and economy may be fairly consulted. Our children, perhaps we ourselves, who remember the old lamps and older watchmen of London, may live to read gas-shares at a discount, and to see the nocturnal duty of the policeman simplified by the radiance of artificial suns which shall fill whole regions of streets and alleys with light from one central source.

Apart from such extended speculations, we consider it not unlikely that the experiments pursued and the processes adopted for marine illumination may suggest minor improvements which, though of less importance, may conduce to public and private convenience. The House of Lords, club-rooms, and other large enclosed spaces, have been assisted by Mr. Faraday and others by various methods to get rid of unhealthy gases and superfluous caloric. The great saloon of Lansdowne House has, if we mistake not, long been partially lighted on festive occasions from without; and Lord Brougham, we hear, has lately availed himself of a similar resource in the old hall of his seat in Westmoreland, without at all disturbing—on the contrary, aiding and enhancing—its impressive character. We are not aware that any attempt has yet been made towards the effective illumination of a large room without any interior combustion. We understand, however, that Mr. Barry has such an attempt in contemplation for the picture-gallery at Bridgewater House, and this by the aid of the parabolic reflector of the Cordouan and the Bell Rock. Guttering candles and broiling lamps are behind the age we live in, and we have every reason to wish Mr. Barry success.

We cannot attempt the delicate task of a biography of living worthies. The peculiar line in which the two Messrs. Stevenson have attained eminence sufficiently distinguishes them from that family of English engineers who have made illustrious a name so nearly similar that confusion between them and their respective achievements might otherwise possibly arise. It is a satisfaction to us however to relate, that the architect of the Bell Rock, having retired from the office of engineer to the Northern Lights, is still enjoying an honourable repose in Edin-

burgh, and that his son and successor in office is at present superintending the building of five lighthouses in Scotland.

For the last century England has been a great school for the practical application of mechanical science. It is somewhat curious to compare the present condition of her intellectual resources in this department with those of the earlier attempts to light the Eddystone—the proceedings and results of solid instruction with the desultory efforts of amateur ingenuity. A country gentleman and a silk-mercer were the predecessors of Smeaton at the Eddystone. The first, Mr. Winstanley, had distinguished himself by a talent for practical mechanical jokes, which must have made his country-house in Essex an agreeable and exciting residence for an uninitiated guest. You placed your foot in a slipper in your bed-room, and a ghost started up from the hearth; you sat down in an easy-chair, and were made prisoner by its arms; you sought the shade of an arbour, and were set afloat upon the canal. That the more serious device of such a brain should have been fantastic and unsound is less surprising than that it should have endured the weather of the Channel for some three seasons. Mr. Winstanley commenced his operations on the Eddystone in 1696, a period when the doctrine was scarcely obsolete that storms might be raised by the malignity of elderly females. If storms could be provoked by the excesses of human complacency and presumption, Mr. Winstanley was quite the man to raise them. Having completed a structure deficient in every element of stability, he was known to express a wish that the fiercest storm that ever blew might arise to test the fabric. He was truly the engineer of Mr. Sheridan Knowles' pleasant lines—

> "Who lays the top-stone of his sea-girt tower,
> And, smiling at it, bids the winds and waves
> To roar and whistle *now*—but in a night
> Beholds the ocean sporting in its place."

Short time indeed had poor Mr. Winstanley to "stand aghast;"—for, alas! the undaunted gentleman was engaged in a visit of inspection when the storm he had challenged occurred, and its fury left no trace of the lighthouse, its attendants, or its architect.

Mr. Rudyerd, who next undertook the task, was certainly a man of genius. It is possible that England at this time con-

tained no man more competent for the undertaking than the silkmercer of Ludgate-hill, the son of a Cornish vagrant, who had raised himself from rags and mendicancy by his talents and industry to a station of honourable competence. He designed, and with the assistance of two shipwrights constructed, an edifice, mainly of timber, courses of stone being introduced solely to obtain the advantage of that principal of vertical pressure of which we have already spoken. In this respect it did present some of that analogy to the oak-tree which the artist of Skerryvore impugns in the case to which Smeaton applied the illustration. It might be said to resemble a tree with iron roots, for the balks of timber which formed the base were bolted to the rock, so as to resist lift or lateral displacement, by iron branches, so called, spreading outward at the nether extremity, on the principle of that ancient and well-known instrument, the Lewis. Mr. Rudyerd did not indeed invent that simple and very ingenious contrivance, with which heavy stones have for ages past been raised by the crane, but he, as we believe, in the case of the Eddystone, first applied it to the fixture of bolts and stanchions—an application which is extolled by Smeaton as a felicitous and material accession to the practical part of engineering. It was largely adopted by Mr. R. Stevenson in his operations on the Bell Rock, especially in that difficult and anxious one, the construction of the temporary barrack. In the case of Skerryvore the hardness of the rock made the process slow and unsuitable, and led Mr. A. Stevenson to adopt other contrivances. The worm had commenced ravages on Mr. Rudyerd's wooden structure, which, though capable of timely repair, would have led to considerable toil and expense had a longer duration been permitted to the edifice. It had presented, however, no symptoms of serious instability or irremediable decay, when, in 1755, it met with a fate from which its situation might have appeared to be its security—destruction, rapid and complete, by fire. The catastrophe left Mr. Rudyerd's skill unimpeached as an architect, for in respect of solidity his work had stood the test of nearly fifty winters; but the many instances of marine conflagration should have warned him that an edifice cased to the summit with tarred timbers was quite as combustible as a ship, and precaution against such accident seems to have been neglected in the arrangements of the lantern.

The flashes of amateur ingenuity have paled their fires before the steady lustre of brighter lights and surer guides. The voice of a commercial people demanded aid for daring enterprise and great designs. Men like Smeaton and Brindley answered the call; and not among the least of their followers are those to whom the humble tribute of these pages has been paid. At this moment we shall be pardoned for observing that the selection and employment of such agents does credit to the Northern Light Commissioners. Did any doubt exist as to the merit of the services of that body, given, as they are, without fee or reward, we should be tempted to reply to the sceptic in something like the language of Wren's epitaph—"Si quæras monumentum, *circumnaviga.*" It is known that suggestions have been made for the amalgamation of this and the Irish Board with the Trinity House. We do not claim an acquaintance with all the bearings of the question which would justify us in endeavouring to rouse the perfervid genius of Scottish nationality against such a proposition. We trust, however, that no hasty concession will be made to the mere principle of centralization—a principle misapplied when it disturbs the working of machinery which experience has shown to be adequate to its functions and successful in its operation.

XIII.—RUSSIAN AND GERMAN CAMPAIGNS.

From the Quarterly Review, Dec., 1851. (*)

Of all the subsidiary materials upon which the writer of history, the man who analyses, weighs, and compares, can place reliance, the posthumous memoir has perhaps the most chances in favour of its value. With respect to the great transactions of an eventful period, the persons most competent to afford evidence are not seldom the least willing to speak out on this side the grave; and such is perhaps the case with none so much as those who have borne a prominent part in warlike affairs. The spirit of comradeship, which had its early growth in the barrack-room, clings to the soldier through his active career, and follows the veteran into retirement. The accidents of professional employment and of social intercourse alike keep him in contact with many to whom the publication of what he knows to be true might be, to say the least, unpalatable. We have had access to more than one military MS., written by men whose names would be a guarantee for knowledge, veracity, and justice—for every claim on belief short of infallibility. There was not one among these narratives the author of which could have entered the United Service Club with comfort to himself two hours after its appearance on a bookseller's counter. He is on the best of terms with the mutilated K.C.B. who is dining at the next table. He knows him to be a

(*) 1. *Aus meinem Leben, u. s. w.—Passages of my Life, by Frederick Charles Ferdinand, Baron of Müffling, otherwise by name Weiss.* Berlin. 1851.

2. *Memorien, u. s. w. Memoirs of the Prussian General of Infantry, Louis Baron of Wolzogen. From his MSS.* Leipzig. 1851.

3. *Erinnerungen, u. s. w.—Recollections of the War Times of* 1806–1813. By Frederick von Müller. Brunswick. 1851.

4. *Commentaries on the War in Russia and Germany in* 1812 *and* 1813. By Col. the Hon. George Cathcart. London. 1850.

brave and worthy gentleman, but was present when he clubbed, or overmarched, or undermarched his battalion, or committed some blunder which all but compromised the issue of some bloody day. The unhappy incident may be too important to be omitted from any faithful record. Thirty years may have elapsed, and still the white-haired one-armed phantom rises, with a score perhaps of others, between the chronicler and the publisher. The historian, worthy of the name, will commonly wait for at least that period before he settles himself to his work. It is indeed easy to gather from the Gazettes of the day, and other official sources, facts enough to load the shelves of Paternoster-row with Histories in a dozen volumes. The numbers of killed and wounded—the guns which either party took into the field and brought out of it—these and many other essential particulars may be collected and classified and put into exquisite language by any clergyman without a cure, or lawyer without a brief, who feels himself inspired to the task; but the result will no more be recognised by the initiated as a fair and sufficient picture of the past than the French bulletin from which it is in part derived. The human mind craves something more than a superficial knowledge of results. The best materials for its satisfaction may come slow, but they come at last. The statesman, and especially the soldier, the depositaries of the real history of the events in which they were principal actors, mute through life, are often eloquent after death. The memoir, shown perhaps by its author to at most one or two intimates, is bequeathed either for immediate or still deferred publication. Our view of this subject is well illustrated by the German press. It is not long since the sister of General Clausewitz, not without some hesitation, sanctioned the printing of his very valuable lucubrations. It is but yesterday that those of Wolzogen and Müffling have followed.

The two latter are the works of men who, without the highest ostensible command, were privy to all the secrets of head-quarters, and exercised a strong practical influence over the movements of colossal armies. Both abstained from speaking out while surrounded by those to whom the disclosures required by truth might be unwelcome; both reserved those disclosures for a time when the grave should have received alike themselves and their fellow-actors in the great drama. We venture to assert that no

general history of the wars of Europe, from 1812 to 1815, composed without access and reference to these, and such works as these, can have any claim to enduring trust and estimation.

Such posthumous evidence must of course be taken with due reference to the character maintained through life by the witness, and with all allowance for the fact that he cannot be subjected to cross-examination. The first of these tests may be courted on behalf of the chief testimonies now before us with all the confidence due to soldiers and gentlemen of known service and untarnished reputation. The unavoidable imperfection of their evidence under the second head must be supplied by comparison with other sources of information and with each other. It will be found that one narrative occasionally corrects the other, but far more frequently that they meet on common ground only to corroborate each other with all the force of unconcerted accordance.

We have to thank Colonel Cathcart for a work so far of a different complexion, inasmuch as he having been, in virtue of his youth, rather an intelligent and impartial observer than an influential actor, can afford to publish in his own lifetime his personal reminiscences, with the pregnant comments which subsequent experience and study have enabled him to append. English writers on strategy are rare. We owe Colonel Cathcart's solid and unpretending volume a notice, and he will not be ashamed of the company in which we have placed him.

Of the foreigners on our list General Müffling will obtain the most attention in this country. The surviving companions at least of the Duke of Wellington will welcome with interest *his* reminiscences of 1815.

Frederick Baron von Müffling was born about the year 1775, for he describes himself as thirty years old in 1805, at which date he was married and had three children. His education had commenced, as he takes occasion to lament, at a period when —thanks to Frederick the Great—all that was considered necessary for a young officer was comprised under the single head of fluency in the French language. His father, a veteran of the Seven Years' War, submitted implicitly to this anti-national system; and as the *Docenten* in vogue taught French entirely by ear, and not by grammatical rule, the instruction of Müffling's boyhood was very limited. He lived to regret but not to repair

the absence of that solid intellectual substratum which is usually obtained through the medium of the dead languages. A natural taste for mathematics saved him, however, from many dangers and temptations of youth; and after ten years of active service on the Rhine he took to these with such success that he was appointed to assist the astronomer Zach in a survey of Thuringia. At the close of three years thus spent, his good fortune attached him to the staff corps, and gained him the patronage of that eminent patriot and scientific soldier Scharnhorst.

General Müffling at the outset lays down two rules for himself, his strict observance of which ought to be imitated by all who follow him in this path of literature. He promises to narrate in detail nothing but what he saw, heard, or thought at the time of the occurrence. With respect to that which he did hear and see, he passes lightly over all which has become notorious from other sources. We scarcely know a work of its class which would so little bear abbreviation or omission of passages. We certainly know no German autobiography so utterly exempt from twaddle. In pursuance of the second rule he dismisses the actual campaign of Jena with a sentence, though, as serving on the staff of Prince Hohenlohe, and admitted to the confidence of the Duke of Brunswick, he was more than a witness of that great transaction. He gives, however, some graphic pictures of the councils which were held in the Prussian camp, and some delineations of the character and resources of the men who undertook to meet Napoleon in the field, which would alone suffice, if other evidence were wanting, to explain the disaster that prostrated his country at the feet of France. Before the commencement of hostilities he had been attached for a while to a corps pushed forward, under General Blücher, to observe the movements of Marshal Bernadotte. Here he had found opportunity to note and admire the alert movements of the French infantry. He saw even their colonels marching with no wardrobe but what the knapsacks on their shoulders could contain, while the officers of a single Prussian battalion required fifty horses for their personal accommodation. He reported this observation to General Ruchel, soon to be distinguished for his large share in the defeat of Auerstadt. The General replied, "My friend, a Prussian gentleman does not go on foot."

The Commander-in-Chief and those next in authority are thus introduced to us:—

"The Duke of Brunswick enjoyed in his seventy-third year a remarkable degree of bodily activity and freshness of intellect; but had become mistrustful and circumspect to excess. He wanted simplicity in the discharge of his business; and events had so far outgrown his stature that he was led by instead of leading them. He had accepted the command in order to prevent the war. I can assert this with confidence, because I heard it repeatedly from his own lips at moments when his subordinates had been aggravating the difficulties of his position, or indulging in practices behind his back to which he was anything but a party. At times, when I in strict confidence had been suggesting to him methods for enforcing and maintaining obedience, his ill humour vented itself upon the culprits in the plainest and bitterest descriptions of their peculiarities. He would call Prince Hohenlohe a vain and weak man, who suffered himself to be governed by Massenbach; Ruchel a *fanfaron*, Mollendorf a stupefied dotard, Kalkreuth a cunning intrigue-monger, and the subordinate generals, in the lump, a parcel of talentless *Routiniers*—concluding uniformly, 'and it is with such a set we are to encounter a Napoleon! No: the best service I can do the King will be if I can succeed in keeping peace.'"—p. 15.

Prince Hohenlohe, at the moment he appeared on the scene, was endeavouring to suppress an active fit of gout by fierce friction with opodeldoc, which betrayed, by its perfume, the secret of his ailment to those who frequented his head-quarters.

It is easy from sketches like these to divine the causes of the huge discomfiture, and to appreciate the infatuation which led Prince Louis and the war party of Berlin to believe that the traditions of Frederick the Great had in themselves virtue sufficient to afford a certain victory over the conquerors of Russian and Austrian armies. To understand, however, the full extent of that infatuation, it is necessary to collect from other sources a knowledge of the real condition to which a reliance on these traditions, and the lazy neglect of the War department, had reduced the army itself, from which so much was expected. A narrative which furnishes these particulars has been recently published, under Government authority, by Colonel Höpfner, of the Prussian General Staff. It is founded throughout on official documents, and exhibits, in scarcely credible detail, the vices of organization which brought the Prussian army into the field in a condition disgraceful as to equipment, with officers averaging, in their several ranks, double the age of their respective opponents,

and with troops incompetent, in respect of tactics and movement, to cope with the agile and manageable masses of the French. While the Prussian march was encumbered with the officers' horses above mentioned, with poultry-carts, and even with pianofortes, the men took the field in autumn without cloaks. The muskets of whole corps were so worn in the barrels that ball had for some time been forbidden as dangerous. The best equipped troops, however, in the world must have failed when guided against Napoleon by such councils as that which this author describes as taking place at Erfurt. Those who wish to know how nobly the Prussian soldier stood and fought, and marched and starved, under these hopeless circumstances, must follow him from Jena to the Oder, through the pages of Colonel Höpfner.

Müffling accompanied the Duke of Saxe-Weimar through the miserable retreat of the remnant of the Prussian army to its final dispersion or capitulation on the Oder. The Duke had invited him, as a comrade in misfortune, to Weimar; and two years later he procured his discharge from the Prussian service, with the view of profiting by this invitation. The pretty little city, which had for some time been the literary capital of Germany, now became the focus of its patriotism, and the centre of intrigues for its emancipation, which foiled the scrutiny of the French police. Müffling, attached to the person of the Duke, was the confidant and active instrument of these machinations. They were pursued under the very eye of Napoleon, who, in 1808, fixed upon Erfurt as the place for receiving, as a guest, the Emperor Alexander. Müffling had the painful task of acting, on the part of the Duke of Weimar, as master of the ceremonies for arranging, in concert with the French officials, the fêtes of the occasion. One of these displays was indeed a strange device for cementing that friendship with Alexander which had been so carefully blazoned at Tilsit: it was a distribution of decorations and promotions to a French regiment which had specially earned these distinctions by its conduct against the Russian guards at Friedland. The ceremony lasted two hours, and the Czar was kept in attendance on it, in the hollow square in which it was conducted, till the last cross had been awarded. The Grand Duke Constantine, less patient, slipped out of the circle. Other specimens of the faithful reflection of the tone and bearing of their

master, on the part of his subordinates, are given. All was borne quietly for the time.

Another posthumous memoir has lately appeared, that of the Chancellor F. von Müller, who at this period had frequent and familiar intercourse with Napoleon himself and the most marking men of his suite. The volume is rich in anecdotes of all these personages. Among its most curious relations is the statement that, during the festivities of 1808, Müller received from several Frenchmen, then and there present, the expression of their hopes that Napoleon might find in the resistance of Alexander a limit to the further indulgence of his measureless ambition. From Müller this intimation was carried to the Duke of Weimar, who, through the Duke of Oldenburg, conveyed it on to Alexander. A long conversation ensued between the Duke of Weimar himself and the Russian Emperor. The latter, after explaining his reasons for adhering to his course of submission, closed the interview with the significant words, "C'est un torrent qu'il faut laisser passer."

We beg pardon of General Müffling for introducing here such brief notice as our limits and main purpose allow of the amusing work of this civilian. In the hour of dismay and confusion which followed the French successes of 1806, Müller was employed to plead with the conqueror the cause of his master the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. His brief was an arduous one. His client was in arms in the service of Prussia: and, even when released from his military obligations, proved somewhat intractable and tardy in making that full submission which Napoleon was able to exact, and little inclined to dispense with. It is but fair to Napoleon to give him credit for the impulse which would seem to have restrained him from blotting out the state of Weimar, like that of Brunswick, from his revised map of Germany. Something was probably due to his wish at this time to conciliate Russia, but he really seems to have been mainly influenced by a genuine feeling of respect for the character and bearing of the Duchess, Goethe's great friend, who had remained at her capital through all the horrors of the neighbouring conflict, and had received Napoleon on its surrender with a dignity which extorted from him the compliment, addressed to Rapp, "Voilà une femme à laquelle pas même nos deux cents canons ont pu faire peur." The fate, however, of Weimar long trembled in the balance.

It was the lot of our Chancellor not only to negociate with Napoleon in person for its salvation as a state, but to advocate its material interests, as a country under military occupation, with a host of successive French authorities. With all these except Daru, whose harshness was brutal, he seems to have been successful, and not the least so with some of the roughest soldiers of Napoleon's court militant, Rapp especially, and Ney. With others, such as General Clarke, Denon, Maret, his business relations led to lasting intimacies, afterwards cultivated at Paris, and he was admitted a familiar and a favoured guest into the circle of Talleyrand.

Some of the most agreeable pages of the memoir are devoted to the festivities of Erfurt. It was here that before an audience of sovereigns, and their men of council and action, the chef-d'œuvres of the French classic drama were acted by such performers as Talma, Lafond, Raucourt, and Duchesnois. It was difficult, amid the confusion of great names and grand equipages, to preserve intact the rules even of military etiquette. The drums of the guard of honour at the theatre rolled thrice for an emperor, once only for a king. On one occasion the armorial bearings on the Wirtemberg carriage all but obtained the honours due only to France or Russia. The officer was just in time to check the drummer with "Taisez-vous, ce n'est qu'un Roi."

Among those who most keenly enjoyed the verses of Racine in the mouth of Talma was the author's friend, Goethe, of whose principal interview with Napoleon he gives a particular account. Napoleon was not inexpert at cramming for this kind of conversation. Wolzogen tells us how at Stuttgart he captivated the electress, albeit a daughter of our George III., by his remarks on English literature. For Goethe, however, he needed less preparation. Bourrienne mentions the Sorrows of Werther as one of the few books which he took with him to Egypt, and he now assured Goethe that he had read it seven times, accompanying the assertion with some detailed criticism, which Goethe acknowledged to be at once subtile and correct. Turning to the drama, he censured Voltaire's Mahomet, pointing out how unnatural it was to represent the religious conqueror as giving an unfavourable description of himself. He condemned more severely the Fate-Dramas—*Schicksal-stücke*. "They belong," he said, "to a

darker age. What have we to do with Fate? Policy is Fate." After an interval spent on matters of business with Daru and Soult, he returned to Goethe and the drama. "Tragedy," he said, "should be the school of kings and nations. That is the highest function the dramatic poet can attain. You, for example, should treat the death of Cæsar as it ought to be treated, in a grander style than that of Voltaire's piece. This might be the greatest performance of your life. You should show the world what Cæsar would have done for its welfare; how its destinies would have been altered, if time had been spared him to execute his lofty designs. Come to Paris. I demand this of you. There is the true point of view from which to contemplate the world. There you will find materials for your powers." After every observation he added, "Qu'en dit Monsieur *Go-et?*" As the courtly poet retired with his self-esteem fully consoled for the murderous divellication of a diphthong and the suppression of a final *e* in his unpronounceable name, Napoleon said to Berthier and Daru, "Voilà un homme."

At a subsequent ball, Napoleon, after a conversation with Goethe, turned suddenly round on the Chancellor, and asked, "Where is Wieland?" The question was rightly interpreted as a command, and a carriage sent by the Duke soon returned with the invalid veteran. The Emperor went to business with his wonted abruptness. After obtaining from Wieland a somewhat hesitating preference among his own works for Oberon and Agathon, he put a question which he had once at Berlin addressed to Müller the historian:—what period in the annals of mankind he accounted the most fortunate for humanity? Müller had given his verdict for the age of the Antonines. Wieland evaded the question. Greeks had been happy, emperors had been good. Good and evil, virtue and crime, alternated in the history of our race. It was the part of philosophy to make the evil endurable, by giving prominence to the good. "Bien, bien!"—said Buonaparte—"but it is not just to paint, as Tacitus does, everything in black. True he is a skilful artist, a bold and seductive one, but his only aim was effect. History admits of no illusions. It is her part to enlighten and instruct, not to deal in impressive imagery. Tacitus has not disclosed the causes and inner motives of events, has not investigated the mystery of transactions and ideas, sufficiently to lay the foun-

dation of a fair and impartial verdict on the part of posterity. The Roman emperors were not so bad as Tacitus has described them. In this respect I give by far the preference to Montesquieu; he is more true and more just."—Napoleon then adverted to the Christian religion and its history, especially to the causes of its rapid diffusion. "I see in this," he said, "a remarkable reaction of the Greek spirit as against the Roman. Greece, overpowered in a physical struggle, recovered a predominance in spirituals by embracing and fostering every germ of good which Providence had scattered on the earth. For the rest," he continued—here he drew close to Wieland, and held his hand up, so that no other but himself could hear—"for the rest, it still remains a great question whether Jesus Christ ever existed." Wieland, hitherto a listener, replied with promptitude and animation, "I know well, Sire, there are some senseless persons who doubt it; but it seems to me as reasonable to doubt whether Julius Cæsar ever lived, or whether your Majesty now lives." On this Napoleon clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Good, good. The philosophers torment themselves to discover new systems: they will seek in vain for a better than that of Christianity, by which man is reconciled to himself, and which gives pledges for public order and the peace of communities, as well as for the happiness and the hope of individuals." Napoleon seemed well inclined to continue the conversation; but the old man showed symptoms of fatigue, and was considerately released. Müller thinks that Napoleon had heard Wieland spoken of as the German Voltaire, and wished to test the justice of the appellation.

The Chancellor seems to have had the talent to ingratiate himself with the French occupants of his unfortunate country, and with none of them more than with Napoleon himself. The course of this true love did not, however, always run smooth, and before the memoir closes he has to recount one tremendous interview. In April of 1813 the advance of the Allies had reached Jena, while the French were concentrating in haste in and about Weimar. A contingent of Weimar, recently levied by order of Napoleon, had been carried off, and as the French suspected, with very gentle violence, by a corps of Cossacks, or, as was further reported, of Jena students dressed up as such. Müller had been despatched to Jena, to provide

quarters for the French, but, finding it occupied by Prussian hussars, had with some difficulty returned. He was himself so far under no charge or suspicion. Two, however, of his intimate friends, councillors and officials of Weimar, had been arrested on their way to join him at Jena without a French passport, but bearing letters in cipher on their persons. They were in the citadel expecting a military trial and a short shrift. The Duke was absent under circumstances of strong suspicion, and Buonaparte was at Weimar, incensed to the utmost, and with little leisure and less inclination to revise or mitigate the sentence of a court martial. It was under these circumstances that Müller found himself one morning trembling in the great man's antechamber, and that when the doors flew open he was greeted with the question, "Where is your contingent?" The Chancellor's attempt at explanation was followed for some minutes by a torrent of menace and invective. "I must," concluded Napoleon, "make an example. This evening the 5th corps will enter Jena. There, on my table, lies the order to Bertrand to burn the town. I am on the point of signing it." Further discussion and entreaty ensued. Napoleon at last tore the order, but with fearful threats against the *idéalogues* and *radoteurs* of the university, against German revolutionists and Prussia. Much steam had now escaped, but the affair of the prisoners was yet untouched. Napoleon approached it with his usual concision. "The case is simple; they have corresponded with the enemy beyond the outposts—therefore ought to be shot."—"Their letters," said Müller, "were addressed to me; why not arrest me also?"—"I have nothing to say to you," replied Napoleon; "I knew you of old at Berlin, Posen, Erfurt."—"Your Majesty also knows M. Von Spiegel. He had the honour to attend on your Majesty as Chamberlain, and to receive marks of your Majesty's satisfaction." At the word Chamberlain Napoleon drily remarked, "I see no reason why a Chamberlain should not be hung." With this explosion the wrath exhaled. Our author was at last dismissed with compliments to the zeal of his friendship, and Berthier was empowered to deal with the case of the prisoners. They were shortly released, but one died of the shock inflicted by his adventure.

To return to Müffling. Through a dreary interval of surveillance and subjection he bided his time, cheered at last by

reports, albeit partial and circuitous, of Buonaparte's disasters in the invasion of Russia, till the news of the York defection gave the signal for the return, which he had ever meditated, to the Prussian service. A messenger, despatched with a letter in his shoe-sole to Scharnhorst, brought back, indeed, a reply prescribing delay for a season—but Müffling soon afterwards found means to join his friend and protector at Altenburg. Scharnhorst was actively pressing on the now united sovereigns the scheme, of which he was in fact the author, of that hasty advance which met its first check at Lützen. Scharnhorst was imperfectly informed as to the strength of Napoleon, and the intelligence brought by Müffling was valuable for the purpose of correcting too sanguine an estimate of the effect of the Moscow campaign on the indomitable resources of France. The project, however, of advance was still warmly pressed and as hotly resisted. Scharnhorst had carried the Czar with him, but both were well nigh overruled by the counter influence of the Russian peace party, headed by Kutusoff. From this they were relieved by the seasonable death of that incapable, debauched, and effete old man.

Müffling saw at Lützen his protector, Scharnhorst, borne from the field with a wound which, though considered slight at the time, carried him off a few days later at Prague.

Scharnhorst was succeeded in his functions as chief of the staff, which amounted to no less than the real direction of the Prussian main force under the nominal command of Blücher, by General Gneisenau. A great portion of Müffling's volume consists of a running commentary on the operations of the army, as swayed by this able and influential person. It must, we have seen it suggested, be taken with the allowance due, not only to pretty frequent difference of opinion, but also to permanent differences in character and disposition, which made the two men uncongenial to each other. Gneisenau, no doubt, had endeavoured to procure the appointment of his friend Colonel Clausewitz to the Quartermaster-Generalship of the Silesian army, and was little pleased at the selection of Müffling for that post. They were not, however, either of them men to sacrifice the service of their country to petty jealousies, and they worked throughout honestly and well together. Müffling's criticisms are founded on very intimate knowledge of facts, and, we must add,

we really can detect in them no traces of rancour. In comparing Scharnhorst with Gneisenau, he speaks of both as remarkable for determination and perseverance in pursuit of their objects—but of the former as a cautious and calculating preparer of the means —of the latter as more adventurous, disposed to underrate the strength of his antagonist, and to rely on his own eventual resources at the critical moment.

The most conspicuous of the Prussian actors in this great drama, the man of the exigency, Blücher, receives much illustration of his peculiarities from Müffling's pen. His influence in strategical movements and plans of operation may be quoted at zero. At all times, however, his moral influence on the spirit of the army was immense, and could have been replaced by no other commander. When actual collision occurred, his personal qualities found their application and displayed their value. His contempt of danger, however, often degenerated into obstinacy; and his propensity to boastful harangues sometimes led him into positions which he was reluctant to abandon and unable to maintain. A striking instance of this is given in the author's narrative of the battle of Bautzen. The previous battle of Lützen had been fought without a commander, or rather with half a dozen. At Bautzen the allied movements were directed by Alexander, and did, on the whole, no discredit to his military talents.

At the close of the first day's action Colonel Müffling was desired to attend the council held to determine on the orders for the morrow. The King of Prussia was absent, and Blücher is not mentioned. He was probably represented by Gneisenau. The Emperor was attended by Wittgenstein, who was still senior general of the Russian forces—Barclay having only just arrived, and having declined to assume the chief command till after the battle—and by the chief of the Russian staff, Diebitsch.

"The Emperor," says Müffling, "announced his conviction that Napoleon, who was inferior to us in cavalry, would attack our left in the mountainous ground and outflank us. I respectfully expressed my doubts; and being asked my reasons, I made an exposition of the features of our position on our right, which showed that that quarter was the favourable point for Napoleon's attack. I showed that, unless we extended our right wing as far as the wind-

mill hill at Gleime, and occupied that height with a strong battery, Marshal Ney would be before us at Weissenberg, through which ran the chaussée to Gorlitz, the line of retreat for our right wing and centre. The Emperor did not abandon his idea as to Napoleon's line of attack, but admitted my reasoning as to the position of our right wing. He asked the generalissimo, 'How strong is Barclay?' Wittgenstein replied, without reflection, '15,000 men.' The Emperor asked me, 'Are these sufficient?' On my reply in the affirmative, Barclay received orders to occupy the post in question." —p. 37.

The battle commenced, and the weight of Ney's attack upon Barclay soon confirmed Müffling's anticipations.

"An aide-de-camp of the Emperor brought General Blücher the order to despatch me to Barclay. I found him at the windmill hill, where a strong battery was just opening its fire. I made him acquainted with the conversation of the previous evening, and that the Emperor, as he had 15,000 men, reckoned on the fulfilment of his commission. *Barclay was silent.*"

The force of Ney meanwhile developed itself, till both Barclay and Müffling estimated his masses in sight at 40,000 men.

"Barclay invited me to enter the miller's house, and bolted the door with much formality, while the balls from Ney's batteries were riddling the building. You believe, said he, that I have 15,000 men with me, and the Emperor believes the same. The moment is too important for longer silence. I have just 5000, and I leave you to judge whether I can hold out against the force you see in my front."

After describing his utter consternation at this announcement, which affected the key of the allied position, every hope of victory, and every chance of retreat, Müffling continues:—

"I looked at my watch: in twenty-five minutes they would be in possession of the mill. I galloped back to the Kreckwitz heights, reported facts, and showed the danger of our position. My wish to confine my communication to the General-in-chief and Gneisenau could not be gratified, for it had become the practice to communicate everything in hearing of all the officers at head-quarters. *A bad practice.* During my absence with Barclay the troops had taken their ground on the Kreckwitz heights. Gneisenau had formed an opinion that these were strong—impregnable even. A little ex-

ultation was the consequence, and Blücher had delivered himself of some of his inspiring harangues to the battalions, in which he designated the Kreckwitz heights as a second Thermopylæ. I knew nothing of these antecedents. My foam-covered horse was a signal for all to come within hearing. I had nothing for it but to say with lapidary concision of style, 'General Barclay cannot hold the wind-mill-hill. He demands a reinforcement which will not avail him, and which we cannot spare. He will therefore retire behind Baruth, so that the enemy may not reach Weissenberg before us; but we lose by this the cover of our right flank, and must take our measures in all haste.'

"Gneisenau considered my views as not worthy of attention. Blücher treated the assemblage to another spirited harangue, which was received with loud applause, and had the effect of postponing the measures necessary. A little later I found opportunity to explain to Gneisenau alone my views in greater detail. He fell into a gloomy silence and assumed a show of incredulity. Barclay, as I had foreseen, was scattered like dust. I had wished to see Preititz occupied. This measure had been considered unnecessary. I galloped thither, and was received with a volley from the enemy. Nothing remained but to employ the reserve (four battalions of guards) to retake that village. Napoleon was moving against our front under a heavy cannonade. The Russian artillery attached to us (twenty-four 12-pounders) had engaged at too long a distance, and had expended its ammunition. Battery after battery dropped off to the rear. On our right flank, Ney was advancing with a great deployment of front towards the unoccupied heights, which there could be no question of disputing, as our reserve was already engaged.

"Blücher, with Gneisenau and his staff, remained in the hottest cannonade, calmly observing what they could not prevent, the process of our being surrounded. After their recent discourses they could not command, they could at best consent to, a retreat. As Ney, after long hesitation, at length began to mount the heights, I drew out my watch, and said to General Blücher, by whom Gneisenau was standing, 'We have still a quarter of an hour, in which it may be possible to escape from our difficulty; later than this we are surrounded. If we lose this opportunity, the cowards among us will surrender—the brave will die fighting, but unhappily without the slightest profit to their country.' There was a silence. Gneisenau was deeply agitated. He spoke at last: 'Colonel Müffling is right.' Blücher consented to retire, and we escaped, taking the direction of Klein Burschwitz."

It is to be noted, that though Blücher in this case risked his

own person and the fortunes of his country rather than admit the practical refutation of his own eloquence, the calm obstinacy with which he clung to his position when the danger had become imminent saved the army. It produced a hesitation in the French movements which enabled the Prussians to reach Weissenberg before Ney.

Of the kind of service which Blücher was always ready to render, the following passage affords a capital example. A battle was to be avoided, and for this purpose it was necessary to cross the Neisse (p. 79):—

"Some delay of York's corps had produced a stoppage at the bridge, and an engagement at a disadvantage was unavoidable, unless the entire cavalry of the rearguard could pass a ford, to which, from its depth, they had little inclination, but remained, contrary to orders, impeding the passage of the bridge by the infantry. In this embarrassment I suggested to the General-in Chief to set the example. Without a moment's reflection he plunged into the stream up to the saddle-bow, followed by his staff. The cavalry could no longer hesitate, and under the protection of a 12-pound battery gained the right bank without the loss of a man."

Whatever were the causes that induced Napoleon to consent to the armistice which followed the battle of Bautzen—whether, as Colonel Cathcart thinks, hope of Austrian accession, or, in Müffling's view, fears for Northern Germany—the united testimony of the works before us leads us to the conviction that it was the salvation of the Allies, and one grand mistake of Napoleon's career. Barclay had now taken the command of the Russian army, and with its responsibilities was determined to exercise its powers. Müffling was the agent employed to negotiate with him for the continued co-operation of his forces with those of Prussia. He found Barclay resolutely determined to risk no further collision with Napoleon, and to retire for six weeks beyond the Polish frontier to repair the disorganization of his troops. Such a movement would have reduced Prussia to the acceptance of an ignominious peace, and have cut off that promise of Austrian accession to the cause which the appearance of Napoleon's bitter enemy, Count Stadion, at the allied head-quarters was affording to those in the secret. At this critical moment Napoleon himself made overtures, which, with real

eagerness and some feigned reluctance, were caught at by the Allies. The armistice ensued which enabled Russia and Prussia to recruit and organize their masses on the frontiers of Bohemia, and set Austria free to avenge the defeats of Austerlitz and Wagram.

We commend to special attention a most lively and picturesque narrative of Blücher's greatest victory—that of the Katzbach, over Macdonald. It began in a fog and ended in a deluge. The fortunes of the fray were largely affected by these elemental accidents; but the conflict was one of those to which the strong development of passion on the part of the Prussian soldier, divesting him of his usual character of a machine, gives a moral interest. It may be necessary to fight and subdue hostile nations and to occupy their territory. It is unwise to oppress, still unwiser to insult, those whom we cannot extirpate.

The allied cause at the close of the armistice had received an accession, from which high expectations were entertained by some, in the persons of three men, two of whom had rendered great military services to France—Bernadotte, Moreau, and Jomini. The author's estimation of the value of the first may be gathered from the following statement. Blücher had received the orders of the Sovereigns to approach them in Bohemia by a movement to his left. The advices, however, received from Bülow, who with Tauenzien and Winzingerode kept a sharp eye on the Crown Prince of Sweden, were of such a nature that Blücher, on his own responsibility, moved to his right:—

"Thus," remarks our author, "the first of the three Frenchmen recruited by the Allied Sovereigns to subdue Napoleon—required an army of 100,000 men to watch *him*."

The second, Moreau, was quickly released from an ambiguous position by a soldier's death. Wolzogen is clear that he had not served the Allies long enough to acquire their confidence, and proves, we think, in spite of general opinion, that he was not at all consulted as to the arrangements for that operation against Dresden, in which he fell. Peace to his ashes!

The third, Jomini, did find sufficient opportunity at Dresden to impress the Sovereigns with his utter incapacity in the field, and was never consulted again. He was a great soldier on paper

—in Müffling's language, *a Docent*—and is still, we see, cited by writers of that sort as an authority.

Müffling passes lightly over the remainder of the last German campaign, but devotes many pages to that tissue of vicissitudes through which in the following year the Silesian army doggedly fought its way to Paris. There is scarcely a line of his narrative and commentary which does not deserve the close attention of the military student. It is well known that before the closing struggle occurred Blücher's physical strength had given way; but Müffling refutes the assertion that his illness at any time incapacitated him for giving his attention and sanction to the orders issued from head-quarters. The expectation of his total failure or retirement brought to light the importance of his presence with the army. It was felt that no successor could be appointed who could be relied upon for the approaching crisis. Bülow had indeed joined from the Netherlands with a large body of fresh and vigorous troops. It is necessary, however, to study Müffling's pages to understand the jealousies and disputes which that very junction had created. General Bülow enjoyed a well-earned reputation for great successes achieved in independent command, but his appointment at this juncture to that of the Silesian army would have been most unpopular. He was not, however, the first on the list for that post, which would have devolved upon his senior, the Russian General Langeron. The latter shrunk with unfeigned terror from the undertaking. Retiring from a visit to Blücher's sick couch, and shocked at his appearance and condition, he said to Müffling, "De grace emportons ce cadavre avec nous." Blücher fortunately rallied sufficiently to assist in an open carriage at the battle of Paris.

Upon the pacification of Paris, Müffling was appointed chief of the staff to General Kleist, upon whom devolved the command of the Prussian army. The duties incident to its withdrawal from France and its establishment on the Lower Rhine left him no leisure to accept an invitation to accompany Blücher to England. His functions on Kleist's staff gave him full employment till the moment when Napoleon's return from Elba summoned *Marshal Forwards* again to the chief command. The reappointment of Gneisenau to his old post on the staff was a necessary consequence. The incapacity of Blücher, not only to

devise any plan of operations, but to form any judgment of his own upon such as others might suggest, was now a notorious fact. Gneisenau had proved his own capacity for the task of superintending and directing his nominal Chief, and no real question arose as to the expediency of these two appointments. Many, however, and perplexing were the questions which did arise as to the selection of the Generals to head the four corps into which the army of operation was distributed. The Field-marshal's age, health, and habits of reckless self-exposure made the two contingencies of his fall or failure equally probable. In either case it was desired by the Court and its advisers that Gneisenau should continue in command, and carry on to their result the proceedings he would have commenced. This would be impossible if on Blücher's disappearance any of the Generals senior to Gneisenau should be in the field to claim the succession. There were at least four among the Generals disposable, whose claims would be sanctioned not only on the score of seniority, but on that of service and reputation. Tauenzien had carried Wittenberg by assault; York had conquered at Wartenberg; Bülow had saved Berlin at Dennewitz; Kleist had saved Europe at Culm. It was known that none of these would serve under a junior, and least of all under Gneisenau, who, like Grollman, Boyer, and others, had been an active associate of the Tugend-bund. That famous society was more than suspected of anti-monarchical tendencies, and as such was eschewed by the officers of the old school. The difficulty was solved by the process of shelving the veterans, with the exception of Bülow, who was appointed to the fourth corps, which, being destined as a reserve, was at this time not considered as likely to be actively engaged. Kleist was appointed to the command of the second German army assembling at Treves. Posts of honour and trust were found for Tauenzien and York in the interior. The three other corps of the army of operation were intrusted to Ziethen, Thielmann, and Borstell, all younger than Gneisenau. Of these, Borstell soon fell at variance with Blücher for a refusal to execute certain measures of severity against the Saxon mutineers, and was replaced by General Pirch.

Müffling meanwhile had applied for a front place in the approaching conflict. On the arrival of Blücher at Namur he received a reply which ordered him to our head-quarters, in

the capacity of a confidential intermediary between the English and Prussian Commanders-in-Chief. With some reluctance, and lamenting that his English studies had never been extended beyond a smattering of acquaintance with the Vicar of Wakefield and Thomson's Seasons, he betook himself to a task which we will venture to say he found less arduous and more agreeable than he had been taught to expect, and which he succeeded in discharging to the full satisfaction of both the parties concerned. It will amuse English readers to learn that Gneisenau warned him to be specially on his guard with the Duke of Wellington, for that the Duke's practice with subtle Nabobs and other Oriental potentates had made him such a proficient in falsehood as even to excel and outwit his teachers. We think it possible that the warnings of his predecessor in office, a certain General Roeder, were better founded. He represented the English officers as lamentably deficient in sound notions of ceremony and etiquette. One had kept his hat on in the General's room. Another, slow to comprehend his remarks, had answered him with a redoubled "*Hee!*" Armed with these admonitions, Müffling plunged into the new scene of his employment—to find that the Duke was singularly unaddicted to lying, and that his own military reputation was sufficient to place him at once on the best terms with English gentlemen and soldiers of the Peninsula. He had next occasion to observe that in one important respect the Duke exercised far greater power in his own army than Marshal Blücher in the Prussian, for that he could suspend and send home any officer of any rank for disobedience of his orders.

"To criticise or control the Commander-in-Chief was not a fashion with this army. Discipline was rigidly enforced; every one knew his rights and his duties. The Duke in matters of service was very short and decided. He allowed questions, but dismissed all such as were unnecessary. His detractors alleged that he was inclined to encroach on the functions of others. This charge is at variance with my experience. His Military Secretary and Quartermaster-General were tried men. His Aides-de-camp and *Galopins* were young men of the best families in England, who thought it an honour to devote to their country and its greatest commander all the energies of their will and intellect. Mounting the finest horses of England's famous breed, they made it a point of honour, whenever the Duke added the word 'quick' to a message, to cover three

German miles in the hour, or, for a shorter distance, one mile in eighteen minutes."—p. 214.

It is unnecessary to follow General Müffling through his clear and succinct exposition of the arrangements of the two armies calculated to meet the two contingencies of the time—an attack by Napoleon in the month of June, or, should that attack be so long deferred, a combined advance against him. He writes:—

"The Duke has been accused of a defective distribution of his troops in their cantonments. *This censure is destitute of all foundation;* but it is the fact that his army was collected at its rendezvous later than he intended or expected. His principal masses were about Nivelles; and if on the 14th of June he had transferred his head-quarters thither, he would have received his reports from Mons on the 15th, and would have heard at nine o'clock the cannonade of General von Ziethen."—p. 233.

We are not aware that we have met with this view of the subject in any other writer, and we think it probable that it is as sound and felicitous as many other suggestions which came after the event. We may remark now, that it follows upon General Müffling's full approval of the selection of Brussels for the head-quarters, and upon his statement that the first news of the attack on Ziethen at Charleroi, which opened the hostilities, reached the Duke *at Brussels* at 3 P.M. on the 15th. It is well known that by some unexplained defect in the Prussian arrangements, the report from Charleroi was some hours later than it should have been. It was, in fact, not the first account which reached the Duke; for the Prince of Orange, who rode into Brussels to dine with the Duke, had brought intelligence of a cannonade in the direction of Charleroi. It is clear that on the 14th there was at least no more reason or temptation to shift the head-quarters to Nivelles than had existed for some days previous. It is hardly necessary to state that General Müffling shows how entirely every measure adopted by the Duke was governed by his deliberate resolution not to risk the concentration of his forces on a false point, and to uncover prematurely the favourable line for a French attack by Mons. Our time would be wasted on any further confutation of Mr. Alison's theories on this business.

The intercourse between the Duke and Müffling was evidently

throughout intimate and cordial, but we must suspect that the latter's ignorance of our language now and then occasioned grave misapprehensions. Of this we feel sure an instance occurs in his account of the interview between the Duke and the Prussian Chiefs at the windmill of Bry before the commencement of the battle of Ligny. He says:—

"The Duke glanced over the Prussian arrangements and seemed satisfied with them."

We are quite certain that if Baron Müffling had heard and understood any remarks addressed by the Duke to his staff at this juncture, he would have known that his Grace's satisfaction was merely that of a man determined to make the best of circumstances which he could not alter. The Prussian arrangements had been very deliberately adopted on their own views of the system adapted to the character of their troops. They involved great and, as English officers conceived, avoidable exposure of their masses to the French artillery—and as such the Duke thought them defective.

In other respects Gneisenau's strategical reputation will hardly be increased by the narrative of his countryman:—

"As the heads of Napoleon's columns of attack were appearing at St. Amand, the Duke asked the Marshal and Gneisenau, 'What do you wish me to do?' In few words I had already explained to General Gneisenau that the Duke had the best intentions for the support of the Field-Marshal, and that he would do everything the latter could desire except divide his army, which it was against his principles to do. It seemed to me that as few troops were yet arrived at Quatre Bras, and the reserve could not be there sooner than four, it was of consequence that the English should concentrate themselves forwards, somewhat beyond Frasnes, thence advance direct towards the Prussian right at Wagnele, and there, arriving at a right angle with the Prussian position, close in upon Napoleon's left. Gneisenau had shaken his head, but had left me ignorant of what he had to allege against my suggestion. In reply to the Duke's question he answered that the best the Duke could do for the Prussian army would be, when his troops were collected at Quatre Bras, to move by the Namur chaussée to the left, and place himself in reserve behind the Prussian army, near Bry. The Duke looked at his map and was silent."—p. 233.

Müffling here gives some excellent and obvious reasons why

this measure was neither more nor less than impossible, and useless were it possible. He proposed another expedient; but Gneisenau adhering to his own view, the Duke at length said, "Well, I will come if I am not attacked myself"—and rode off to assist the Prussian army, not indeed by a direct junction, but by occupying for the day and finally defeating 40,000 of Napoleon's troops under one of his best generals. We must resist the temptation to many further extracts from our author's terse pages on the three days' campaign. The following note appears to us worthy of translation as explanatory of a feature of the operations which has hitherto, as far as we are aware, escaped discussion :—

"The Duke had retired from Quatre Bras in three columns, by three chaussées; and on the evening of the 17th Prince Frederick of Orange was at Hall, Lord Hill at Braine la Leud, and the Prince of Orange with the reserve at Mont St. Jean. This distribution was necessary, as Napoleon could dispose of these three roads for his advance on Brussels. Napoleon on the 17th had pressed on by Genappes as far as Rosomme. On the two other roads no enemy had yet shown himself. On the 18th the offensive was taken by Napoleon on its greatest scale, but still the Nivelles road was not overstepped by his left wing. These circumstances made it possible to draw Prince Frederick to the army, which would certainly have been done if entirely new circumstances had not arisen. The Duke had, twenty-four hours before, pledged himself to accept a battle at Mont St. Jean if Blucher would assist him there with one corps, 25,000 men. This being promised, the Duke was taking his measures for defence when he unexpectedly learned that, in addition to the one corps promised, Blucher was already on the march with his whole force, to break in by Planchenois on Napoleon's flank and rear. If three corps of the Prussian army should penetrate by the unguarded plateau of Rosomme, *which was not improbable*, Napoleon would be thrust from his line of retreat by Genappes, and might possibly lose even that by Nivelles. In this case Prince Frederick, with his 18,000 men (who might be accounted superfluous at Mont St. Jean), might have rendered the most essential service."—p. 243.

In the course of his narrative of the campaign of 1814, Müffling finds occasion to condemn the too great licence allowed by Prussian regulations to commanders of division to act on the offensive at their own discretion. He prefers the system of which he finds an illustration on the field of Waterloo. The

French infantry were retiring in great disorder from an attack on our left, the one in which Picton fell:—

"Upon our left wing," says Müffling, "stood two brigades of English cavalry, of three regiments each. I invited their commanders to cut in upon the infantry, observing that they could not fail to make some 3000 prisoners. Both agreed with me—but shrugged their shoulders and said, unhappily, they dared not; that the Duke was very particular as to the regulations on this head. I had subsequently occasion to interrogate the Duke as to these regulations, which I could with the less ceremony do, because the two officers in question were among the most distinguished of the army, and had with their brigades rendered the most signal service in the action. The Duke answered that the two generals had replied quite correctly, for if without his permission they had executed such an attack with the best success, he would have been obliged to bring them both to a court martial;—that it was a fixed rule that a general placed in a pre-arranged position has unlimited power to act within it according to his judgment—namely, if the enemy attacks, to receive or to meet him, and in either case to pursue him, but never further than the obstacle behind which the position assigned lay. In one word, that such obstacle, pending further orders, was the boundary of his action."

The ample and detailed reasons for strict adherence to this rule which follow from the Duke's lips, as recorded by Müffling, satisfied him and will not fail to satisfy any reader. In the particular instance they found full justification, for these were the identical brigades which were moved from the left to the right at the close of the day, and contributed so much to the confusion of the French retreat from their last famous attack on the English position. Müffling claims to himself the having given the order for this movement. He had been despatched to the left to forward the approach of the Prussians, and apparently with a large discretion in consequence of the circumstances. Having ascertained that Ziethen was near enough to put the English left out of all danger, he took upon himself to give the order to Generals Vivian and Vandeleur.

Müffling before the action had expressed some doubts as to the strength of Hougomont. After seeing the Prussians fairly at work he returned to the centre, taking with him a Prussian light battery. He found the Duke near La Haye Sainte. Pointing

to Hougomont with his glass in his right hand, the Duke cried out, "Well, you see Macdonnell has held Hougomont." Speaking of the advance which soon ensued, Müffling says:—

"As the line of infantry moved forward, we saw nothing but small bodies of a few hundreds each with large intervals. The position in which the infantry had fought was marked out as far as the eye could reach by a red line. It was that of the killed and wounded."

We quote the following as the best commentary on General Gneisenau's suspicions and warnings:—

"After this battle," says our author, "I had to congratulate myself on the never-interrupted confidence of the Duke. He had seen that I had the common advantage at heart, and that I entertained towards him the reverence due to those talents as a commander which did not more distinguish him than the openness and straightforwardness of his character. Upon the march to Paris the Prussian army effected longer marches than the English. I took the liberty of respectfully calling the Duke's attention to this, and of suggesting that he would do well to keep better pace with his ally. He said nothing at the moment, but when I afterwards urged him on the subject, replied, 'Do not press me upon this, for I tell you it won't do. If you knew the English army, its composition and habits, better, you would agree with me. I cannot separate from my tents and subsistence. My people must be kept in camp, and well taken care of, if order and discipline are to be maintained. It is better to arrive a couple of days later at Paris than that discipline should grow slack.'"

The two instances of assault on fortified places which occurred on this march, Peronne and Cambray, afforded Müffling intense gratification as a spectator, by the parade precision with which they were conducted.

We cannot omit his narrative of his own conduct in a somewhat delicate negotiation between Marshal Blücher and the Duke:—

"During the march on Paris the Field-Marshal had one leading object in view, the capture of Napoleon. The delivery of Napoleon was the invariable condition stipulated by him in every conference with the French Commissioners sent to treat for peace or armistice. I received from him instructions to break to the Duke, that as the Congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon under outlawry

(*Vogelfrei*), it was his (the Field-Marshal's) intention to shoot him whenever he got him. He desired at the same time to learn the Duke's views on this subject, as, if possible, he wished to act in concert with the Duke.—The Duke stared at me with all his eyes, and in the first place disputed this interpretation of the Vienna declaration.——However this might be, as concerned his own position and that of the Field-Marshal with respect to Napoleon, it seemed to him that after the battle they had won they were much too conspicuous persons to be able to justify such a transaction in the eyes of entire Europe. I had felt the whole weight of this consideration before I most reluctantly undertook my mission, and was anything but disposed to dispute it. The Duke continued—'I therefore wish that my friend and colleague may adopt my view; such an act would hand down our names to history with a stain, and posterity would say of us that we had not deserved to be the conquerors of Napoleon, the rather because the act would have been superfluous and without an object or advantage.'"

General Müffling adds, in an Appendix, three official letters, which he received on this subject from Gneisenau. The first is curious as showing that the Prussians really believed that the Duke could have no motive upon earth for not committing murder but the dread of the House of Commons:—

"*Compiègne, June* 27.—The French General de Tremelin is at Noyons with the intention of proceeding to the Duke's headquarters, and treating for the delivery of Buonaparte. Buonaparte has been declared under ban by the Allied Powers. The Duke may possibly—*for Parliamentary considerations*—hesitate to fulfil the declaration of the Powers. Your Excellency will therefore direct the negotiation to the effect that Buonaparte may be *delivered over to us, in order to his execution.*

"This is what eternal justice demands, what the declaration of March 13 defines—and thus will the blood of our soldiers killed or mutilated on the 16th and 18th June be avenged.—VON GNEISENAU."

The third letter is as follows:—

"*Senlis, June* 29.—I am directed by the Field-Marshal to request your Excellency to communicate to the Duke of Wellington that the Field-Marshal had intended to execute Buonaparte on the spot where the Duc d'Enghien was shot; that, out of deference, however, to the Duke's wishes, he will abstain from that measure, but that the Duke must take on himself the responsibility for its non-enforcement. GNEISENAU.

"P.S. If the Duke declare himself against the execution, he thinks and acts in the matter as a Briton. England is under weightier obligations to no mortal man than to this very malefactor, for by the occurrences of which he has been the author her wealth, prosperity, and power have attained their present elevation. They are masters of the seas, and have no longer to fear a rival in their sovereignty of it or in the commerce of the world. It is otherwise with Prussia. We have been impoverished by Buonaparte. Our nobility will never be able to right itself again. And ought we not to consider ourselves instruments of that Providence which has given us such a victory for the ends of eternal justice? Does not the death of the Duke d'Enghien call for such a vengeance? Shall we not draw upon us the reproaches of the people of Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, if we leave unperformed the duty which devolves upon us? Be it so. If others will exercise theatrical magnanimity, I shall not set myself against it. We act in this from esteem for the Duke and ——— weakness."

We give, as we find them, these curious letters, which show the spirit of the time rather than of the writer and his nation. The best defence of that spirit would, perhaps, by suggested by a perusal of M. Lamartine's elaborate detail of the circumstances of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. We should be sorry even on this ground to attempt the justification of the proposal. We think it fair, however, to call attention to the fact that the leaders of the army whose country had been the principal theatre of French insult and extortion retired from the rich capital they had conquered as poor as they entered it. Those who know the scale of income enjoyed by the average of Prussian officers even of high rank, as compared with the wealth acquired by French Marshals and Generals from the plunder of the Continent, will appreciate this fact.

We are quite sure that time and reflection left these stern victors no reason to repent of their deference to the Duke's wishes. Another signal instance of this deference was the appointment of our author to be Commandant of Paris, in preference to Ziethen, who had been designated to that office. It is true that the Duke's recommendation was couched in terms simple, but difficult to resist:—

"There is no person who, in his situation has done more to forward the objects of our operation, and it appears to me that,

having had so much to do with us both and with our operations, he is the proper person to be selected."

With this eulogy from such a quarter we reluctantly quit General Müffling—we can only advise readers to follow him through the discharge of his duty as Commandant of Paris, and his last employment on a diplomatic mission to Constantinople. Both chapters are rich in good matter.

This German friend has for English reasons detained us so long, that we are unable to attempt a full dissection of the hardly less valuable work of his countryman General Wolzogen. Its main interest is connected with the Russian campaign. Educated in the military school of Stuttgart, and having studied the theoretical rather than the practical part of his profession in the Württemberg and then the Prussian services, he became one of that band who, in the wreck of Prussia's fortunes at Jena, preferred swimming to the bleak shores of Muscovy to abiding by the stranded vessel. It may now seem strange that Russia, itself one vast military gymnasium, should have welcomed military instructors from a quarter which had so recently proved its own insufficiency to encounter the common enemy; but so it was. Virtue was still ascribed to a school which was supposed to retain the traditions of Frederick, and its professors were welcomed in peace, and used and trusted in the hour of need. The confidence indeed of the Czar was bestowed upon them so unreservedly and so pertinaciously, that all the efforts of the old Russian party in the army—efforts which drove the honest Barclay from command to replace him by the incapable Kutusoff—were insufficient to neutralise the influence of the foreign adventurers, whom they hated and suspected. To these strangers was committed the task of devising the strategic scheme of defence for Russia against French invasion. The leading principles of that scheme were laid down by the Prussian General Phull, the confidential military adviser and instructor of Alexander. Wolzogen was employed to survey the ground, and when its main feature, the camp of Drissa, took shape and substance, Colonel Clausewitz was sent to report upon its condition and capabilities. This famous camp of Drissa and its authors have undergone severe criticism. That it was a mistake and a failure there can be no doubt. It is as clear from the evidence before us that if Barclay,

trusting to its capabilities, had waited within it for the attack of Napoleon, had waited even twenty-four hours longer than he did, the destruction or capitulation of his army would have been the consequence. The mistake, however, as appears to us, was neither that Phull's master idea was unsound, nor that Wolzogen's selection of the spot was, under the commission given him, injudicious. Phull's scheme was a continued but defensive retreat till the French army, marching from its base, should have been wasted down to an inferiority to that of Russia, falling back upon her resources and reinforcements. Nothing could have been sounder than that plan as applied to the vast extent of the Russian Empire. The great mistake seems to us to have been, that it was attempted to combine this principle with the defence of the *western provinces*, and with a stand at a spot too near the frontier to allow of its development.

Wolzogen's instructions were to find a position *within the western provinces* of sufficient extent to contain the main army, and susceptible of such fortification as might prepare it for a defensive action. Clausewitz, a severe censurer of the camp, acknowledges that Drissa was not only the best, but the only spot at all fit for this purpose within the vast district assigned for Wolzogen's investigation. Other mistakes, for which the Prussian officers are not answerable, and which they pointed out in vain, were committed. The Russian force on paper was enormously magnified beyond its real amount, and the disposable force of the invader was equally underrated. Wolzogen's suggestions for the artificial defence of Drissa were also most imperfectly carried out. The consequence was that if Barclay had lingered another day in Drissa he would have found himself behind deficient bulwarks with some 120,000 men *en duel* with 200,000 of Napoleon's best troops.

Our author's account of the transaction discloses very unreservedly the secrets of the Russian camp and councils, and shows on what a thread the fate of Europe at this moment depended. From Wilna to Drissa Barclay had conducted the retreat of the main army with great order. The question—to fight or not to fight—now presented itself for immediate decision. Alexander, still enamoured of all Phull's suggestions, was disposed for a stand and a battle. His generals, more sensible of the defects of the position, intrigued against Phull. The latter,

a man of great honesty, but irritable, morose, despondent, and destitute of moral courage, threw up his cards in disgust and retired to St. Petersburgh. The dilemma was submitted to one of those councils of war which are usually the expedient of weakness and indecision. It was composed, besides the Czar, of Barclay, Araktschieff (afterwards famous as the organizer of the military colonies), P. Wolchonsky, Quartermaster-General, Wolzogen himself, and Colonel Michaud, a Piedmontese engineer. Alexander first called upon the latter, a notorious opponent of the camp, who stated important technical objections to the construction of the defences. Wolzogen, as one of the authors of the camp, was invited to reply. His speech, however, only led to the conclusions of Michaud—for, while he was firm to justify its original selection as a position, he showed that many of the main conditions on which it had been recommended remained unfulfilled. Retreat he therefore considered imperative; but whether it should be immediate or not, might, in his opinion, depend upon what was known to others of the French force and movements, and of those of the second Russian army under Prince Bagration. The Emperor's answer to these questions was the rather astounding one, that nothing whatever was known of either. Wolzogen upon this advised instant retreat; his advice was followed, and Europe was saved.

The next service on which this adventurer was detached marks even more distinctly the confidence reposed in him. The reunion of Bagration with the main army had become of urgent necessity. When, however, Wolzogen pressed this upon Barclay, the latter replied, that repeated written orders had been sent to Bagration, but that whether he could not or would not obey them was still a mystery. Bagration was a pure Russian, older in the service than Barclay; and to soothe his national jealousy and reconcile him to active co-operation with a junior general of Scoto-German extraction, the Prussian colonel's services were offered and accepted. Wolzogen, starting on this delicate mission, fell in with Bagration in the act of passing the Dnieper. He found the Prince much indisposed to obey the order for a junction with Barclay at Smolensko, and bent upon effecting an excentric retreat on the Ukraine. In a single conversation, however, Wolzogen managed to convince him, and his chief adviser General St. Priest, of the prejudice to his own reputation

and the cause of his country which would result from his further hesitation, and obtained an order for immediate movement in the direction required.

The reward of this signal service was the usual one—bitter hostility on the part of those who profited by it. The national party in the army had from the first been conspiring for the removal of Barclay, whom they detested for his foreign origin, and railed at for pusillanimity in retiring before double his own numbers. This party was headed by Generals Yermoloff and Toll. The latter, as chief of Barclay's staff, had frequently failed to satisfy that commander in his recommendations as to positions and movements, and had been overruled by the advice of Wolzogen. Upon the junction of the two armies at Smolensko these intrigues came to a head, and the clamour for an assumption of the offensive descended even to the lower ranks, with such danger to all discipline that Barclay was compelled to execute some of the malcontents. His prime assailants were, however, too powerful to allow of methods so summary. The Grand Duke Constantine, whose opinions on strategy were probably worthless, but who was not unable to clothe them in clever language, flung his whole weight into the scale. Barclay was compelled to receive a petition for battle from his troops, and to submit to its discussion in a council of war. It was opened by Constantine, who urged that the true frontier of Russia having now been reached, it became necessary to risk a battle for the defence of one of her great cities—Smolensko; that her forces were now collected in face of an enemy demoralized by the difficulties of his previous advance, and that they would themselves become demoralized by further retreat. Barclay's resistance to these arguments appears to have been feeble, and he promised to consider, with Toll and Bagration's chief of the Staff, St. Priest, a scheme for an offensive movement on Rudnia. Wolzogen earnestly deprecated the project, and advised the fortification, as far as time would admit, of Smolensko, with a view to a defensive action under its walls. He was overruled—Barclay yielded to the current—and two days later the movement on Rudnia was begun. It was at first successful, for Pahlen and Platoff surprised the French outposts, and *all but* captured Marshal Sebastiani. An incident here occurred which was nearly fatal to the life or liberty of Wolzogen, and, as narrated by him, shows the

precarious nature of the position of a foreign officer in the Russian service. Barclay had committed to Wolzogen the task of examining a portfolio which the Cossacks had seized on Sebastiani's table. In this was found a hasty note from Murat, to the effect, that he had just discovered the intention of the enemy to effect a strong reconnoissance on Rudnia, and warning Sebastiani to retire immediately on his infantry. It was impossible to conjecture by what channel Murat had made this discovery, but Wolzogen at once saw his own danger. He knew that Toll and his other enemies at head-quarters had already accused him of treason, and he told Barclay that the charge would now be repeated. Barclay promised him support, and kept his word. Suspicion fell on other quarters, and several Polish officers were removed from the army. It was not, however, till 1818 that Wolzogen learned the solution of the mystery and the full extent of the danger which he had escaped. An aide-de-camp of Barclay, Lubomerski, had picked up from Toll's indiscreet conversation a garbled account of the result of the council, and inferred that Murat's head-quarters at Ljadui would be a main point of the intended attack. His mother was residing in this place, and he rashly despatched a domestic from the outposts with a letter advising her immediate flight, which letter was intercepted by Murat. Wolzogen's informant, the famous Baron Stein, further disclosed, that he was present when the report of the occurrence was brought to Alexander at St. Petersburgh, and that Count Tolstoi, assuming Wolzogen's guilt, pressed the Emperor for an order for his immediate execution. Stein, being at this time in great favour, contrived not only to defeat that amiable suggestion, but to reinstate his maligned countryman in the Emperor's good opinion. Be it noted that Tolstoi, in advocating the death of the traitor, was inadvertently condemning his own son-in-law—for the real culprit was, it seems, married to his daughter.

Other startling instances are given of the enmity with which the author himself, and other foreigners, had to struggle in discharge of their duty. He accuses Toll, and even Bagration, of attempts to procure his death in battle.

The substitution of Kutusoff for Barclay in command of the army is described by Wolzogen as effected against the will and opinion of the Emperor by the influence of the old Muscovite

nobility, aided by popular clamour. Other historians have invested Kutusoff with the glory due to a hoary fire-eater, who devotes his last energies to the service of his country. Wolzogen pictures him as an ambitious, worn-out debauchee, with much diplomatic cunning, but with no talents as a general, and as little taste for the personal exposure and fatigue of which Barclay was as lavish as the Duke of Wellington. He finds him, at a critical moment of the battle of Borodino, feasting with his staff two miles in rear of the line of fire, and ignorant of the state of the action, while Barclay's aides-de-camp were falling around him, like the Duke's at Waterloo. Something may be allowed for party feelings in this description, but it entirely accords with what Clausewitz tells us of that terrible day. The only feature of it on the Russian side which savoured of a genial conception was the attack made by Ouvaroff's reserve cavalry on that of General Ornano upon Buonaparte's left. Executed in greater force, and properly supported, it might have paralysed the further advance of the French, and have inflicted irreparable ravage on their rear. As it was, set about by some 4000 men instead of 15,000, it made Napoleon mount his horse, and checked for an hour or two the advance of his left. Russian narrators have not failed to attribute this splendid failure to the genius of "the old warrior," whom they depict as undisturbed by shot or shell directing the fortunes of the fray. It turns out that the old warrior had nothing more to do with the movement than by giving a half stupefied assent to the suggestion of a young and promising officer attached to Platoff, Prince Ernest of Hesse Philipsthal.

Kutusoff's rapid retreat and evacuation of Moscow formed a lamentable commentary on the victory which he claimed and the rewards which he received. His claim was founded on the fact that his troops remained through the night on a portion of the field of battle. Wolzogen asserts that he took the precaution of sending his report of the day to St. Petersburgh by a mere chasseur, and not as usual by a staff-officer, whom it would have been inconvenient to expose to an imperial cross-examination. To justify the strange consequences of his alleged success, he resorted to the base device of impugning the anterior conduct of Barclay, and representing the surrender of Moscow as a corollary of that of Smolensko, and as a necessary result of the condition

in which he had found the army on taking the command. Wolzogen further accuses Kutusoff of an attempt to allot to Barclay the fate of Uriah, by assigning to him personally a quarter beyond the line of the outposts. Barclay, who had cheerfully served through Borodino under the man so absurdly set over him, now retired in disgust. Our author, released by this event from his duties on the staff, fell back on his situation as aide-de-camp to the Czar, and joined his Majesty at St. Petersburgh. Here, with the brief exception of a confidential mission to the Russian left, he remained inactive till the commencement of the German campaign in 1813, through all the anxious vicissitudes of which he accompanied Alexander. We cannot attempt to follow him in his minute personal narrative of these great transactions from Lützen to Leipsig. We may recommend for special attention his account of the day of Culm, into the complicated details of which accidents of employment gave him a close insight. This action, though fought on a small scale as compared with others, must, as the turning point of Napoleon's fortunes, take rank among the most important battles of the world. The honour of its success has been very generally assigned to Ostermann and Kleist. Our author awards it in the first instance to his own former pupil, Prince Eugene of Württemberg, who persuaded Ostermann, in disregard of Barclay's orders, to oppose the Russian guards to the advance of Vandamme; in the next to the King of Prussia, for a timely collection of troops, solely upon his own judgment, to Ostermann's support; and lastly, to the Austrian Colloredo, for attacking without waiting for orders from Schwarzenberg.

Wolzogen was present at head-quarters during the whole of the conflict of Leipsig, which, measured whether by the numbers engaged, by the mutual slaughter, or by ulterior consequences, must be considered the greatest of modern times. His criticisms on certain Austrian movements, which he attributes to General Langenau, have excited a sharp controversy in Germany. That officer, having held long command in the Saxon army, was intimately acquainted with the ground, and was for that reason much consulted by Schwarzenberg and the already highly distinguished Radetsky. To him Wolzogen attributes certain vicious dispositions, which led to bad consequences, and among others to the capture of the Austrian General Meerfeldt. To us it appears

only surprising that, with an army composed of so many nations, affected in its movements by so many influences, and attended by so many Sovereigns, so few great mistakes were committed by the Allies. At a dinner, many years afterwards, at Carlsbad, Blücher gave the health of Schwarzenberg, as the man who, with three monarchs at his head-quarters, nevertheless gained the victory.

Wolzogen's list of the allied loss at Leipsig is as follows:—

	Killed and Wounded.	
	Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers and Privates.
Russians	800	20,000
Austrians	360	7,000
Prussians	620	13,550
Swedes	10	300
Total	1,790	40,850

The French loss he estimates at 38,000 killed and wounded, 30,000 prisoners, and 300 guns.

Having followed Wolzogen thus far, it remains to state that he acted as chief of the staff to the third corps of the German contingent, commanded by Duke Charles of Saxe Weimar, which made the campaign of 1814 in Belgium under Bülow. Upon Napoleon's return from Elba he quitted the Russian service, and re-entered that of Prussia with the rank of General. He was destined to the command of a brigade in Blücher's army, but an attack of painful disease, requiring a severe operation, prevented him from accepting that post. He was employed in various military and ministerial functions till 1836, when his increasing infirmities afforded the Prussian War Minister, Witzleben, a pretext for compelling his retirement. He survived till 1845, and occupied his latter years in the composition of a narrative which must be classed among the most excellent that have hitherto appeared to claim the attention of the soldier, the statesman, or the historian.

The approbation we have ventured to express is unavoidably subject to one qualification. With every confidence in the honesty of the writer, we are without means of judging how far the friendships cultivated and the enmities encountered in the course of his eventful career may have clouded his judgment and embittered his censures. From all such misgivings we are released in the perusal of the work which stands last on our list.

Colonel Cathcart's position as aide-de-camp in the suite of his Excellent father, the late Earl Cathcart, gave him facilities for observing many most interesting transactions of the war, while it exempted him from any interest or participation in the jealousies, rivalries, and intrigues that all the while fermented around him.

His personal narrative commences with the campaign of 1813. The previous portion of the volume comprises indeed a clear and compendious summary of the operations in Russia of the preceding year; but between this and the author's own narrative there is all the difference which exists between the "this I was told" and "this I saw" of Father Herodotus.

The young aide-de-camp, a lieutenant of nineteen, had been preceded by his father at the Imperial head-quarter of Kalisch, and joined it, at a day's journey in advance of that place, early in April. From this time till the fall of Paris he was constantly attached to it. His testimony confirms that of General Müffling in showing that the advance of the Allies into Saxony, by which they committed themselves to an immediate general action, was founded on false calculations of the French force. He says that it was not till the 24th of April, on reaching Dresden, that they became at all aware of the extent to which Napoleon had repaired his losses; and even when they engaged at Lützen they appear to have been little prepared for the superiority of numbers which he developed before the close of the day. Both here, however, and at Bautzen they relied with justice on their great superiority in cavalry, which enabled them to break off the action almost at pleasure, and retreat with security. Lützen was not a victory, as it was the fashion with the Allies to describe it; but they lost no guns and few prisoners, and inflicted a somewhat heavier loss than they sustained. It tested also the quality of their troops, which was considered by impartial judges as better than that of Napoleon's young levies, who behaved admirably as to courage, but showed defects of inexperience.

Colonel Cathcart's volume contains some amusing incidents of the life of a staff officer on active service, but is still more fertile in lessons on the art of war, founded on observation and reminiscence. Of the former there is an instance connected with the retreat from Lützen, in which, at the expense of a cross-country ride of 30 miles and a hazardous passage of a river, Lord

Cathcart anticipates the Czar at his quarters, and the father and son are rewarded by a *partie carrée* at dinner with his Majesty. We apprehend that these feats must have ingratiated our officers with the Cossacks, whose habits of self-direction over the plains of Germany were pretty much those of our English fox-hunters.

The retreat of the Allies on Bautzen without disputing the passage of the Elbe suggests one of the many concise and pithy paragraphs for which students will thank Colonel Cathcart:—

"Sufficient examples have arisen to prove to the satisfaction of all military men, that though a large river is without doubt an important strategic feature in other respects, yet in modern warfare it is not to be relied upon as an obstacle that presents any serious feature in the way of a large advancing army; for the leader of such an army can always out-manœuvre his opponent by concealing his movements from those on the opposite bank, while the intervention of the river is sufficient to frustrate the enemy's means of watching by patroles, and a few hours gained at a suitable point will suffice to repair an old bridge or construct a new one, even in the presence of any hostile detachment likely to be on the spot." —p. 138.

In the way of military sketches we scarcely know any more striking than one in which Colonel Cathcart describes the Allied Sovereigns watching from their position at Bautzen, on the second morning, the manœuvring of a single mass of 10,000 men drawn up under the eye of Napoleon in person. The appearance in the group of an individual dressed in "a bright yellow uniform," led to the supposition that the tasteful King of Naples, and with him his Italian levies, had joined the French army. It was afterwards ascertained that a Saxon postilion, in his usual livery jacket, had been telling Napoleon the names of the different villages (p. 160).

The sentences that ensue afford a brief but sufficient commentary on a passage of Napoleon's career which enjoys the special admiration of Mr. Alison and others as an instance of his strategic ability:—

"In the following chapter it will be found that Napoleon through obstinacy—like a headstrong gambler playing a losing game—contrary to his own experience and former practice, determined to cling to Dresden and make it a centre of operations. Under existing circumstances this was a wilful departure from the prin-

ciples of strategy; for by doing so he left the line of communication with his true base, the Rhine, at the mercy of his powerful enemy. The author is the more desirous of calling attention to this subject because a popular, and in most cases accurate writer of general history, has characterized this policy of Napoleon's as profoundly conceived and most ably carried into effect! He trusts that the events recorded in this book alone will suffice to justify the true principles of strategy, and prove the worthlessness of the miscalled *profound conception* of operations with large armies radiating from an insulated centre without reference to the true base and line of communication."—p. 254.

Another grand maxim—never attack without a reserve—is well illustrated by Colonel Cathcart's remarks on the cavalry affair of Liebertwolkowitz. In this action 5000 French horse, headed by two cavalry officers of the greatest reputation as such in Europe, Murat and Latour Maubourg, had the fairest of chances for a blow, à la Murat, at a far inferior body of the Allies; but, as the Colonel says,—

"They were obliged to abandon their enterprise, and fly before a force of light cavalry which altogether could not have amounted to 2000 men; a result manifestly to be attributed to the greatest oversight or fault a cavalry officer can commit—that of engaging his whole force without a second line or reserve."

We could wish to see Colonel Cathcart's work reprinted in a shape suited to an officer's travelling library. Lucid, concise, and pregnant, it seems to us to be equally valuable for its facts and its commentaries. Literary piracy has of late been a lion in the path of translation. We hope it may have had the compensating effect of inducing more general study of the German language. But we think our extracts will support our assertion that all the foreign books on our present list deserve translation; Müffling's especially—if it were but to cheer old companions like him who to Roeder's German-French responded only with that irreverent *hee! hee!* and who, we presume, would be still less likely to understand General Müffling's German.

We must here conclude a notice which has led ourselves insensibly back to times when the "twanging horn o'er yonder bridge" was wont to awaken the thrill of mingled hope and fear in every English bosom. For our own and for all other nations

of the earth we pray that the trumpet of war may long remain as silent as that postman's horn has since become;—but we are, we confess, far from confident in our anticipations on this subject. Who will not concur with the great winner of battles, that next to a great defeat a great victory is the greatest of human calamities? We cannot, however, secure peace by ignoring the lessons of war, and no time is more fit for the study of these lessons than when the danger is, or is supposed to be, remote.

XIV.—DIARY OF GENERAL GORDON.

From the Quarterly Review, March, 1852.(a)

Scotland for some years past has been the nursing-mother of associations devoted to the publication of records and monuments, hitherto unedited, of the lives, the laws, the manners, and the literature of our ancestors. Men who have neither leisure nor taste for the minuter study of the past may be disposed to draw odious comparisons between the weight and volume of the printed results and their literary value. We have heard jokes on this theme as dull as the least readable of the quartos in question. It is possible, however, even without a relish for chartularies, or skill in monkish Latin, to entertain a high appreciation of the exertions of the Bannatyne and other Clubs, English and Irish as well as Scotch, of kindred aim and pursuit. Animated by the spirit of Sir Walter, they have spared neither toil nor expense in rescuing many real treasures from obscurity, and putting them beyond the reach of accidents. Highly, however, as we estimate the zeal of our countrymen, we doubt whether any single result of their efforts exceeds in worth the work now made accessible—to German scholars at least—by the united labours of two Russian gentlemen. Happy should we be if this notice could induce one of the Scotch clubs, or two or three of them in friendly alliance, to undertake an edition of selections from the original text. In some few instances the Bannatyne and Maitland have so co-operated. Why should they not do so in many—and why, in the present case, should not the

(a) *Tagebuch des Generals Patrick Gordon, während seiner Kriegsdienste—u. s. w. —Diary of General Patrick Gordon, during his Military Services with the Swedes and Poles from* 1655 *to* 1661, *and his Residence in Russia from* 1661 *to* 1699. For the first time published in full by the Prince M. A. Obolenski and M. C. Posselt, Doctor in Philosophy. Vols. 1 and 2. University Press, Moscow: 1849-1851.

Spalding join them? We can hardly doubt that any well-attested literary applicant could obtain without difficulty the necessary permission from the Sovereign whose countenance was so handsomely extended to British science in the person of Sir Roderick Murchison.

Having waited long for the second of these volumes, and fearing that the third may not very soon follow, we think it well to give now some brief account of the work; and in doing so we shall make a free use of the excellent *Preface* contributed by the Moscow editors.

General Patrick Gordon's career was no unimportant feature in one of those great eras of transition and development which leave their traces on the moral condition of mankind as conspicuous as any that the changes distinguished by geologists have imprinted on the earth's material surface. For forty years his abilities were devoted, without distraction or reserve, to the service of three Czars, during whose reigns a new order of things was prepared and partly established. Under Alexei Michailovitch and his immediate successor the talents displayed by Gordon, as well in the organization of the regular armies of the empire as in their command throughout many arduous campaigns, had raised him not only to a high degree of reputation in military circles, but to that favour at court without which he might have achieved everything for Russia, but nothing for himself. His chief eminence was however reserved, in the words of our Preface, for "the epoch when Peter Alexeivitch commenced that marvellous course for which he was alike destined and endowed by Providence." No slight interest must ever attach to the character and habits of the men who were his principal instruments. Among these Gordon, as the personal confidant and adviser of the young sovereign, unquestionably occupies a place of the highest rank—not inferior even to his friend Lefort. Of the many services which purchased this confidence it is sufficient here to name the suppression of the Janissaries of Russia—the Strelitz regiments—acknowledged to have been exclusively accomplished by the influence, vigour, and decision of Gordon. From that transaction to his death his personal intercourse with Peter was incessant. When, worn out with long service in council and in field, the veteran expired, his last moments of consciousness were watched by his master;—his eyes were closed

by the Imperial hand;—his obsequies were conducted on the most magnificent scale of pomp, under the minute regulation, and graced by the personal attendance, of the great man.

After thus briefly establishing the claims of this Russian General to something more than the attention of mere Scottish antiquarians we open the diary which he kept from his youth to the verge of the grave—and which he himself thus introduces:—

"I am not unaware that it is considered a difficult task to write the history of one's own life, or a narrative of occurrences in which oneself has participated, just as it is difficult for an artist to paint his own portrait. Inasmuch, however, as I have prescribed to myself to confine my work strictly within the limits of a diary, without passing judgment on the actions related, or speaking of them either in praise or censure, following in this the maxim of the wise Cato—*Nec te laudâris nec te culpaveris ipse*—the task, in my opinion, loses much of its difficulty. Mere reports I have stated as such, and truth for truth. Some political transactions, but chiefly such as were connected with military affairs, I have given in a continuous order; others are but incompletely narrated, from the want of public and official documents, but are still, for the most part, such as I personally witnessed and assisted in. In brief, I can assign no better reason for my labour than that it pleased me to undergo it; nor am I much concerned for the applause of others, being well aware that to please all hath ever by the wise been held impossible."

These are very much the principles on which, as we conceive, Herodotus would have kept a diary; and they are adhered to with fidelity and perseverance in the text before us. The result is a narrative in which the great events of a stirring period are intermingled with many curious sketches of remote lands, and of the habits and actions of extraordinary individuals, concerning whom little is known from other sources. It is carried on through the most stormy vicissitudes of a life of military service, which in many particulars might have suggested to Schiller the *Dragoon* of the Prologue to Wallenstein, or to Scott that equally felicitous and more finished creation of genius—the inimitable Dalgetty. Wounds and captivity scarcely occasion any interruption to its progress; it is sure in the evening after the hottest conflict to record the receipt of a letter on private affairs and the precise hour of the answer. The Russian editors remark that

it contains perhaps the only information now extant on a subject which cannot be deficient in interest to sundry Scottish families of the present day, in the shape of notices of many of that numerous body—the Scotch gentlemen who in Gordon's time, like him, found employment and gained honour in the service of Russia. The names Bruce, Crawfurd, Drummond, Dalzel, Gordons innumerable, and many others are of frequent occurrence. It is added, that in Russia no family papers or other documentary records of these men are now known to exist. In every instance their race in that empire has died away; and even the jejune information which in other countries the tombstone or the church-register often affords is wanting there. It appears that in Moscow the sites somewhat reluctantly accorded as places of worship to Dissenting residents, Roman Catholic and Protestant, were frequently changed. In one of these changes the principal cemetery, which seems to have been common to both persuasions, suffered sweeping desecration. The famous traveller Tavernier is mentioned as one whose monument was here destroyed. Even that of the illustrious Lefort, erected by special order of his patron Peter, has perished.

General Gordon's diary is supposed in its original state to have consisted of eight or perhaps nine bulky quartos. About the middle of the last century four of these had come, whether in virtue of any family connexion is not known, into the possession of a certain Gordon, an Inspector in the Admiralty at St. Petersburgh. Upon his death, Count Alexander Stroganow, a distinguished promoter of science and literature, purchased them of the widow, who was unable to afford any information as to the missing volumes. The Count turned his purchase to good account, for he placed the MSS. in the hands of the learned historian of Russia, G. F. Müller. The survey of them not only impressed Müller with a sense of their value as materials for history, but brought it to his recollection that some of the missing portion had been used by a Professor Baier in the composition of a tract which Müller had himself inserted in a collection published by him in 1737. Baier had, in fact, drawn almost exclusively from this source his accounts of the two Russian campaigns of 1688 and 1689 against the Crim Tartars, and of the siege and reduction of Asow in 1696. After much fruitless search and inquiry, Müller, repairing to Moscow soon

after the accession of Catherine II., had the satisfaction to discover the portion used by Baier—two large volumes—in the archives of the Foreign Affairs. Six volumes were, therefore, now in his hands, embracing the following years :—

Vol. I., from 1635 to 1659.
II., from 1659 to 1667.
III., from 1677 to 1678.
IV., from 1684 to 1690.
V., from 1690 to 1695.
VI., from 1695 to 1699.

As this is all which has been yet recovered, it will be seen that the continuity of the narrative has suffered two considerable interruptions. The first extends over ten years, from 1667 to 1677, being the time which intervened between Gordon's mission to the court of our own Charles II. and the commencement of an operation against the Turks in the Ukraine, known as the campaign of Tschigorin. The second is of some six years, 1678 to 1684, and comprises the time from the termination of the hostilities above mentioned to Gordon's return to Moscow and Kiew. A few other blanks occur, but without serious damage to the record. In what manner the two volumes used by Baier came into the archives where Müller found them, is not known. The four others, with the rest of Müller's literary collections, were purchased for the same repository on the death of that eminent man. It appears that so early as 1721 a Count Ostermann had had access to the work, and commenced a translation of it into Russian. Müller was anxious for one in German. He, however, shrunk from the labour in his own person, and devolved it upon an academician, T. Stritter, who had been appointed his assistant in the office of Imperial Historiographer. Stritter, in prosecuting the delegated task, went upon a principle of selection—giving a literal translation of passages of obvious curiosity, but abridging or slurring incidents sufficiently known from other sources, and many personal details which to his academical eyes appeared trivial, but of which Gordon's countrymen of the Bannatyne must with ourselves regret the absence. This version, or abstract, was never either finished or printed. It was carried on only to the year 1691 ; leaving untouched the greater part of the fifth and the whole of the sixth volume.

After Stritter's death his MS. fell, in separate portions, into the hands of two individuals, who have liberally furnished them for the assistance of the present editors. The greater part of the text of their first volume may, in fact, be considered as that of Stritter amplified and corrected, but retaining the substitution adopted by him of the third person for the first as it stood in Gordon's original. These accidents of alteration, mutilation, &c., however possibly unimportant in a purely historical point of view, increase our desire for a faithful impression of the Diary, or such parts of it as a judicious editor would retain, in the General's own English or Scotch. It is scarcely necessary here to follow the Preface through its specification of several works which have issued from the Russian press, and mostly in the Russian language, since the discovery of the journal, and which are founded on its contents. Five or six are named—a number which shows the interest with which it has been regarded by the literary men of Russia. One English book said to be similarly founded on the journal is mentioned as having been purchased for a Russian collector in London in 1835, but the editors have not been able to procure a sight of it.

The diarist was born in 1635—the second son of John Gordon of *Auchlichries*—a bleak possession near the coast of Aberdeenshire. The Laird—a cadet of that branch of the house of Gordon of which the Earl of Aberdeen is now the representative—was a high cavalier; and both he and his wife, an Ogilvie, were steady adherents to the Romish faith. This last circumstance prevented Patrick from partaking those educational advantages which the Mareschal College afforded to the Protestant Dalgetties of the district. Means were, however, found in country schools of the neighbourhood to save him from a boyhood of mere field-sports, and to furnish at least the rudiments of the classical training which Scotchmen of gentle birth have seldom been willing entirely to dispense with. At the age of sixteen he was taken home; but the position of a younger brother without prospects concurred with a hopeless attachment to make home irksome, and his parents would seem to have given every encouragement to a scheme of travel in search of adventure and advancement—no unusual or ineffectual resource for the class he belonged to. He left Aberdeen in a ship of 18 guns for Dantzig, in 1651. We have sometimes amused our-

selves with speculating on the emotions with which such young northern hidalgos, in many instances suddenly conveyed in the train of a Gunn or a Mackay from still remoter and wilder districts, must have contemplated the busy and opulent cities of Germany. The stately cathedral, the quay, the market-place, and the town-hall, must have presented contrasts strange and strong to the grey tower of the Highland chief, or even the more spacious gabled and turreted mansion of the Lowland laird.

Wherever they went they carried with them the sagacity, the perseverance, and courage of their race—"patient of labour and prodigal of blood"—and such men as Gustavus Adolphus, Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, and Peter the Great knew well to appreciate these qualities. In none were they more conspicuously united than in Patrick Gordon.

He did not loiter in the great city, but betook himself to the completion of his classical education at the Jesuits' college of Braunsberg. After three years' devotion to study, particularly of Latin, becoming weary and homesick, he absconded without leave-taking, with the intention of returning to Scotland. Disappointed in his endeavours to obtain a passage from Dantzig, and then in an attempt to enter the Polish army, which cost him a fruitless journey to Warsaw, he came, after various adventures, to Hamburgh. The town was full of Swedish officers raising recruits for a war which their youthful king, Charles X., was preparing against Poland. By one of these, a Scotchman of his own name, he was persuaded to take service in the cavalry, and he joined, in July, 1655, at Stettin, the force there collected to the amount of 17,000 men under Field-marshal Wittenberg. Gordon details with particularity the pretexts alleged by the Swedish King for hostilities. They were probably for the most part false—certainly all frivolous; and the diarist favours us with his private opinion as to the real motive of the war, namely, the desire of a young sovereign, fond of soldiering, to signalize his succession to the throne of Gustavus Adolphus and Christina by a little military glory. Poland presented peculiar attractions as an antagonist. She was the only country which in the actual state of Europe afforded any pretexts, bad as they were, for a quarrel. She was already assailed on the one side by Cossacks

and Tartars, on that of Lithuania by the growing power of Russia; and all these circumstances were represented to the Swedish prince by an interested class of advisers—exiles, and fugitive nobles. Encouragement and assistance came, moreover, from a strange quarter. Two or three of the best regiments were raised with money furnished by Cromwell, whose object was to keep busy at a distance some of those ardent spirits whose activity might have been troublesome in Britain. The consequence was one of those long games "which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at."

The kind of discipline enforced in the armies of this day has been well illustrated in Callot's etchings:—"On the 2nd of August," says Gordon, "the Field-marshal encamped near Posen, and showed extraordinary severity. For example, a boy of fourteen was hanged for throwing a stone at a Pole who was seeking in the camp, under escort, for a horse of which he had been robbed." He mentions, as a fact of which he had no reason to doubt, that between Stettin and Konin, where the King joined the army, 470 persons had been executed for slight offences. Gordon calls this "not justice, but tyranny," and says the King himself expressed the same opinion—from which few will dissent. We cannot follow our diarist closely through the details of this wanton war. It was like many other campaigns of an age when war and peace depended rather on the caprices of kings, their ministers, or mistresses, than on the interests, the opinions, or even the passions of nations. The two armies avoided each other, and levied contributions on the districts they infested, in which the Jews paid double. A fort was now and then stormed, in which case the garrison, with many compliments on their courage, were put to the sword. The principal events were the reduction of Cracow, and an action near Warsaw, soon after which Gordon was taken prisoner. Having endured more than four months' close arrest, he was at length released on the condition of taking service with his captors the Poles. He thus became a dragoon in the company of Constantine Lubomirski, the most illustrious of three brothers who all held high offices in the state.

His changes of banner were not to be few. He was shortly again taken prisoner by some Brandenburg cavalry, and carried

before a Scotch General, Douglas, from whom he accepted an offer of service in a corps d'élite of his countrymen, which the General was then employed in organizing. This Douglas company, in January, 1657, received orders to move out of its quarters in order to assist an operation against Dantzig, then held by the Poles. Gordon, before he could show face in the expedition, had to provide himself with two horses; and this he effected, in his own words, "by means of his servant without money"—for which mode of field-equipment he makes the excuse that if he had declined to employ it he must have remained to be eat with vermin, to freeze, or to starve. Surprised on a solitary ride by a party of peasants, he was ere long carried prisoner into Dantzig. He complains bitterly of the loss on this occasion of his Thomas à Kempis. His captors, however, being mere boors, of no practice in the honourable profession of arms, had neglected to pull off his boots—in which he had concealed his money. He met here with many Scotch and Swedish fellows in captivity, as also with a distinguished namesake in the Polish army—to wit, *Gordon of the steel hand*—by whom he was recognised as a clansman, and strongly urged to take service again with Poland. Resisting, for reasons not mentioned, this offer, which many others accepted, he was shortly included in a general exchange of prisoners, and rejoined his former company. Twice again, while serving with Sweden in the course of this year, he was captured, first by some Austrians, from whom he executed a hazardous escape, and then once more by the Poles. The latter adventure brought him into contact with the greatest man of his day, John Sobieski, but it can hardly be said that this circumstance adds any interest to the diary. As Sobieski, who is characterized merely as "a hard bargainer, though courteous," refused to exchange him, he adopted the ready resource of accepting service with his captors. In this his second engagement with the Poles, who had business first with Sweden, then with Muscovy, he found plentiful opportunities for the display of his talents, and speedily rose to the rank of Captain-Lieutenant. The Poles, assisted by 40,000 Tartar auxiliaries, were successful against the Russians and Cossacks, who under command of a certain Wassilie Wassilievitsch Scherematew—we love, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to give the whole name—endured a terrible defeat, in which they

lost 115 standards, 67 guns, and some 36,000 men killed and prisoners. This battle of Sibiodischtsche led in November, 1660, to the conclusion of a peace on terms, as might be expected, humiliating enough for the party so completely overthrown. The Poles are said to have suffered some loss in endeavouring to defend their prisoners from the Tartars, who were discontented with various items of the pacification. The Russians—it is certain—were plundered, and many of them dragged into slavery by these infidel allies of a Christian power. Scherematew himself was shamefully surrendered to them by the Polish commander.

Gordon, returning from the scene of this wild work to Warsaw, received intelligence of the restoration of his native monarch, Charles II. This event, suggesting to a good soldier of cavalier blood the prospect of some advancement at home, induced him to request his retirement from the Polish service. Lubomirski, however, was unwilling to part with such a follower, and before his reluctance was overcome Gordon had received letters from his family which discouraged him in his project of return. We have indeed discovered no indications of any desire on the part of his kinsfolk for his re-appearance at the honoured château of Auchlichries. He persevered, nevertheless, in requesting his discharge, and received it in July, 1661, accompanied by a flattering certificate in florid Latin from Lubomirski. His persistance in urging this dismissal could have had no better reason than the mere love of change. He seems to have quite dropped the thoughts of home, and to have been steadily intent on carrying his now proved and conspicuous talents to one of the great military markets of Europe. None perhaps at this moment could afford fairer chances to a soldier of fortune and a Roman Catholic than the one he was quitting, for this was the brightest epoch of the fortunes of that kingdom. Gordon, however, had decided to quit the Polack, and only hesitated between Austria and Russia. After much pondering, his intimacy with several officers of the latter power, and among them some countrymen of his own, who, taken prisoners at the battle of Sibiodischtsche, had been placed under his custody, decided his choice. With two of these, a Colonel Crawfurd and a Captain Menzies, he journeyed to Moscow, arriving there in September. He was well received by Czar Alexis, a sovereign of more than average virtue

and ability, who confirmed an appointment promised him by Crawfurd as major in that friend's own regiment. We find him almost immediately repenting his choice, and busy with various attempts and schemes for disengaging himself. These all proving hopeless, he applied himself with such diligence to the duties of his position, that he soon rose into favour. He continued, however, so little satisfied with Muscovy and the Muscovites, that nothing but the press of his daily occupations saved him from sickness. Many inevitable incidents of the life of a stranger, without connexions, in a semi-civilized country, would sufficiently account for depression of spirits. In addition to the difficulties to be encountered from rude superiors, he had troublesome subjects to deal with in those under his own command. One of many instances which he records is equally characteristic of his energy as an officer and of his fidelity as a journalist. A Russian captain in his regiment had encroached in various particulars upon Major Gordon's authority. Colonel Crawfurd declining to listen to complaint on this subject, Gordon took it, in every sense of the word, into his own hands. Inveigling the Captain into his quarters without witnesses, he knocked him down and caned him till he could hardly rise. Called to account before Crawfurd, Gordon met the charge with a cool and imperturbable denial of the entire transaction—and this full equivalent to an Old Bailey alibi he repeated, on appeal to their General, with such cool skill, that the Captain, refused all redress, was fain to leave a regiment which boasted a Scottish Major.

In 1662 the Major obtained a colonelcy. The routine of professional duty, though probably now pretty amply varied by gentle exercise of the above description, was still insufficient to dispel the melancholy which weighed upon his mind. He betook himself to the most dangerous resource which Moscow afforded, in the cultivation for the first time in his life, if we except the boyish romance, of female society. In the houses of the resident foreigners, which he principally frequented, he found himself beset at all hands by the snares of contending beauty. Foreigners at this period were not allowed to marry native Russians, even on condition of conversion to the Greek Church. The younger strangers in the Czar's service were therefore considered by the daughters of the older as a game preserve of their own, and hunted down without mercy. It required all the

caution of Gordon's country and county to preserve him from these harpies; and to escape a disadvantageous alliance it became almost necessary to contract an eligible one. Not run away with by his feelings, but partly in self-defence, and partly on a calculation in which the advantages over-balanced scruples well weighed and doubts long entertained, he determined to marry. In sickness, in absence upon duty or travel, a wife presented herself to his speculative eye as a useful nurse or steward. In the matter of expense he found reason to suspect that an unmarried man keeping house might be apt to suffer more waste than would suffice for the keep of a wife. While lying in bed on a Saturday morning all these considerations passed through the Aberdonian mind, and, "after earnest prayer for guidance," the last seems to have decided the struggle. The next task was that of passing in review the candidates for the honour which on some one he was at last resolved to confer. It fell on the daughter of a Brandenburgh Colonel, Albert Bockhoven, well educated, of the Roman Catholic faith, and of good blood by the father's side. The latter was a prisoner in the hands of the Poles—a circumstance which did not prevent the engagement, but which delayed the marriage till 1664, when the Brandenburgher's release by exchange was effected, principally through the intercession of his destined son-in-law.

In the course of this year, 1664, Colonel Gordon, hearing of the death of his elder brother, requested leave for a journey to Scotland, which was peremptorily refused him. The next year, however, circumstances led to his visiting Britain in a semi-official character. The unsuccessful mission of Lord Carlisle to Moscow had led to differences between the courts, which had only been aggravated by that of an envoy equally touchy and punctilious, Daschkow, to Whitehall. That delicate hyperborean had returned with impressions and reports of the barbarism of England in matters of etiquette, and of the high prices of her commodities, which made his countrymen at the court of Moscow reluctant to undertake a similar office. The Czar determined to make Gordon, without an ostensible mission, the bearer of a letter to Charles II. Our Colonel, with a caution which the event justified, endeavoured to decline a service the difficulties of which were more certain than either its success or its remuneration. Alexis, however, was now as peremptory in enfor-

cing a furlough as before in refusing it. War between England and Holland increased the troubles of the long and arduous route, which occupied the Colonel from June 29 to the 1st of October. He remained in London till February of the following year, enjoying, without the rank of ambassador, all privileges of access to the gay king and his ministers. For reasons not clearly stated he was ungraciously received on his return to Muscovy, and the royal displeasure was shown in the withholding the repayment of his outlay, an account which was not settled until the next reign.

Ere long, however, he was restored to the command of his former regiment. In 1670 we see him in high command in the Ukraine—employed in reducing to submission the rebellious Zaporagian Cossacks. In this distant warfare he was detained, probably because his talents were found indispensable, till 1677, when he was summoned to Moscow to answer charges preferred against him by one of his superiors. These he managed triumphantly, though at the expense of much bribery and intrigue, to confute; and returning to the Ukraine he conducted the defence of the capital, Tschigrin, against a combined attack of the Turks and Tartars, in a manner which entitled him to the highest rank among the Russian reputations of that day.

The Colonel now renewed his endeavours to obtain his manumission from the service, but these, though supported by the intercession of the English envoy, had no better success than before. The Czar Fedor, who succeeded his father Alexis in 1676, had the acuteness to appreciate Gordon, and the year 1678 found him again employed in repelling a renewed assault upon Tschigrin. For a month his unwearied activity and engineering skill kept Turk and Tartar at bay, and no thought of surrender had suggested itself, when a sudden and imperative order from Moscow compelled him to abandon the place. He was the last man to retire, and he fired with his own hand the train of the principal magazine, by the subsequent explosion of which 4000 Turks were sent to the paradise of the faithful. Escaping with great risk, and hotly pursued, he was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Major-General.

The first volume here closes. At this point also of the Diary occurs the second interruption of five years—which however is practically remedied by the service-lists preserved in the ap-

pendix. From these we find that in 1683 Gordon was made a Lieutenant-General. This, it must be remembered, was a critical period for the Empire. The Czar Fedor had died in 1682, without issue and without designating his successor. Of his two brothers, Ivan and Peter, the first was imbecile, and the second but ten years old. The regency devolved on their sister Sophia. Gordon was now very anxious to effect a change from the provincial quarters of Kiew to the seat of government; and with this view he made in 1684 a journey to Moscow. By the Regent and her able and all powerful favourite, Golitzin, he was graciously received, but studiously repulsed in all his endeavours both towards the object above-mentioned, and the more important point of his discharge, which he was still pressing. He was complimented, confidentially advised with on some knotty questions, and peremptorily ordered back to Kiew. It was there that, while devoting his leisure to the improvement of the defences of the town, he formed the acquaintance and gained the enduring friendship of a kindred spirit and adventurer, the engineer Lefort, destined like himself to exercise a powerful and salutary influence over the illustrious man who in due time vindicated his right to the throne and eclipsed the fame of all its former occupants.

In 1685 intelligence of the accession of James II. induced our staunch Romanist to renew his entreaties for leave of absence. It was at last granted, but only on a stipulation of speedy return, for which security was taken in the detention of his wife and children as hostages at Kiew. He effected his journey, and on this occasion visited Scotland. Returning in August, 1686, he brought with him a letter from the English King in support of his application for discharge. The proceeding was highly ill advised. A semi-barbarous government was sensitively jealous of such foreign interference, and it drew down upon Gordon a storm of resentment from the wayward and selfish Regent and her minister. He was threatened with degradation to the ranks, and obliged to petition for pardon in the style of a grave offender and contrite penitent. While this petition was awaiting its answer, behold there arrived another epistle from James II. announcing Gordon's appointment as English ambassador extraordinary at Moscow. Hereupon a council was held —and it speedily arrived at the following decision—"The

General Patrick Gordon cannot become English ambassador, because his presence is required with the great army in the approaching campaign against the Turks and Tartars.'[1] Nothing could be more logical; and we find the Diarist, in 1687, on the Dnieper, serving as second to the General-in-chief Golitzin. That commander, after leading his men into the steppe, could devise no better plan of strategy than to lead them out again and abandon the campaign. The troops were therefore dismissed to their quarters, but not without signal marks of the favour and the liberality of the government. Gordon himself was promoted to the rank of General.

The year 1688 was passed in Moscow. The regiments called the Buterkisch were at this time under his special command, and appear to have been regarded as a sort of model for the rest of the army. The corps formed at least a seminary for drummers and fifers, who when duly accomplished were drafted off to Kolowenski, the residence at this period of young Peter. This circumstance appears to have led to communications between Gordon and the Czar, and to have laid the foundation of their future familiarity. Gordon was at this time consulted by the Regency on many matters of moment. A plan of his for the establishment of a new city in the Samara was approved and carried out; another for military lines of defence on the Dnieper was equally approved, but the execution of it was postponed. He was also called upon to take the command of a fresh operation against the Crimea, but when the army had advanced as far as Perekop the attempt was considered too arduous, and abandoned. Gordon returned to Moscow, where events of greater importance to his own fortunes and those of Russia awaited him.

The young Czar at first showed no great favour to the troops, and manifested opposition to the system of liberal reward by which now as on former occasions the Regency endeavoured to win the attachment of a force which was evidently assuming the character of a Prætorian guard. This policy, whatever its motive or its explanation, did not produce the consequences which might have been expected from it, for, at the crisis which shortly ensued of the struggle for power between the Czar and the Regency, Gordon and his regiments threw themselves into the party of the former, and by marching, contrary to the orders

of the latter, to Troitza, decided the issue and placed Peter on the throne. Gordon was immediately admitted within the precincts of the fortified convent, while the other commanders with their soldiers were encamped without its walls. He was henceforth busily occupied in exercising the troops under the immediate inspection of majesty, and younger men might have found their strength insufficient for such occupation, varied as it was by the boisterous orgies in which Peter's favourites were called to take part. Of all the particulars of this remarkable intimacy, which continued through the few remaining years of Gordon's life, we are promised ample details in the sequel of the Diary. In 1694 he accompanied Peter on his second journey to Archangel. In the following year he mainly contributed to the establishment of an offensive alliance against the Turks with Austria, the policy of which he had at previous periods strongly advocated; and he conducted, in the war which resulted, under the eye of Peter, the great operation of the siege of Asow. The Russian preparations, however, were insufficient for the reduction of that strong place in one campaign; and it was not till the year following that it fell before Gordon's able assault. On the occasion of the triumphal entry of the victorious army into Moscow he received from the Czar a medal worth 6 ducats, a gold cup, a costly suit of furs, and some ninety peasants. Many instances are mentioned in the Diary of these Homeric donations of live stock. One is connected with an amusing incident. When the Turks in 1677 retired from before Tschigrin, the welcome news was forwarded to Moscow by two captains. A colonel who was also despatched somewhat later to that city, finding the party with their horses sleeping in a meadow, contrived unperceived to cut the girths and stirrup leathers, and then, pursuing his own journey, was the first to bring the intelligence to the Czar. He was rewarded with fifty peasants; the others, who arrived the same evening, got little but thanks.

In the year 1697 took place the memorable journey of the Czar to Holland—on which occasion Gordon was left as second to the General-in-chief Schein in the administration of the military affairs of the empire. In this high capacity he visited Asow, to superintend the restoration and extension of its defences, which he had lately done his best to ruin; and for similar purposes he proceeded to Taganrog, since made famous by the

melancholy end of one of the most fortunate, in the world's estimation, but not in his own, of Peter's successors. His presence dissipated a commenced invasion of the Tartars, and he returned to Moscow to perform the yet more signal service already alluded to in the quelling of the revolt of the Strelitz regiments. The short remainder of his life was passed in the full enjoyment of the favour which this, the greatest of his exploits, had raised to the highest pitch. The Czar had scarcely recovered the shock of the decease of his other foreign favourite, Lefort, when he was called upon to attend the death-bed of Gordon, who expired in his arms on the 29th of November, 1699.

We have already expressed our hope that the principal parts of the narrative of a career so eventful as Gordon's may yet be furnished to English readers in the original form. A close comparison of the German text now before us with that original is not necessary for the detection of some excusable errors in the translator. We are unwilling to swell our present notice either by any reference to these, or by extracts which could not convey the precise expression of the gallant old diarist. But for this we might be tempted by such passages as one which describes his escape from the ruins of Tschigrin, when, deserted by the last adherents of his undisciplined and demoralized garrison, he crosses alone, with his sword in one hand and pistol in the other, the bridge swarming with Turks—all carrying in their left hands, instead of the pistol, the heads of slaughtered Christians. The narrative of the defence of this place against some 100,000 Turks, a defence which lasted a month, and but for him would not have lasted an hour, is worthy of Drinkwater. But for the deficiency in interest which attaches to the wars of comparative savages, the defence of Tschigrin would rank as an exhibition of courage, resource, and endurance, with that of Vienna. To count the wounds with which the person of the iron veteran was scored in his various campaigns, is a task which has baffled our patience. On one perilous day we find him emerging from an ambuscade with the loss of his sword, hat, and a quantity of hair left in Polish hands, and with the gain of three arrows sticking in his hide or his jerkin. Occasional attacks of the plague he baffles by doses of *Venice treacle*, and other remedies stranger and more nauseous even than that famous compound of adder's fat with other poisons. Under a different species of difficulty his

resources never fail him. We have already admired the imperturbable denial with which he met the complaint of the Muscovite captain to whom he had administered the bastinado. He had engaged himself to the Baron d'Isola, for service under the Holy Roman Emperor, when circumstances induced him to prefer that of Russia. Quitting Warsaw, he leaves behind him with a friend two letters, the one dated as if from Thorn, for the day previous to that stipulated for his return, in which he announces that he is seized with a burning fever. The other, dated fourteen days later, admits some improvement, but describes the attack as having degenerated into a quotidian—which deprives him of all hope of presenting his respects to the Imperial Majesty of Vienna. The interesting invalid was meanwhile with two Scottish companions riding fast to Moscow. He does not omit an opportunity which many years afterwards presents itself in England, of claiming acquaintance with the Austrian Baron.

The diary affords but scanty indications that his residence at Braunsberg had left with Gordon a taste for literary occupation. We noticed, however, his discomposure at the loss of his Thomas à Kempis—which may remind the readers of Waverley of the Titus Livius of the Baron of Bradwardine:—and we find him on his first journey to England acquiring of a Mr. Clayhills, in exchange for a sable fur and twelve dollars, a sorrel horse fully accoutred—with a copy of Camden's Britannia thrown into the bargain. The death of an infant son in 1684 elicits from the paternal pen a Latin epitaph in six hexameters and pentameters, which, alas for the credit of the Jesuit fathers of Braunsberg, contain four false quantities. Some time after he entered the Russian service he disclaims any skill in engineering; nor does he tell us much of the means by which he acquired that high proficiency in it which he exhibited on repeated occasions, but most especially in the defence of Tschigrin and the reduction of Asow. The diary makes mention now and then of his sending orders for works of repute *de arte fortificatoriâ;* but the enemy seems to have been his best teacher. The Turk was in those days the most formidable assailant of fortified places. He brought to this department of warfare not only the fanatical courage of his predestinarian faith, and a lavish expenditure of labour, but great scientific skill, and singular expertness with the spade and shovel. Christian officers drew lessons from the

maze of curved parallels, overlapping each other like the scales of a fish, with which the Mahometan made his cautious yet rapid approach towards his destined prey, and the mine with all its devices was a favourite engine of his further operations. The resources of the defender were taxed on such occasions to the utmost.

The diary of his residence in Moscow contains an incident which shows that the system of espionage is no novelty in Russia—and on which, we rather think, a little French *vaudeville* was afterwards founded. A Lithuanian prisoner of distinction falling ill obtained permission to consult an Italian physician. Their intercourse was watched, and the quick ear of the attendant caught, or seemed to catch, the suspicious words *Crim Tartary* frequently repeated. Both the Italian and his patient narrowly escaped being tortured and hanged for a conspiracy to levy war against the Czar in that region. It turned out that the doctor had been recommending an admixture of cream of tartar in the diet of the dyspeptic captive.

We are forced to confess that the second volume is less interesting than the first—its details are often most wearisome, and we really admire the perseverance of the translators. There occur nevertheless some incidents of capital importance as respects the fate of the great Czar, and many amusing enough anecdotes of Gordon's own adventurous history.

Turning to his Second English Expedition in 1686—upon his arrival in London, where he took up his lodging at the Mitre tavern in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, he gives some particulars of his expenditure on personal equipment for his court campaign, which show that at the then value of money and scale of fortunes the externals of a gentleman were not all cheap in this quarter. His wig costs him 7*l.*, his hat 2*l.* 10*s.* His dinner 5*s.* 6*d.* His barber charges him a shilling for shaving, which we think scandalous; shoes at 4*s.* the pair seem decidedly cheap; silk stockings 12*s.*, not unreasonable; three swords cost 14*s.*—which seems very moderate indeed. He was as kindly received at the Court of James as he had been at that of Charles. The King relished his conversation, and questioned him with intelligence as to the habits and manners of the country of his adoption. Gordon, on taking leave at Windsor after a long audience of the King, bestowed an harangue, first in Dutch and then in English,

on Prince George of Denmark, to which that uncolloquial personage returned no answer. The General's journey to Scotland and visit to the house of his fathers afford little more than a record of civilities interchanged with the principal nobility at Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and of some thorny discussions with a brother and an uncle as to the administration, accounts and proceeds of the paternal property. These at length settled, a trading vessel once more conveys from Aberdeen our Cæsar and the fortunes which valour and sagacity had so far exalted since he left the same port, an obscure adventurer, five and thirty years ago.

The diary for September, 1689, supplies rich details of a crisis already alluded to in our references to the prefatory sketch. It was now that the mutual jealousies between the young Czar Peter and his able and intriguing sister, the Regent Sophia, came to a point. Peter fled from Moscow to the fortified convent of Troitza, and a struggle ensued on his part to gain over the military, on hers to retain their fidelity. Her eloquence, but especially her gracious assiduity in pouring out glasses of brandy to officers and men, for some time held the scales in suspense. Gordon's part was a difficult one, and any false calculation of the strength or immediate preponderance of either party might have sent him to the block—or at least to Siberia. A certain Colonel Retschaew, who had been bold enough to become the bearer of an unpalatable letter to the Regent from Troitza, only saved his head by the fortuitous and highly irregular absence of the Court executioner. Reflection, however, appeased the wrath or awoke the prudence of the Princess. He was pardoned, and received his glass of brandy from the royal hand. Gordon, in his important office as Commander of the foreign troops, the Swiss regiments of that period, played his game with no rash hand. It was not till the Strelitz corps had shown clear symptoms of disaffection to the Regent, and after a very distinct order had reached Moscow, that, summoning all the foreign officers to Troitza, he ventured on his part to issue the cautious intimation that all who chose to be of the party might join him at a certain place and hour. The march commenced after dark, apparently under considerable apprehension of interruption, but was completed without difficulty. The Princess, deserted by the Strelitz soldiery, was compelled to abandon the contest without conditions

and to surrender her favourites and advisers to the vengeance of her brother. The principal of these, her minister Golitzin, was spared at the powerful intercession of his cousin, Peter's prime favourite, Boris Golitzin. The second in rank and influence, Schaklowitoi, was tortured, and, after an ample confession, obtained from Peter's humanity, to the great disgust of the courtiers, the favour of being executed without a repetition of the knout and rack. Many others followed him to the scaffold. Gordon asserts that the Czar himself was at this time averse to bloodshed, a weakness to which in his maturer age he was quite superior—witness especially the Strelitz revolt. It was found necessary to employ the intervention of the Patriarch to overcome his present reluctance. The holy man succeeded in the discharge of this Christian office. Reward and punishment were dealt out with equal liberality, and blood and brandy flowed with Russian profusion at Troitza.

The journal of the voyage in Peter's suite to Archangel is little more than a string of dates and names of villages and confluents of the Dwina, down which the Imperial fleet floated from Wologda to the port discovered by Chancellor, and to shores frequented by the Lapp and the Samoyede. Archangel and its roadstead became the scene of more than midnight carousals, in which Gordon and Lefort had to play their part on unequal terms with the physical as well as intellectual giant whom they served. Gordon, however, did not accompany the Czar on his principal excursions into the White Sea. During one of these our author was feasted on board an English trader, Captain Blaize, assisted by a brother navigator, Captain Shroud. Blaize and Shroud did all honour to their guest. Six successive healths were each saluted with twenty guns. The Czar himself afterwards visited these English vessels, to the further great consumption of powder and strong drink.

The siege of Asow in 1695 restores animation to the soldier's pages. Even in our own time, and under the energetic rule of Nicholas, the sieges of Turkish fortresses have not added to the reputation of the Russian arms. In Peter's day the Russians had everything to learn, and the lesson of this year was a severe one, though subsequently turned to good account. The Russian troops, especially the Strelitzes, though serving under the eye of their sovereign assisted by such men as Lefort and Gordon,

showed little patience or zeal in the trenches and little courage in assault. The Turk behind his wall and the Tartar in the plain were more than a match as yet for such adversaries. Heavy loss in unsuccessful attacks and a somewhat disastrous retreat were the consequences. We gather from the Diary that torture was occasionally applied both to soldiers for cowardice in action and to prisoners at war as a means of extracting information. With this untoward business the second volume terminates. If it were only for the full details we expect of the grand Strelitz catastrophe, we should be anxious for the arrival of the third.

In quitting our hero for the present we may observe that, like John Sobieski, and most other great men, he appears to have bequeathed no legacy of his higher qualities. Of his three sons none rose from obscurity, and two gave him much trouble by their dissolute and rebellious misbehaviour. Of their two sisters, one married a relation of her own, Alexander Gordon, who also became a General in the Russian service:—a man of much military distinction, and who, among other experiences, had been made prisoner by Charles XII. at Narva. This eminent officer returned with his wife to Scotland in 1711—indited, at leisure, a Biography of Peter the Great, in two volumes—well thumbed by ourselves in early days—and died at his family seat of Achintoul in 1752. His race is extinct. The other daughter of old Patrick *Ivanovitch*—(as he was called among the Muscovites)—though twice married, died childless; and it is believed that no lineal posterity now remains of the suppressor of the Strelitzes and conqueror of Asow.

XV.—TRAVELS AMONG THE LAPS.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, DECEMBER, 1853.(*)

WE are willing to take for granted the accuracy of Mr. Helms as a translator; and making this concession, albeit a blind one, to acknowledge our obligation for his labour. He would, however, have much enhanced that obligation if he had favoured us with some prefatory biographical notice of the enterprising traveller, whose narrative he has rescued from the comparative obscurity of a Scandinavian text. This task Mr. Helms has omitted to discharge. His translation, in the edition which has reached us, is not accompanied by preface, or by a word of information beyond that afforded in the title-page, in one or two unimportant notes, and a sketch map of the route of the later journeys, an extension of which to the two former would be very desirable. From the fact announced in the title-page, that the original is in Swedish, we might naturally have inferred that Mr. Castren was a native and subject of Sweden. We are enabled, however, upon inquiry to inform our readers that he was—we wish we could say is—a subject of Russia, and a native of Finland. Those who go through the account of his travels will learn, with more sympathy than surprise, that the adventures it records undermined its author's constitution, and led to his premature decease. He is entitled to a share in the regret with which the announcement of the loss of another distinguished Finlander, the Oriental scholar and traveller, Mr. Wallin, has been received in the scientific world. We are told nothing of his decease by the translator, but a note casually informs us that Mr. Castren lived to accomplish, under the auspices of the Russian Govern-

(*) *Mathias Alexander Castren, Travels in the North: containing a Journey in Lapland in* 1838: *Journey in Russian Karelia in* 1839; *Journey in Lapland, Northern Russia, and Siberia, in* 1841-44. Translated into German (from the Swedish), by Henrik Helms. Leipzig: Avenarius and Mendelsohn. 1853.

ment, a very extended journey through Siberia and other parts of the Russian Asiatic dominion, as far as the frontiers of China, not noticed in this work, but which, we hope, may be the subject of a future publication.

Of the many motives and pursuits which separately, or in combination, are daily leading explorers into the distant recesses and dark holes and corners of the earth, one of the most creditable, the love of science, was Mr. Castren's. He was born in a Finland village, not far from the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. His education was obtained at the Alexander's College of Helsingfors, which, since its transference to that city from Abo, has, we believe, done credit to the liberal endowment of the Russian Government. He seems, from his earliest years, to have formed the intention of devoting himself to the illustration of the literature and antiquities of his country; and the main object of the travels recorded in the present volume was to trace the affinities of the languages of the coterminous Lap, the Samoyede, and the Ostiak, with his own and with each other. For this, and for the kindred purposes of investigating the habits, the history, and above all the superstitions, of these rude tribes, he faced the summer mosquito of the Lapland swamp, and the wintry blast of the Tundra, which not even the reindeer can confront and live. For these objects he traversed the White Sea in rickety vessels with drunken crews, and fed on raw fish and sawdust, and accepted shelter in the hut of the Samoyede beggar. The present volume contains the journal of three such expeditions. The general reader may open it without fear of encountering the detailed results of the author's philological or other scientific researches. These must be sought elsewhere by the curious in Finn inflexions and Lap or Samoyede terminations, in the records of scientific societies, Russian and Scandinavian.

Having thus early chosen his path of inquiry, Mr. Castren occupied himself for some fifteen years of his student life at Helsingfors with assiduous study of the Finn and other cognate languages, so far as books could enable him to pursue it. The aid, however, to be derived from books for such investigations as these was limited, and he long sighed in vain for pecuniary means and opportunity to visit the regions, the languages and manners of which he wished to explore. In the year 1838 the desired opening was at last presented to him. Dr. Ehrstrom, a

friend and medical fellow-student, proposed to accept him as a companion, free of expense, on a tour in Lapland. They were subsequently joined by another alumnus of the Alexander University, Magister Blank, a professor of natural history, and by a preacher named Durmann, charged with a mission to the Enarè district of Lapmark. With these companions he started from a village near Tornea on the 25th June, 1838.

In the early part of this journey, before they had overstepped the limits of Finnish civilization, they found their accommodations somewhat improved by preparations for the reception of an expected French scientific expedition. These had, we presume, been made by special suggestion of Russian authorities, for the guests were not looked forward to with pleasure. French scientific travellers had, it appears, on some former occasion, given offence and trouble to their entertainers. Englishmen bore a better reputation. They indeed, like the French, had given trouble, and been particular as to their accommodation, but then they had cheerfully paid double and triple prices for it. They had angled perpetually in the streams, and had bestowed all they caught upon their boatmen. We recognize our countrymen in this description.

The 30th of June brought the party, after severe fatigue and hardship incident to up-stream navigation of rivers, varied by occasional portages, to the town of Muononiska. They were here deprived of the society of Dr. Ehrstrom, who received advices which compelled him to return to Tornea. How his loss as a paymaster was supplied we are not informed, but it seems not to have affected the plan of the expedition. Mr. Castren was reconciled to a six weeks stay at Muononiska, by intercourse with a Lap catechist, who, educated by a Finnish pastor, had been employed in the preparation of a translation of the Scriptures into his native language, and was now glad to exchange Lap for Finnish instruction with Mr. Castren. The party left this place on the 11th July with no very distinct plan of route, other than that of penetrating Lapland proper by the best passage they could find of the mountain-ridge which forms the watershed between the North Sea and the Gulph of Bothnia. The journey which ensued, conducted partly on foot, partly on streams of difficult and hazardous navigation, was a series of labours, hardships, and privations, exasperated by inefficient

guides, frequent deluges of rain, unsheltered bivouacs, and the constant toil of carrying on their backs their wardrobe and stores. For these Mr. Castren was compensated by the garrulity of his guides, who regaled him with traditions principally founded on ancient border feuds between the Lap and the Russ of Karelia. The most interesting of these relate to a certain Palwio, and a race of Lapland heroes, of whom he was the progenitor. Some of the feats of strength or cunning attributed to these eminent persons are claimed in favour of a certain Laurukain, who figures in Finnish as well as Lappish legends in the characters of a Hercules, an Ulysses, and a William Tell. From some of these narratives it is evident that the adventure of the Cave of Polypheme, after finding favour with the Greek rhapsodist and Arab story-teller, has penetrated to the Arctic circle. Here, as also subsequently among the Karelians, our author found equally palpable traces of the principal exploits attributed to the Swiss hero. From what original source, or through what channels these traditions have travelled, it is probably vain to inquire or dispute. The triumph of courage over numbers, of policy over brute force, has its charms for the rudest nations, and, from Jack the Giant Killer to William Tell, the key-note of the strain is ever the same. It is true that many of the Lap and Finn tales relate to feats of preternatural strength and activity, but in many others the Palwio or Laurukain of the tradition overreaches his adversary by superior intelligence. He guides the Russian or Karelian marauder with a torch by night, and flinging it over a precipice, while he crouches in a cleft of the rock, procures their destruction. Surrounded in a hut, he dresses up a bag of feathers in a human semblance, and, while his enemies are stabbing at it and at one another, escapes by a loophole, &c. &c.

The course pursued by the travellers led them to the great lake of Enarè, and Uitzoki—one of those centres of Lapland civilization which boast a church and a resident pastor, situated some two days' journey beyond that lake—was the limit of this expedition. The abundance of fish in the waters of the lake and of the rivers which intersect the adjacent district, attract to their barren shores a scattered and scanty population, of habits which distinguish it from the regular nomad or mountain Lap. The nomad, depending exclusively on his herds of rein-deer for subsistence, dwells in tents, and shifts his abode perpetually in

search of fresh pastures. The fisher Lap, though he migrates between a summer and winter residence, and during the latter season dwells in the forest, and occasionally hunts the wild reindeer, is more stationary in his habits, and builds himself a hut for his residence. He thus comes more within the reach of social intercourse, and of the religious instruction which the zealous missionaries of Finland have carried into these regions. In one respect, indeed, that of cleanliness, the nomad has the advantage. The filth of the fisher's hut is permanent; the dwelling of the mountain Lap is at least purified by frequent removals to sites not saturated by corruption in its foulest forms.

At Uitzoki the party found the pastoral residence occupied by one of those men who sacrifice on the shrine of Christian duty, not merely the comforts of civilized life, but talents and acquirements of a high order. On accepting his charge he had performed the journey from Tornea in the depth of winter, accompanied by a young wife and a female relation of the latter, fifteen years of age. He had found the parsonage vacated by his predecessor a wretched edifice, distant some fifteen miles from the nearest Lap habitation. After establishing himself and his family in this, he had returned from a pastoral excursion, guided to his home by the light of a conflagration from which its inmates had escaped with difficulty, but with a total loss of everything they possessed. A wretched hut, built for the temporary shelter of the Laps who resorted thither for divine service, afforded the family a shelter for the winter. He had since contrived to build himself another dwelling, in which our party found him, after five years' residence, the father of a family, and the chief of a happy household. The latter was destined to be diminished by the visit of our travellers. The susceptible Durmann fell a victim to the attractions and accomplishments, musical especially, of the young lady, and he left Uitzoki, in company with our author, for Enarè, a betrothed man. Their journey was hurried, for Mr. D. was engaged to perform service at the church of Enarè, and love had delayed his departure to the last moment. The second of their three days' journey was one of eight Swedish, or nearly sixty English, miles, performed in wet clothes, and almost without rest or sustenance, for sixteen consecutive hours. In respect of the congregation for whom such sacrifices were encountered they were not ill-bestowed. At

Enarè, remarkable evidence came under Mr. Castren's observation of that craving for religious exercises, which would appear to increase as directly in proportion to privation as any sensual appetite. We have heard that, on the occasion of a pastoral visit to St. Kilda, a sermon of seven hours duration has been found not sufficient to satisfy, much less exhaust, its audience. Mr. Castren describes the Enarè Laps as unremittingly occupied for twenty-four hours together with religious exercises, partly in the church and partly in their huts. Some of them knew the New Testament by heart; and during the service, while the Finns present were generally obliged to follow the psalm from the book, not a single Lap was reduced to this necessity. This is the more remarkable, because the introduction of the Lutheran faith and worship—and it may probably be said of Christianity in any shape—is of recent date. Some inroads upon heathenism and Seida, or idol worship, were probably made by Roman Catholic missionaries before the Reformation. The first churches were built in the reign of Charles IX., about the year 1600; but so late as the year 1750 a Report was furnished to the chapter of Abo by a mission of inquiry, which described heathenism as generally prevalent. All honour to the men, such as the pastor of Uitzoki, who have effected this change. The names of the deities formerly worshipped are now all but forgotten—Aija, Akka, and others. The Seidas of stone have been generally overthrown, and those of wood given to the flames; though in some instances the former remain in unfrequented spots, such as certain islands of the Enarè lake, objects of lingering superstitious terror and avoidance, but no longer of worship.

The Lapland summer is short. In early August the grass began to turn yellow, the willow-leaf to fade, and birds of passage were on the move. Though ill recovered from the fatigues of what Mr. Castren calls the "betrothal promenade," he commenced his homeward journey on the 15th of August. It proved, as may be supposed, a pretty close repetition of the labours and difficulties of the former. Their route led them by some Finnish settlements, principally dependent on agriculture for subsistence; and here, in consequence of a succession of unfavourable seasons, they found the wretched inhabitants literally living upon hay. The bark of trees is not an uncommon ingredient of the peasant's loaf in Finland and Scandinavia, and,

mixed in equal or less proportion with rye-meal, reconciles itself to the "dura ilia" of the North. We have heard that a militia regiment, on annual duty at Stockholm, suffered at first severe illness from the rich diet of the loaf without the bark admixture. The inhabitants of Sombio had long been reduced to the bark without the rye, and supplied the place of the latter with chopped straw. Even the straw had now failed them, and recourse was had to a grass called by the Finn Westrikko, by the botanist Cerastium vulgare. From Sombio they found great difficulty in procuring a guide for a long day's journey over an extensive swamp. The marsh in question and other adjacent districts abound in serpents, and here, as well as subsequently in parts of Siberia inhabited by tribes of Finnish origin, our author had occasion to observe traces of that superstitious belief in certain powers and attributes of the ophidian race which in many nations has shown itself in the form of serpent-worship. Their guide believed that the serpents live in regulated societies, are subject to a sovereign, and meet in assemblies for purposes of legislation and police, in which sentence is passed on individuals of the human race and other animals who may have killed or injured one of the community. Certain stones, supposed to be the judgment-seats of the reptile Rhadamanthi, and various exuviæ of the animal, are favourite ingredients of the charm and medicine-chest of the schaman or magician of the heathen Finn.

On Mr. Castren's return from the above expedition, he learned that the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburgh contemplated the sending an expedition into Siberia. He therefore put himself in communication with Mr. Sogroen, a countryman and a member of the Academy, with a view of procuring his own adjunction to the undertaking, and pursued meanwhile with diligence a preparatory course of study. The project, however, was shortly abandoned, and Mr. Castren betook himself, for assistance in his views, to the Literary Society of Finland. From this body he succeeded in obtaining a scanty supply of roubles, and left Helsingfors in May, 1839, for Russian Karelia, from which he returned in September. The main object of this expedition, as he described it in his application to the Society, was to collect ballads, legends, and traditions in illustration of Finnish mythology, and especially of the Kalewala, the Edda, Iliad, or Nibelungen of Finland. Of these, by much perseverance in

hunting out professional ballad-singers, and other depositories of national lore, he seems to have gathered a considerable harvest. This summer journey, through regions comparatively populous and civilized, was exempt from the severer trials of his former tour, but he found more difficulty in dealing with the inhabitants, many of them being sectarians, who, under the denomination of Raskolnicks, profess to maintain the doctrines of the Greek Church in exceptional purity. As the author's subsequent journey brought him still further into contact with these fanatics, we leave them for the present.

Our author, in his unwearied pursuit of magical lore and metrical traditions, here fell in again with those which contain all the leading particulars of the adventure of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and of William Tell's feat of archery. The latter, however, is told with the variation that the son is the active, and the father the passive, hero of the tale. The father has been taken captive by a band of Finn marauders. His son, a boy of twelve years of age, threatens the party with his bow from a position of safety on the other side of a lake. The captors, dreading his skill, promise the father's liberty on a condition which father and son accept, identical with that of the Swiss tale. "Raise one hand, and sink the other, for the water will attract the arrow," is the father's advice. The apple is duly cloven, and the father released. Here also our author again meets with the incident of the jump from the boat, applied as circumstantially to its special Karelian locality as it is by the boatmen of Lucerne to the spot which they designate as the scene of Tell's exploit.

In the year 1841 Mr. Castren undertook a third journey in company with a party at the expense of a learned friend, a Dr. Lönrott. The original scheme of this expedition embraced only parts of Lapland and of the government of Archangel, but this plan was afterwards extended by Mr. Castren to beyond the Oural, and it occupied three years in its execution. The starting point was Kemi, in the neighbourhood of Tornea, and the time of departure—the end of November—was on this occasion chosen with a view to winter and sledge travelling. Carriage-roads, however, exist for some distance to the north of Tornea, and the journey of some 240 versts was performed in post-carriages, much impeded by the unusual mildness of the season. From

this point, it was their intention to cross the mountain-ridge into Russian Lapmark, and to pursue their linguistic and ethnographical researches in parts of that country hitherto unexplored. The report of Finn traders had described the community of the Lap village Akkala as freer from admixture and intercourse with Russians than any other, and as one which had preserved its language and nationality in exceptional purity. Finn and Lap report concurred in also celebrating it as the principal seat of all that now remains of the practice of sorcery. To this place, for these reasons, our travellers' wishes were in the first instance directed; and, as a party of Akkala traders were expected at Salla, they hoped, by making their acquaintance, to secure their services as guides. This intention, however, was completely foiled by the perfidious devices of the men of Salla, who, for some real or imagined interest of their own, contrived to meet the Akkala party, and not only to fill their minds with apprehensions of the objects of the travellers, but to prevent them from advancing to the village. Mr. Castren and his companion found it advisable to change their plan, and to shape their course direct for Enarè, with the view of thence pursuing, after Christmas, the exploration of Russian Lapland.

They left Salla on the 1st December, and, after a few miles of travel on horseback, betook themselves to the Keris or reindeer sledge, in regular Lapland guise. Sledging is not without its dangers, particularly to the novice, and of these Mr. Castren, in his journey of some 400 versts to Enarè, as well as subsequently, met with his share. For descending the slippery declivities, which are among the most difficult passages of a Lapland journey, the rich man has in reserve a spare animal, who, fastened behind the sledge, resists its forward motion, and acts as a living drag. The traveller who cannot afford this auxiliary has nothing for it but to give his reindeer his head, and trust to chance for the avoidance at full speed of casual obstacles—tree, or stone, or snow-drift. The author soon found by experience that the attempt at guidance or restraint only added to the danger.

During his short stay at Enarè and his further journey to Kola he had much opportunity to study the habits and character of the Lap population, and to trace the distinctions between the fisher and the mountain Lap. An amiable trait of the less civilised mountaineer is the warmth of his affection towards wife, children,

and dependents. The cordiality of mutual greetings after separation was a frequent and pleasant subject of admiration to Mr. Castren. One husband assured him that during thirty years of wedlock no worse word had passed between himself and his wife than "loddadsham," or "my little bird." It would be insufficient justice to the Laplander to contrast him in this respect with many tribes of equal or inferior pretensions to civilisation. The records of our own police offices show that the comparison may be drawn from quarters nearer home. The winter life of the man who depends on the reindeer for subsistence is one of perpetual toil and exposure. The "goatte," or principal family tent, is seldom during that season the abode of the able-bodied males of the household. They are obliged to keep watch against the eternal enemy the wolf, and to snatch their repose coiled in a snow-drift, or at best in the "lappu," an inferior kind of apology for a tent. Even with these exertions, and the assistance of well-trained dogs, it is impossible to protect herds of perhaps a thousand reindeer, and to drive within reach of protection an animal which strays widely in search of his daily food. The exhaustion of the pasturage of a district is the signal of migration to the entire family, and this is said to occur on an average twice a-month. To support the fatigues of this life the reindeer flesh gives powerful sustenance. During the winter the Lap seldom or never has to perform the office of butcher. The wolf saves him that trouble; but by this he loses some of the best morsels, and, above all, his favourite delicacy—the blood. Mr. Castren makes no mention of apprehension for his own safety, or of danger to travellers in general from the wolf.

At Synjel, on the route to Kola, Mr. Castren first makes acquaintance with the Russian Lap. He is a fisher, and in summer migrates for that pursuit. In winter he takes up a permanent residence, and having less to do with the reindeer than the Enarè fisher Lap has a greater tendency to the Russian fashion of collecting in villages. From the Russian, who is by nature a trader, he has also borrowed an aptitude for commercial transactions. The balance and weights are usually hanging in his hut, and he measures out to the traveller the provisions which he supplies. In respect of religious instruction the Russian Lap of the Greek Church is far below his Lutheran neighbour. The belief in magic and witchcraft, and the practice of those accom-

plishments, are prevalent, and Akkala is the Padua or principal university for these sciences. Our author's failure in his scheme for visiting that seminary prevented him from drinking diabolic lore at the fountain-head, but the principal result of his inquiries amounted to this, that the magical power is usually exercised during a kind of mesmeric slumber, which, in the case of the professional magician, can be commanded at pleasure. Medical practice and the recovery of stolen or lost goods are usually the subjects of the magician's operations. The race appears to be of a nervous constitution best described by the French term "impressionable." Mr. Castren writes, page 151 :—

"I had often, on my journey through Lapmark, been warned to be cautious in my dealings with the Russian Lap, and especially with the female sex, on account of a strange propensity among them to sudden fits of phrenzy, accompanied by the loss of consciousness and control over their actions. I treated these reports at first as fables of the ordinary kind applied to the people in question. I fell in however one day, in a village of Russian Lapmark, with some Karelians and two Russian traders. These repeated the warning above-mentioned, advising me never to frighten a Lap woman, for in their opinion this was a 'res capitalis.' With reference to this caution one of the Karelians told me what follows. I was once, he said, when a boy, fishing out at sea, when I met with a boat rowed by Laplanders. Among them was a woman with a child at the breast. Upon seeing me in a dress unusual to her, she became so beside herself with fear that she flung the child into the sea."

Another Karelian related how he was once in a society of Terski Laps :—

"We were talking of indifferent matters when a sound was heard like the blow of a hammer on the outer side of the wall. On the instant all the Laps present tumbled flat on the floor, and after some gesticulations with hands and feet, became stiff and immoveable as corpses. After a while they recovered and behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. To convince me of the truth of this, and other such tales, one of the Russians proposed to show me evidence of the timidity of the Lap women. He began by putting out of the way knives, axes, and any other mischievous implements which happened to be at hand. He then came suddenly behind a woman present and clapped his hands. She sprung up like a fury and scratched, kicked, and pummelled the aggressor to our edification. After this exercise she sunk exhausted on a bench and recovered with difficulty her breath and senses. Having regained the latter she

declared herself determined not to be so frightened again. In fact a second experiment only produced a piercing shriek. While she was priding herself on this success the other Russian flung a pocket-book, so that it passed just before her eyes, and ran instantly out of the room. The lady hereupon flew at every one present in succession, flinging one to the ground, dashing another against the wall, beating them, and tearing their hair out by handfuls. I sat in a corner waiting my own turn to come. I saw at last with horror her wild glance fixed on me. She was on the point of printing her nails in my face when two stout men in a fortunate moment seized her, and she sank fainting into their arms. It was the opinion of my companions that my spectacles had specially excited her phrenzy."

Such a temperament as that indicated in this narrative must obviously be very favourable to a system of sorcery which appears to have much connexion with mesmerism and clairvoyance.

The Lap population of the Russian territory Mr. Castren believes to be rapidly merging its national characteristics in those of its masters. The last statistical reports estimate its numbers not higher than 1844 souls. From Enarè 150 versts of sledge travelling brought the party to Kola, on the shores of the White Sea, the most northern city of European Russia, numbering some 1200 inhabitants, and possessed of a large church built by Peter the Great. Mr. Castren here found himself once more in contact with civilisation, at a festival season and in the shape of good men's feasts, sledge parties with pretty women in rich costumes, and other Russian convivialities. It was not for these, however, he travelled, nor may his descriptions of them detain his reviewer. Amid the flesh-pots of Kola he pined for the hut and the raw-fish of the Ostiak and the Samoyede. Advices from St. Petersburgh made it necessary for him to shape his course for Archangel, and to abandon his projects for excursions among the Russian Laps. Kandalaes, on the western shore of the White Sea, was the first station to be reached. Their journey to this place was made difficult and vexatious by their encounter on the road with a column of the Russ and Karelian tribes who, to the number of 1200, under the name Meermauzen, or men of the sea, annually migrate to the coast, which they reach near Kola, and afterwards scatter north and south for the summer fishing. These parties, by whom our travellers found the wretched shelter of the first station huts crowded, were of the lowest class of hired labourers, their wealthier employers sailing in June to the various fishing stations. The fishery is over in

August, but before that time many of the vessels which have procured their cargoes proceed to Vadso, Hammerfest, and other Norwegian harbours, to exchange their fish for corn, brandy, colonial produce, &c. The encounter with this rude horde was not without amusement and instruction, but the inconvenience was great, and the confusion prevented all study on the road of the niceties of the Russ and Yerski Lap languages. We could scarcely hope to interest our readers with passing notices of these subjects, or with our author's speculations as to the manner in which in former times the fluctuating waves of Finn and Karelian population have come into collision with that of the Sclavonic Russian, and how the Lap has been squeezed between both. Such men as Mr. Castren are the hard workers who collect the rough materials of philology from which the generalizers, the Bopps and Pritchards, afterwards sift the gold. From such labours the casual reader can derive no profit. Freed at length from this unwelcome hindrance, the travellers pursued their journey under considerable difficulties from weather and deficiency of reindeer. With one young and ill-trained animal Mr. Castren fell into a difficulty in the sense in which it is used in Arkansas or California, where it signifies mortal combat, for, after an upset, the animal turned upon him, and he fought for life, but luckily without serious consequences to man or beast. Kandalaes presented no attraction, and the journey was pursued 240 versts further south to Kem. This place presented nothing remarkable, but the religious gloom in which, as a principal seat of the Raskolnick pietists, it is shrouded. Isolation, voluntary martyrdom, and abstinence from all earthly enjoyment, are the characteristics of this sect. Contempt and persecution are the only favours they will accept from the uninitiated. Their scanty theological literature, which exists in an antiquated Sclavonic character, has few readers even among the educated, and is little better understood even by the priests than the Zend is by those Parsee doctors of Bombay who found a master and instructor in the Danish scholar Westergaard. For the masses religious exercise is one of pure ceremonial, and this is consequently of the longest. There may be merit in listening to a sermon or in joining in a service for hours together. There must be greater merit in standing for an equal number of hours before an image doing nothing. Even Raskolnick nature sometimes quails before this effort. He stands on for the number of

hours required, but occasionally relieves himself by conversation on indifferent subjects with bystanders. The great secret, however, of Raskolnick religion lies in the art and manner of making the sign of the cross. The misguided votary of the faith, which the Emperor Nicholas styles orthodox, crosses himself with the three first fingers. The Starowergh, or strict Raskolnick, conceives that by making the sign with the thumb and the two last fingers he will be admitted to heaven without question. The fact is that the former method is the joint invention of the devil and a certain Russian pseudo-saint, Nikon, who, after corrupting the text of scripture, contrived to enlist the reigning Czar in favour of the diabolical perversion, and to establish it in the Greek Church. Many other illustrations of the High Church principles of this singular sect might be adduced, but we consider the above a sufficient specimen of the present state of theology in Kem. In practice the Raskolnick clings with Hindoo tenacity to his system of sectarian isolation. He will not eat or bathe with the unorthodox, and the vessel used by the latter is polluted. Our author found elsewhere on his travels the inconvenience of this tenet, for arriving exhausted at a Raskolnick village he found it impossible to procure a vessel from which he could receive the refreshment the inhabitants were not unwilling on other grounds to furnish. The difficulty was solved by a charitable patriarch of the village council, who decided that, though a wooden vessel would be irremediably polluted, one of stone might be afterwards purified by sand and water.

In this unattractive town and society the state of roads and weather compelled the party to abide for a month, and even then it was found impossible to proceed by land, as no summer road exists between Kem and Onega, the midway station towards Archangel. No opportunity presenting itself for a direct passage by sea to Archangel, Mr. Castren was advised to avail himself of a vessel about to sail for the island of Solovetzkoi, the seat of a famous convent, some thirty versts from Kem in the White Sea. After an uninteresting detention of ten days at this place they reached Archangel by a passage of four days, through floating ice, in an open boat.

Mr. Castren had reckoned here upon the assistance to his studies of a Samoyede missionary, the Archimandrite Wenjamin. Archimandrites, however, are human, and Wenjamin's weakness was jealousy, and a conviction that a knowledge of the Samoyede

language was too good a thing to be imparted. The churlish dignitary's refusal produced a change of plans, and a separation from Mr. Lönrott. That gentleman gave up his Samoyede projects in disgust, and betook himself to Olonetz, whence he proposed to fall back on another race of interesting barbarians, the Tschudi. Mr. Castren abided stedfastly by his original scheme of exploring the Tundras during the ensuing winter, at which season alone those deserts are penetrable. The interval he proposed to turn to account by a journey among the Terzki Laps, who inhabit the western shores of the White Sea.

With these views, in an evil hour of the 27th June, he embarked in a large corn-laden vessel bound for the Murman coast, with a reasonable prospect of being landed at Ti Ostrowa in some twenty-four hours. He was suffering at this time from illness, severe enough to have detained a less persevering traveller. The stench of Russian sea-stores made the cabin insupportable; on deck the sun was scorching. The choice between these alternatives was not always at Mr. Castren's disposal. Captain and crew were Raskolnicks to a man, and while they were busy with their interminable and senseless devotions in the cabin the solitary heathen passenger was forced to keep watch on deck. This was well enough during a dead calm, which at first occurred, but when it came on to blow the situation became one of responsibility. After a narrow escape of being dashed on the western shore, a shift of wind sent them, in a few hours, across the mouth of the White Sea to the eastern coast. Prayer had been the first resource of the ship's company, and that having failed general drunkenness was the next—stupefaction, not exhilaration, being the object in view. The captain, indeed, was so bent on this result, that, finding his own brandy insufficient for the purpose, he borrowed a bottle of rum from Mr. Castren's scanty store. When the gale and the rum had somewhat evaporated, the ship found herself, in company with some thirty others, in the sheltered roadstead of Simnia Gory. We can hardly be surprised that Mr. Castren here determined to quit such companions, whose society had become more irksome from attempts at his conversion, and to land at all risks, with a view to effecting his return to Archangel. After some difficulty he found one of the crew less drunken than the rest, and by him was skulled ashore, with his effects. After a life-and-death struggle with fever during some days, exasperated by brutal

inhospitality on the part of some fishers, the only inhabitants, he found himself under the inspection of two soldiers, who had been sent from the nearest settlement, Kuja, to examine the stranger's luggage and passport. These agents of authority proved his salvation; for finding his passport in order, they conveyed him in their boat to Kuja, where the authorities treated him kindly, and when sufficiently recovered forwarded him on by sea to Archangel. Here, with only fifteen rubles in his pocket, he found some Samoyede beggars still poorer than himself. One of these, for the reward of an occasional glass of brandy, consented to become at once his host, his servant, and his private tutor in the Samoyede language. In the hut and society of this man, in a village some seventeen versts from Archangel, he passed the remainder of the summer. Human thirst for knowledge has seldom, we imagine, been more strongly illustrated. Letters of recommendation from high authorities, lay and ecclesiastical, and supplies of money, at length reached him from St. Petersburgh. Towards the end of November, he started with renewed enthusiasm for the Tundras, or deserts of European Russia, which intervene between the White Sea and the Oural. As far as Mesen, 345 versts north of Archangel, the scanty population is Russ and Christian. At Mesen, as at Kola, civilization ceases, and further north the Samoyede retains for the most part, with his primitive habits and language, his heathen faith; having, in fact, borrowed nothing from occasional intercourse with civilized man, but the means and practice of drunkenness. During the author's stay at Mesen, his studies of character were principally conducted in the neighbourhood of a principal suburban tavern, the Elephant and Castle or Horns of that city. The snow around was constantly chequered with dark figures, who, with their faces pressed into it to protect them from the frost, were sleeping away the fumes of alcohol. Ever and anon some one would stagger out from the building with a coffee-pot in hand, and searching about for some object of affection—wife, husband, or other relation—would turn the face upward, and pour a draught of the nectar, which was not coffee, down the throat. Such are the pleasures of the Samoyede on a visit to the metropolis. Mr. Castren left Mesen on the 22nd December. At Somski, the first station on his route, he had made an appointment with a Tabide or Samoyede magician, of great repute for professional eminence. The sage kept his

appointment, but, unfortunately, having been just converted to Christianity, had burnt his drum, like Prospero, and now begged hard to be excused from reverting to forbidden practices. Mr. Castren, though armed with Government recommendations, was too good a Christian to use influence for such a purpose as enforcing a relapse into superstitious rites, and the convert was not unwilling to expound the secrets of his former calling. Of the two main divisions of the science, medicine and soothsaying, the former is most prevalent with the Finn, the latter with the Samoyede. The Tabide is a mere interpreter of the oracles of the Tabetsios, the spirits with whom he puts himself in communication. The process is not, like that of the Akkala professors, mesmeric, but one of active drumming, noise, and gesticulation. The man who conducts it must bring youth and physical energy to the task. The Tabetsio laughs at age and decrepitude. With obstinate Tabetsios the magician, like the priests of Baal, must puncture and slash himself with sharp weapons. The latter practice is less common than it was in the good old times of sorcery; but our author relates that, shortly before his arrival, a Tabide in the process of incantation had insisted on being shot at with a musket, and, after standing two shots from Samoyede bystanders without injury, had been killed on the spot by a third fired by a Russian. Russian authorities were employed in an investigation into this tragical occurrence when Mr. Castren left Shumshi. The office of Tabide, as in Finland, is hereditary. "Magus nascitur non fit" is the general rule; but to this it seems there are exceptions. A drum, a circle, and a costume, are the principal paraphernalia. In the case of a missing reindeer the circle is made of deer-horns; in that of a human being it is made of human hair.

The religious belief of the unconverted Samoyede is as usual founded on celestial and atmospheric phenomena. Their Num or God is lord of the sun, the stars, &c.; the rainbow is his mantle, the thunder his voice. Any idea of him as a moral governor which may have been observed among them, Mr. Castren considers as having been infused by Christian missionaries. Without any distinct belief in future reward or punishment, or even in any future state of existence, the Samoyede firmly believes in retribution for crime in this life, that murder will be punished by violent death, robbery by losses of reindeer, &c., and this to a degree which is said to act as a practical preventive

of serious crime. Excess in liquor, however, though considered highly sinful, has attractions which few or none resist. In their language the Sunday of the Christian bears a name of which the translation, whether into English or German, becomes a pun. They see that day devoted by their instructors and their converted brethren to intoxication, and call it *Sin*day. Besides the Nüm or invisible God, and the Tabetsio, or deity visible only to the magician, they have the Habe or household idol, a fetiche of wood or stone, which they dress in coloured rags, consult, and worship. Some stones of larger size, and bearing some rude natural resemblance to the human form, are also, like the Seidas of the Laplander, objects of general reverence. The island of Waygatz is a chief repository of these. For special purposes, such as the ratification of oaths, fetiches are manufactured of earth or snow, but the most effectual security for an oath is that it should be solemnised over the snout of a bear. The sacrifice of a dog or reindeer is necessary when some benefit is demanded of the Tabetsio. On these occasions no woman may be present.

Mr. Castren's next enterprize was the passage of the Tundra to the Russian village Pustosersk, at the mouth of the Petschora, a sledge journey of 700 versts. For this arduous exploit two sledges with four reindeer attached to each were employed; the traveller's sledge, which was covered, being attached to an uncovered one occupied by the guide. The village of Nes, on the north coast, was the first halting-place; and in this remote corner of the world Mr. Castren found a resident angel in the shape of a Christian pastor's wife, a beautiful and accomplished person, who, in the absence of her husband on duty, proved a guardian angel to our traveller, not only harbouring him in comfort and luxury, but procuring him Samoyede instructors, and various opportunities for studying native manners. No wonder that he lingered in such a paradise till the 19th of January. His further course was one of danger as well as difficulty. Not only the storm of the Tundra occasionally brought the sledge to a stand, baffling the guide and paralysing the reindeer; but even this desert is not exempt from the violence of man. The Samoyede, indeed, is harmless, and his active assistance is generally to be won by kind words and brandy; but he himself is exposed to the oppression of Russian traders, who degenerate into robbers, roam these wastes for the plunder of his reindeer, and have little respect for the traveller unaccompanied by some agent of Rus-

sian authority. Through all these perils, resolution and endurance carried our traveller in safety.

From Pustosersk Mr. Castren navigated the Petschora to the base of the Oural, and crossing that frontier range by one of many passes with which that barrier between Europe and Asia is in this latitude deeply indented, reached the Asiatic trading town of Obdorsk, near the mouth of the great Siberian river Ob. Here the volume closes. Here also our limits compel us to conclude a notice which we trust our readers will think not ill bestowed on a most simple and unpretending narrative of toil and danger manfully endured in the cause of science. The author's style is not one either of salient passages and attempts at fine writing, or of dry and prolix detail. Having a large digestion for travels, we should willingly have encountered the diary, of which the published work is evidently a condensation. In its present shape it is probably better suited for readers of less leisure, and those must be difficult to please who can either open it at random, or go through it consecutively without satisfaction. Such men as Mr. Wallin and Mr. Castren do honour to a country which has its claims on the sympathy of Europe. For the convenience of political arrangements, and for the sake of general peace, Finland has undergone a process of absorption in which we apprehend her own wishes and feelings have been little consulted. Should that peace be disturbed, and the foundations of the present system of European polity be shaken by a wanton hand, some countries, and Finland among them, may yet present examples of the instability of a compulsory allegiance, and events may awaken reminiscences which do but slumber under Russian rule. It was not for the diffusion of the doctrines of the orthodox Greek Church, or the establishment of despotism in Europe, that the blue and yellow Finland regiments of Gustavus lay dead in their ranks at Lutzen.

THE END.

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